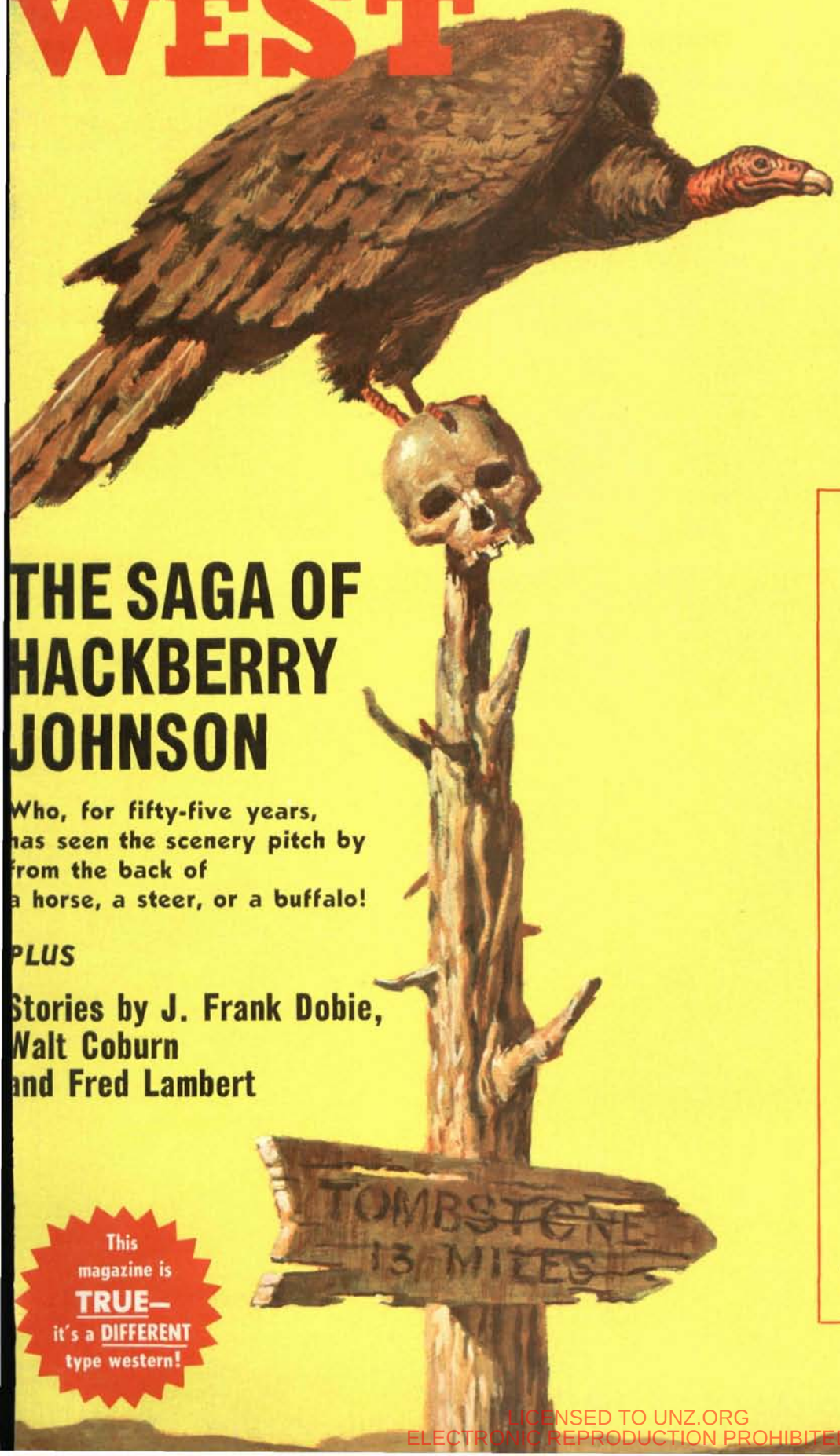
TRUE WEST

August, 1965 35¢ TW/K

TREASURE ISSUE!

- Lost Mine of Sycamore
- Spider Rock Treasure
- Land of Triangles, Turtles and Hatchets



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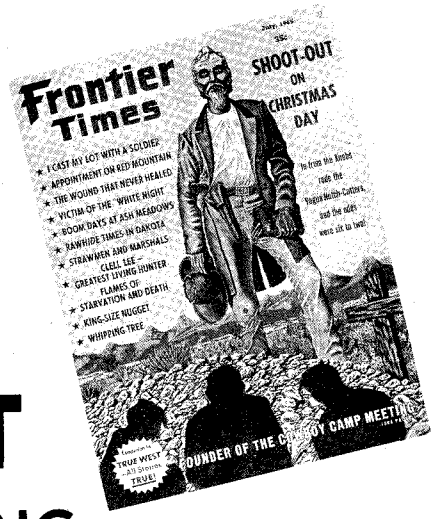

THIS IS THE ONE!

The July 1965 issue of FRONTIER TIMES is jam-crammed with exciting stories and features . . . such as:

SHOOT-OUT ON CHRISTMAS DAY by Luckett P. Bishop, Sr.

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PLUS!

SAWMILL MAN OF YELLOWSTONE CITY by Doris Whithorn. Fate destined John Tomlinson to deal in millponds . . . although his hopes were as big as the ocean. But by the hands of Tomlinson and his like, the destiny of a state has been fashioned. **WHIPPING TREE by Madelon B. Katigan.** This form of Seminole justice might have been primitive to some . . . but it worked! A man rarely showed up for a second time at the Whipping Tree. **APPOINTMENT ON RED MOUNTAIN by W. S. Crosby** as told to Hank Givens. The eerie story of a frail young girl who climbed a towering peak to keep a tryst with the spirit of a dead Indian brave. Twelve men labored all day to fulfill her request to be buried atop Red Mountain. **FLAMES OF STARVATION AND DEATH by Mrs. Forrest B. Doshier.** Cattlemen and nesters didn't always fight each other. They were comrades in arms when a glow against the sky warned of a common peril. Many is the time a man has had to leave his family alone all night in a desolate area while he went to fight a raging prairie fire. ALSO INCLUDED: **FOUNDER OF THE COWBOY CAMP MEETING by Max Bentley, BOOM DAYS AT ASH MEADOWS by Helen McInnis, RIDING THE SHALE ROCK TRAIL by Harvey St. John, VICTIM OF THE "WHITE NIGHT" by Frank M. Freeman, ORO by Tom Barkdull, THE WOUND THAT NEVER HEALED by Peter Anderson, RAWHIDE TIMES IN DAKOTA by Lee Jorgensen, MYSTERIOUS MARKERS OF NEW MEXICO by A. V. Paulsen, KING-SIZE NUGGET by Gaylord and Julie Alfrey and UNCLE MILTY'S LEGS by Joseph B. Mickey.**

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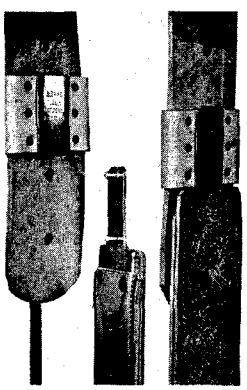

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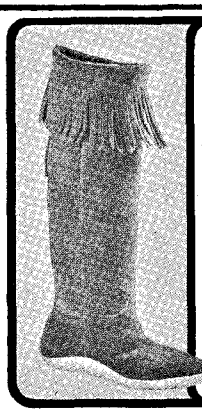

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True West

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Cover: Gene Shortridge

A "SMALL" PUBLICATION

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What You're Missing!

FOR ONE THING, I hope it's bursitis! Even if you're the type person who wants to experience a little bit of everything in life, just skip this malady! From what I've heard through the experiences of several thousand people, there is no such thing as a "little" bursitis! Naturally, mine had to be the very worst type. If you have written me lately and haven't heard, one reason is because it is difficult as the dickens to dictate while lying in a hospital bed with your right arm in traction! I had to have it "broken"—be put under sedation and have all the calcium and adhesions that had my whole right shoulder a solid mass of "bone" broken out by manipulation. They say it is fun to listen to the calcium break and pop with sounds like .22 rifle reports, and I suppose it is a shame I missed this show but I can't bring myself to be disappointed over it.

Two weeks in the hospital with cards, letters, flowers and gifts blamed-nigh spoiled me rotten! I was under sedation most of the time for pain and sort of enjoyed the whole affair, but after the arm awoke I haven't had much fun! Looks like it may take a full year to get the thing back into clod-throwing shape but I've got a wonderful therapist and even though I passed through a new chamber in Satan's Palace each day, and get to put in only about half-time on a crowded work schedule, unfortunately it looks like I will still pull through and live to see what the next little surprise is that Lucifer has in store for me! It may be worse in some respects but it'd crowd Satan considerably to find anything more painful!

I spent weeks trying to stop the blasted ailment with all kinds of cures, and lost valuable time. It is so common that I would guess approximately three-fourths of the people who read this have had some form of it. There must be 3,000 different kinds because it runs the gamut from just a dull ache that goes away after so long to the acute kind (which I had, of course) that makes you want to scream and holler and yell and wish three fiends with butcher knives would whack your shoulder into little pieces and pour hot tar over the wounds!

I could write a book on remedies for bursitis! One man told me to drink a half glass of vinegar first thing upon rising in the mornings. Another swore that a cow dung poultice would do the trick if applied each night for so long as the pain lasted. You think I'm kidding? Just tell people you are hurting in the elbow, shoulder or in any joint and you figure it's bursitis, and then listen to the remedies. If you have some "all out" ones, send in a few—I might just write an article on it yet. However, you've got to *believe* in them before it counts. These people who told me about these remedies *believed* that it would cure—and in most cases it had cured them or one of their friends. If there is anything that can be good about this blight to mankind, it is listening to cures. Nevertheless, I finally went to a top specialist, found out that I have the worst kind possible and that no half-elbowed methods would get the job done, so I had to take it the hard way. I'm still wearing a copper band around my arm, however— not that I believe in superstitions and witchcraft type remedies; it's just that I don't believe in taking chances.

If you have followed me this far, and if you have a constant pain in some joint—don't wait! It can be cured so much quicker and easier in the early stages than after you let it go for a long time. Sometime it starts out with just a twinge in the arm when you throw a rock, a ball or something of that

(Continued on page 67)

"Migawd, why do you bring me sales figures when I'm already in such pain?"

BANDITS & SHERIFFS

BEN THOMPSON, Man with a Gun, by Floyd Benjamin Streeter. Complete and documented life of one of the most-feared gunfighters of the West. Thompson had 20 notches on his gun by the time he was 20—to tangle with him was regarded as virtual suicide. He gained fame as a sheriff, yet protected his killer-brother, and died a respected man. This fascinating book is the result of over 30 years of research. With annotations and bibliography.
Illus., 217 pp.—$5.00

THE DAY JESSE JAMES WAS KILLED, by Carl W. Breihan. A dramatic account of all the events which led up to the death of Jesse James as well as the aftermath, and the fate of the man who killed him in cold blood. The author has included a wealth of new material gleaned from rare newspaper accounts, letters, photographs, and family and personal reminiscences of friends and neighbors.
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JESSE JAMES, MY FATHER, by Jesse James, Jr. This is a replica of the original book—now a collector's item—written by the outlaw's own son, and is a true eye-witness account of the legendary Jesse. If you want fact, not fiction, you'll find this book a fine example of Western Americana.
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WILLIAM CLARK QUANTRILL, His Life and Times, by Albert Castel. This vivid biography reads as though told by one who saw first-hand the frightful carnage wrought by this outlaw and his gang. Quantrill was one of the most fearsome, yet glamorized and romanticized renegades of the last century. Also covers the bloodstained years from the first outbreak of local civil war between Free-Staters and Pro-Slavers on the Kansas-Missouri border, through the savage climaxes of the Lawrence Massacre and the vicious Centralia Railroad slaughter in which *Quantrill and his men played so large a part, to the* final tracking down of the raiders at the war's end.
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THE COMPLETE AND FACTUAL LIFE OF BILLY THE KID, by William Brent. The authentic, exciting story of the infamous baby-faced killer who was actually a runty braggart with a warped personality who killed for kicks, and who was killed himself at the age of 21. Dispells the myths that Sheriff Pat Garrett shot an "unarmed" outlaw, and that Billy the Kid was a noble protector of the small settlers against the big ranches. The author's father knew not only The Kid, but Sheriff Pat Garrett, and his recollections contribute much to the documented story.
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This fellow had real good identification, which was false, and came by and asked us to subscribe to the magazines. Of course we did, as they are favorites of the whole family.

According to his story, he was studying to become a doctor and got so many points for each magazine subscription he sold.

We went to the sheriff of our county and found out this fellow was wanted in the States of Colorado, Wyoming and Montana for forging identification papers and selling magazine subscriptions without proper authority. We gave the sheriff our check he had cashed and our receipt and, by golly, they caught the guy. He is serving a sentence in the pen now.

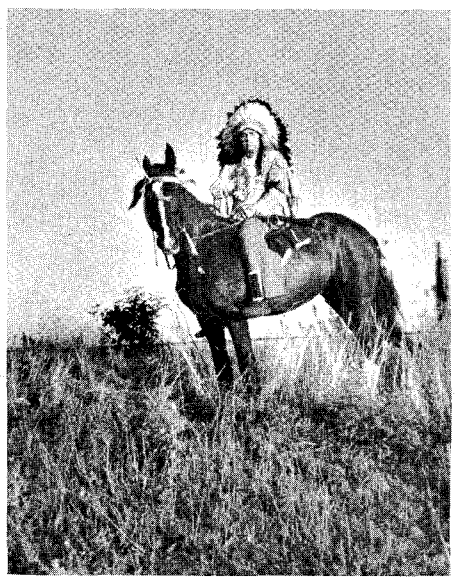
He rooked us out of $29.00 and I want to tell you that when I get another $29.00 I'm going to have TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES or know the reason why. Wonder how many other people he robbed?

Thanks so much for listening to my story.—Mrs. Victor E. Mobley, Rangely Route, Meeker, Colorado 81641.

Thanks for writing us about this! I hope every reader of all three of our magazines will read this. We only have three agents in the field—Hackberry Johnson of Austin, Texas, Milt Hinkle of Kissimmee, Florida, and Mrs. Hazel Earnest of Vernon, Texas! So, before you give away your hard-earned cash, folks, be sure you know your man! We are listed with a number of national agencies who have local representatives. These people you will know or can find out about on the spot. Also, if you deal with a local representative of a national subscription agency, you can always cut off his ears if something goes wrong!

The thing to do if there is any doubt in your mind whatsoever is to call your local Better Business Bureau or make the person prove without any doubt that he is reputable.

Mrs. Mobley, there is not one in 267,000 people who would have done what you and your husband did. They just decide, "Well, I've been took!" and let it go at that—blaming the representative as well as the company involved and, of course, the company never knows a thing about it. You have stopped a man who might have sold thousands of dollars worth of our magazines to unsuspecting people and it has saved us all a big headache. So, we are going to honor your $29.00 even though we never heard of the man and didn't see a penny of the money. These sneakers are all over, folks, so please be careful!—Joe.



Charles Clayton in Indian regalia

English Indians

Dear Friends:

I sure like your magazines, TW and FT, and wouldn't like to miss one issue. But I would like to see more articles on Indians. I know you have to try to please everybody, which isn't always easy, but you would be surprised how many people these days want to know just what Indians were really like.

There is a large circle of us over here who hold big powwows during the summer. We use tipis, full dress regalia, weapons etc. We do these shows for charity and it lets the public get some idea just what the red man looked like. Keep up the good work with your magazines.—Charles Clayton, 57 Preston Street, Barrow-in-Furness, Lancashire, England.

Relics and Treasures

Dear Mr. Beitz:

I enjoyed your article on barbed wire. Yesterday as I was returning to Hutchinson, I was buzzing along the highway south of Lindsborg when I noticed an odd-looking fence. Upon examination, it turned out to be Scutt's Four-point (I think). The owner steered me to a discarded roll of it and I picked up a few pieces.

Southwest of Lindsborg, I ran into what seemed miles of Kelly's diamond point and also some nice Elwood "double twist." The latter was part of a good fence and I couldn't find the owner, so marked it for the future. Those Swede farmers take the same dim view of fence cutting as do your Texans.

I find the story of barbed wire fascinating and, as you point out in your

(Continued on page 69)

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WATCH FOR

OLD WEST

The FALL 1965 issue of OLD WEST is a tremendous collection of features, articles, stories, historic photos and old prints that simply spells . . .

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LOOK AT THIS PARTIAL LISTING OF CONTENTS!

A TEXAN HITS THE PAMPAS by Milt Hinkle. Twenty-four months took Milt from the West, through South America, then to England, and back home again. He sailed part of the way, rode part of the way, and fought all of the way. That year he was "Chief of Cowboys" and Milt didn't take the title lightly!

BLACKSMITHS AND GOLDBUGS by Frank Milek. Sometimes a man who never had a pick in his hand had a better chance of eating regular than the man with a claim. If he could keep from getting yellow dust in his eyes (in its fatal form known as "gold fever"), the old mining camps paid off . . .

WHEN BULLOCK'S COWBOYS HOORAHED THE POTOMAC by Joe Koller. Teddy said he would be "dee-lighted" to have some Westerners at his inauguration. Let's hope he meant it, because when he said, "Y'all come," they went!

$200,000 CACHE? by Leon C. Palmer. A. M. Johnson once vowed he would never again be put in the position of having to raise money in a hurry and paying somebody else's price to do it. Our author believes Death Valley Scotty's partner kept that vow!

PLUS: Ten stories from the valuable No. 4 and No. 5 editions of TRUE WEST.

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By SARAH WINNEMUCCA HOPKINS

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Don't ever get into rodeo if you don't plan to stay. The chute becomes your "whole ball of wax" every time spring rolls around

55 YEARS A

By HACKBERRY JOHNSON as told to WILLIAM Cx HANCOCK

BECAUSE of my artificial leg, ranch owners always wanted to pay me short. I got fed up with punching cattle under such conditions and drifted out of Mexico to Douglas in Arizona Territory. One of the he-coons around Douglas was a grand old fellow called "The Kid" Murchison. Guess he recognized that I was a cornpone from way back. He sort of took me under his wing and introduced me around.

Most of the miners who flocked into town came to soften their loneliness with whiskey and poker. Even when sober, few of them knew much about cards. Though barely twenty-two years of age, I had played poker from one who flung the chunk. The pickings were pretty soft for me but my heart wasn't in it.

The Kid was a late riser. He loved to drink his breakfast at a little saloon on the Mexican side established, no doubt, by a poet. It was called *Alegría de Vida* (Joy of Life). He dragged me along daily. "We'll make a quick morning this morning," he always said.

One day we approached the saloon only to find three Mexican corpses hanging from poles nearby. Seems they had been kidnapped from the American side in some local vendetta. The Kid stared at them over his eyeglasses. "They shore died reaching for the ground," was his only comment. The sight sickened me of the region. At the *Alegría* a cowboy told me about a rodeo scheduled for Labor Day at Bisbee, Arizona. I headed there.

Rodeos, as such, probably originated in Cheyenne, Wyoming. By this year of 1909, they had largely replaced the old Wild West show. The latter got too commercialized and took on the pale cast of the hippodrome. The public lost interest. But people were quick to recognize the genuineness of the rodeo—from Spanish meaning "roundup." In other words, it was a contest of valuable skills developed in the tough work-a-day world of the cattle range.

The show at Bisbee was staged by a popular rancher, name of Johnnie McGlaughlin, from the Sulphur Springs Valley. Having no horse of my own, I entered the saddle bronc-riding and bareback bronc-riding contests.

In the long ago I heard the famous old football coach, Pop Warner of Stanford, say that "halfbacks are born, not made." It is the same with successful bronc riders—*bronco* from Spanish implying "bad horse." The man who can stay forked on a raging, bucking cayuse is demonstrating a rare talent.

In the saddle bronc-riding I drew a celebrated outlaw roan called Talcum Powder. Now, every bronc is a little different, but there are, in general, three types of buckers. Most put their heads down, hump their backs, and try to dislodge the rider through a series of leaps. Others "sunfish"—sway from side to side in jumping. Still others kick high in the air with their hind feet, trying to catapult the rider out of the saddle.

That Talcum Powder was a dilly. He had managed a blend of styles. The crowd applauded wildly as I took his top. But amid the myriad cries of "Ride 'im, Old Bluey!" (I was wearing a bright blue silk shirt) was an occasional shout of "Polish your boots, Cowboy!" The latter was ominous. It showed that a few *aficionados* were present who felt that the mount was not being raked properly. Of course, they did not know about my wooden leg.

The judges scored Talcum Powder and me at 83 which is quite high. It appeared certain to win when such great riders as Jim Kenney and Rufe Potter of Arizona could not beat it. Finally, along came John Young of New Mexico on Rainmaker. Young gained lasting fame with the Buffalo Bill Show.

Rainmaker was a big powerful black and well named. Though he bucked rhythmically and thereby did not appear too tough to top, he went skyhigh with every jump. He was a natural-born showboater. He squealed unceasingly like a banshee and broke wind like a thunder clap with every leap. Either of these doings on a bronc's part delights a rodeo crowd. The combination fractures 'em. Further, that Young just rocked back and forth like he was in a cradle, spurring old Rainmaker from shoulder to flank with every jump.

The judges scored the team at 85.

IN the bareback bronc-riding, I drew an evil buckskin, name of Loco. This is Spanish for "crazy." And that cayuse *was* crazy. He had a blue eye and a brown eye flecked with red. He was so busy trying to kick and bite me that it took long minutes to mount him.

Bareback bronc-riders are the India rubber men of the rodeo arena. Their act is a combination of rough riding and aerial tumbling. Many a cowboy who can ride well in the saddle comes quickly to grief when he has nothing but a halter and a surcingle to save him from possible disaster.

I took the top of old Loco, all right, but blowed the duke when trying to dismount. Under the rules of bareback riding, a cowboy is allowed to hold onto the surcingle with only one hand. And there is no pickup man to lift him off the living volcano. He has to get off as best he can. Doesn't sound too rough until you consider that the task is equivalent to quitting an automobile running at an estimated twenty-five to fifty miles an hour.

As I swung off Loco after the whistle, the mad devil sunfished and kicked my artificial leg loose. I had to grab the surcingle with both hands and hang on for dear life until a pickup man could rescue me. My plight drew the undivided attention of one and all. Multitudinous were the groans and moans. The crowd thought the outlaw was dragging me and the fragments of a hopelessly shattered leg.

Naturally I was disqualified. But good old Johnnie McGlaughlin grabbed his megaphone and sounded off. "Here we have an outstanding example of the matchless courage of the cowboy. A one-

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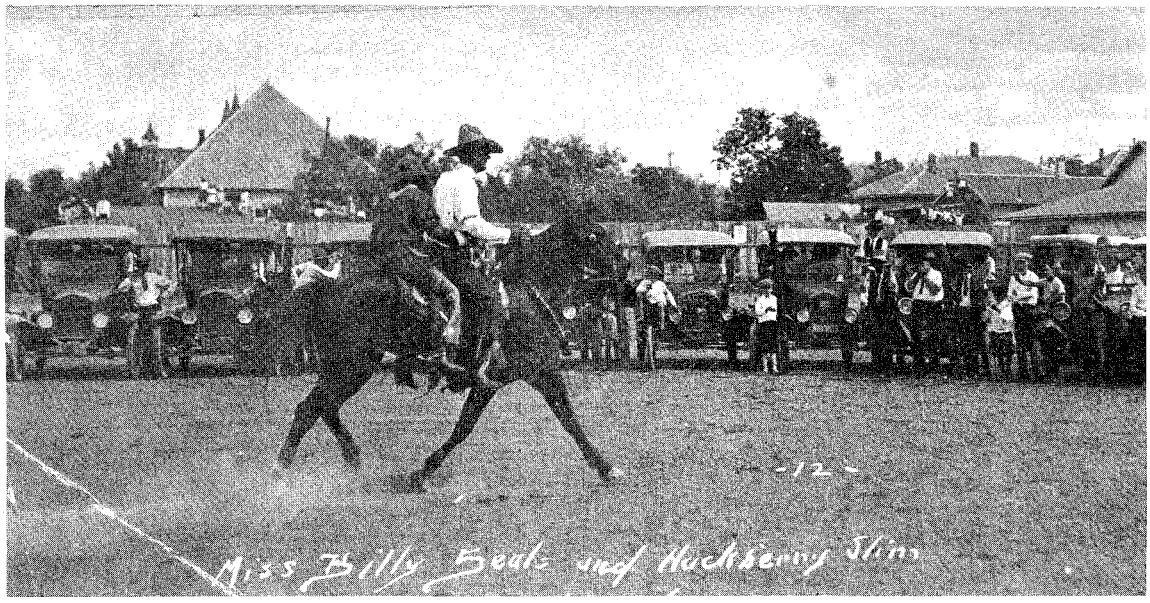

Hackberry Slim rides pickup for Miss Billy Seals who has just left the back of a steer—the hard way. Brownwood, Texas—May, 1921.

RODEO TRAMP

Photos Courtesy Authors

legged puncher entering this most dangerous of contests. And he might have won, too, except for his accident. Let's give Old Bluey a big, big hand and pass the hat."

The collection amounted to a little over $90. Added to my $50 for second in the saddle bronc-riding, I garnered in a few seconds the equivalent of seven months punching cattle at the part-pay of $20 per month on my last job.

Finally I found my career: *making a living sitting down*!

IN BELL COUNTY, Texas, my happy odyssey in this much too preoccupied world began in '87—the Great Blizzard and I came in together. Most of the region was unfenced although generally belonging to outsiders such as railroad interests. There were still a lot of wild horses and wild cattle around. Numerous little stockmen like my pa—loving the God-sent freedom of the great outdoors—made a living off these ownerless animals.

At times Pa helped out with the whiskey-making around Tanyard Springs. One of my earliest recollections concerns the day he and Uncle George Hawk let me ride in the wagon with them as they brought a load of liquor into town. On a small hill one of the mules balked and could not be budged. Pa was locally famous for his great strength. He and Uncle George had been sampling the cargo pretty freely. Pa finally unhitched the stubborn animal and climbed into the leather himself. He and the "other" mule pulled the load over the rise.

Sooner or later nesters always came in and we had to move on. Over a period of several years, we drifted a couple hundred miles northwestward to Shackleford County. Then a hundred miles or so southwestward to Coke County.

Even into this hopeless farming country barged the wild-eyed nesters. They ploughed up the heaven-given grass to plant their crops which sucked up the residual moisture in this semi-arid land. Their acres turned to sand. The starved-out souls drifted onward from the desolation they had created.

Things got so bad that people in surrounding counties dubbed us "rabbit twisters" from the legend that we survived only by twisting rabbits out of their holes with sticks forked at the end. Whenever a Coke County resident away from home was asked the locale of his diggings, he would reply "Tom Green County."

There were so many outlaws in Coke County that it was practically deserted during grand jury sessions. The sheriff was probably the first "moonlighter" in the county—he robbed stagecoaches in his spare time. He was finally caught sticking up the Overland stage and locked up in the state penitentiary.

Like most range kids I could ride when I could walk. But better than most. Also I sprang up tall, slim and strong. By the time I was twelve years of age, neighbors began asking Pa if it was okay if I helped break out their young horses.

I smartened up a bit when I got about fourteen and decided to make a modest charge for my bronc-stomping. By 1906 when I was nineteen, my reputation had gotten about some and I began doing pretty well money-wise. Then an accident occurred which caused me to lose my right leg below the knee. Pa got a sawbones, who pronounced my leg hopeless and sawed off the mangled section.

In that country a one-legged man normally either sort of semi-retired to a crutch or passed to limited service on a pegleg and a cane. The nearest artificial legs were to be had in New York. A poor guy like me didn't even dream of ordering one. But I was determined to escape being called "Pegleg" Johnson.

With the help of Jake Stubblefield, roundup foreman for the nearby OD ranch, we fashioned a wooden leg out of a hackberry tree. Inevitably the cowboys dubbed me "Hackberry." In the years to come at rodeos all over our blessed land, you might hear the announcer bellow, "And now Hackberry Slim coming out on . . ."

Garland G. Odom was the owner of the OD. He was one of the best men ever. He is survived by two nephews, J. M. Odom and W. E. Odom, who rank among the more respected and outstanding business men of present-day Austin, Texas.

Rancher Odom visited me a number of times while I was recovering from my amputation. "Don't worry about things, Hugh," he would console me. "I'm not gonna let you grow up like a catclaw. When you're well, I'll send you to school. We'll find a spot for you. Besides, then I'll have somebody to write to me."

Mr. Odom didn't realize that he had given me something to *really* worry about. SCHOOL! Me go to school? God's blood!

The OD Ranch had to fence up some of the waterholes on their range including a 1,000-acre horse trap near our diggings. The nesters began organizing secretly in a fence-cutting society. Pa ordered all members of our tribe to stay clear of the approaching trouble. Fence-cutting was a penitentiary offense. Besides, Pa could not abide nesters and he had a deep affection for Mr. Odom.

My Uncle Jim Morris was an accomplished fiddler in much demand at country dances. He came by one night on his way to a hoe-down. He had ridden about a mile from our house when he was ordered down at gunpoint. A masked man handed him a pair of fence cutters and commanded him to join a group busily cutting the barbed wire around the horse trap.

Mr. Odom hired a range detective name of Warren to track down the fence cutters. Soon afterward, while at supper in the Yates Hotel in Sweetwater, the sleuth was gunned down by persons unknown.

That fall I was well enough to provide a little help to Jake Stubblefield and his crew as they rounded up a herd of steers for shipment to Chicago. Mr. Odom planned to send me along on the train so that I could look around on the way back for a school that suited me.

Just before the train pulled out, visions of being cooped up in school panicked me. I stampeded and drifted away to the Tombstone country in Arizona Territory. I caught on with the Boquias Cattle Company with headquarters at Fairbanks. They ran three wagons with about fifteen punchers to a wagon. Henry Street was

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Hackberry also rode this Brahma bull at Craterville Park Rodeo in Oklahoma—July, 1930.

general manager. The wagon bosses were Ed Echols, Billy Bennett and Black Jack Giles. Echols was later sheriff at Tucson and eventually became a champion rodeo steer roper.

Boquias was a grand outfit; I liked everybody and everything connected with it, with one very important exception: they accorded me half-pay of only $25 a month because of that wooden leg. My rodeo career would prove that I could ride, rope and bulldog with the best of 'em. Hell! The records show that even when I was forty-seven, I won the best all-around-cowboy award at the great rodeo at Harlingen, Texas, in 1934.

The half-pay implication that I was only half-man galled me so that I pulled stakes and drifted down into the Casa Grande country of Chihuahua, Mexico. My Uncle John Moore had a ranch there called the Triangle L.

That was open country except for two outfits under fence: the Carlitas Cattle Company managed by Cape Willingham and bossed by Johnny Mills from Colorado City, Texas; and the immense ranch of Luis Terraza. He was said to have more cattle than anybody else in the world.

For two years I worked at premium wages as "stray man" for my uncle. My vaqueros and I attended roundups as far as forty miles from headquarters, drifting the Triangle L cattle for several months at a time as we recovered them. The living was hard because we had to operate with pack mules. We couldn't run a chuck wagon account of "social" problems. Whenever a chuckwagon made camp, the Mexicans and Indians around came in to "accept" hospitality. They would eat you out of house and home. It was "Katy, bar the door" for the cattle of any outfit that violated this custom.

My uncle got disgusted with the political instability of the country. Each succeeding regime made new demands upon him. He wisely bailed out.

Over in the Cananea country of Sonora, Mexico, lay the great OR ranch of Colonel Green (in Arizona Territory the outfit branded ORO). Besides the ranch, the colonel owned nearly everything else around and about. I asked him for a job but emphasized that I wouldn't work for any half-pay.

He said, "Okay, I'll pay you $20 a month."

I found out soon after we made the deal that the other punchers got $25. And the colonel outfoxed me more than that. Besides doing about the same work as the other cowboys, I had to do the bronc-stomping for our division. The best feature of my job was my wagon boss, Red Fox. He was a great cowman and a fine human being.

The colonel drove a span of grand white Arabians. One day they spooked and tore him up. His injuries got complicated with pneumonia; he died. Mrs. Green had the Arabians shot.

She, too, treated me well except for continuing my wages beneath scale. My pride couldn't stand it. I drew my pay and started up the railroad. The Mexicans were enjoying one of their interminable revolutions. I had to switch trains for a burned out bridge. Service ended at another burned span several miles outside Agua Prieta on the border.

I appropriated a stray burro, loaded my gear on the uncomplaining animal, and marched to the straggling barbed wire fence separating Agua Prieta and Douglas, Arizona.

Rotting Mexican corpses lay all about. There had been a shoot-em-up in the area the day before. Stray bullets even shattered windows in the post office over in Douglas where I met Kid Murchison.

AFTER the show at Bisbee, I followed the rodeo circuit for nearly six years as a free lance competitor. As the man said, I won some, lost some, and some were rained out.

In 1916 I got stranded in Oklahoma. Had to take a temporary job as foreman of the H. P. Webb Ranch at Fleetwood near Red River. Miss Reva Matthews of the Collin McKinney family for whom McKinney, Texas, was named visited in the neighborhood. Somebody introduced us. I found myself booked for the most arduous effort of my career to give an impressive performance. She finally agreed to double harness if I would give up rodeoing.

We rigged and provisioned a prairie schooner and started for Colorado where the state was betting 160 acres against your $16 that you couldn't tough it out for three years. Pa took it hard that I planned to turn nester. From Coke County he sent me word, "If this you gotta do, be sure to back up against a mountain so other nesters can't hem you in."

Came a night when Reva and I were

Hackberry riding pickup again for steer riders in Brownwood—1921.

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camped in the Animas country of Colorado. A stranger rode in and had coffee with us. Said that in the Trinidad region lay a big ranch belonging to a man name of Lyles who came from Blanket, Texas; that Lyles was laid up with a busted leg and needed a stomper to break out a herd of young horses.

We could use quick money. I rode to Lyles' headquarters in great confidence, seeing as how we were fellow Texans. He and I were close to a deal when he learned about my artificial leg.

"No half-man can break these horses," he said cruelly.

I could barely keep from swinging on him. "Mister, if I fail to take the top off anything you got on this ranch that wears a hairy hide, you won't owe me anything for the ones I bust," I said plenty red-faced.

He looked me over a moment. "Maybe you got a deal," he said. "But one more question: what are you doing in this country?"

Pa had always encouraged me to stick close to the truth. "Looking for a homestead," I answered.

"A nester!" bellowed Lyles. "Out here we don't hire nesters. We bury 'em. Get the hell out of my house and off my ranch but *pronto*!"

Later I made camp in Plum Valley out of Trinchera. The time was mid-April, but the heavens opened up and dumped a tremendous wet snow upon us. We were snowed in for three utterly miserable days. Reva said, "Let's pack up and get out of this country. I don't want to live where they have two winters in one year."

We turned back southeastward toward the Tucumcari country of New Mexico where I had a connection. But by the time we got into Trinchera, I was running a high fever. We entered the wagon yard coming from the west. Several men were seated around a campfire.

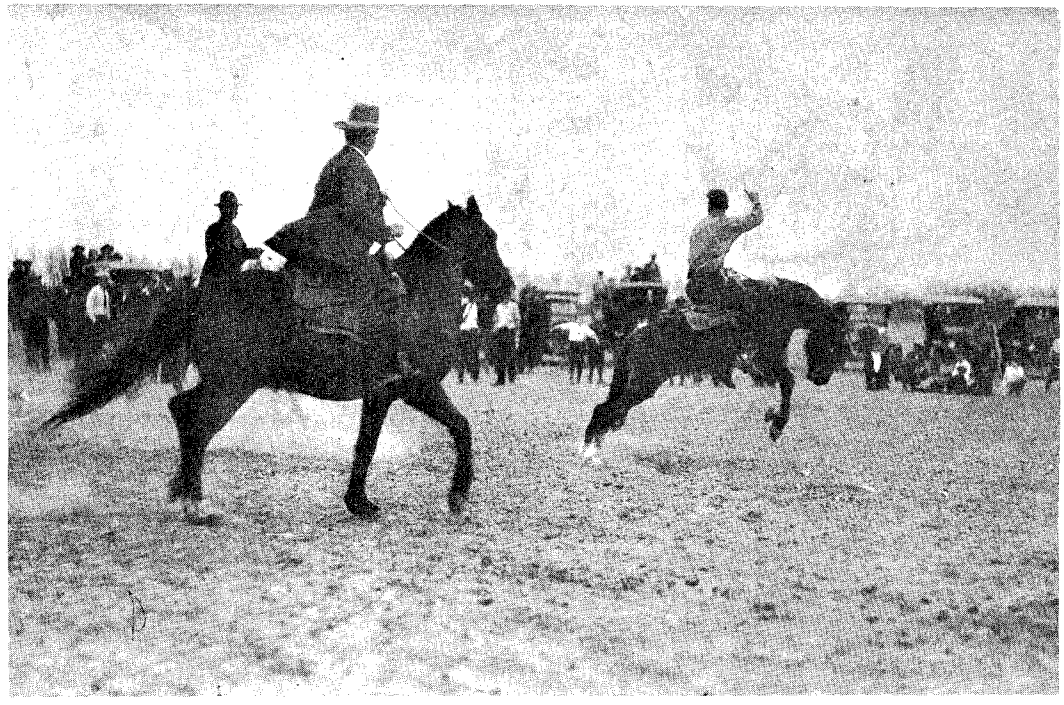
"They've coughed it up and headed home," said one concerning us.

"How do you know?" asked another.

"When they're headed west, their wagons are shiny and they still got plenty of bacon. Headed east their wagons are beat up like this one and they got rabbit hair snagged on the chuckbox."

But when the men discovered my illness, they unhitched our team, built us a fire, and got a doctor. They must have described our plight at the local mission. The priest, and a parishioner who owned the trading post, visited us frequently and brought badly needed supplies.

Reva decided that rodeoing might not be so bad after all. Circumstances *do* alter cases, don't they? With her consent, I huffed and puffed to organize a rodeo in Trinchera; but to no avail.



Ernest McGonigal on a bronc at Carlsbad, New Mexico in 1923. Sheriff Ned Schattuck on horse in foreground.

A couple of weeks later we found ourselves on the north bank of the Canadian River above Tucumcari. The river was on a rise. The nearest bridge was about forty miles downstream at Logan. We lacked the supplies for such a detour. I tied the wagon bed to the hounds and had Reva get high on the spring seat. Then plunged the team into the drink. After a few lunges, they dropped from sight; but came up fighting. I would have given a string of fine roping ponies to be back on the bank. Yet the good Lord was with us and we made it across.

I needed a temporary job but quick. In Tucumcari I looked up Frank Ward who was sheriff. His brother Bill was my close friend back in Fleetwood where he operated the ferry and stayed with me when Red River was too high for business.

Frank introduced me to a merchant who had acquired a valuable tract some fifteen miles to the northwest considered well suited for agriculture. But the land lay in country dominated by the Elliot clan who would tolerate no nesters. The merchant was anxious—too anxious—to hire me to take charge of his holdings. It seemed the part of wisdom to look the situation over before making any deal.

We started out to the acreage. The farther we went, the more things were torn up: fences cut; posts sawed off; waterholes dynamited; cabins burned down.

"Up Juniper Canyon there lived old Bat Thompson," said the merchant. "He always claimed the farther up it one lived, the tougher he had to be. Well, Bat lived in a tent beyond the last cabin. But they murdered him too. You know, besides drawing pay as a caretaker out here, a man could easily get $1,000 for killing each of the Elliots."

Obviously I was receiving an oblique offer for bushwhacking. "We might as well turn around and head back for town," I said. "From what I've seen, you wouldn't live long enough to pay me. Don't believe I can work for you."

The next day was trade day in Tucumcari. Everybody brought in sick animals to the vet. The old boy hired me to assist for the day. We ground away until after sundown. The vet then handed me $2.50 for my pay. Quite a reward for twelve hours skidding around in nastiness and absorbing horse kicks, cow hooks and dog bites!

I HUSTLED everybody that came to town in an effort to build up enthusiasm for a rodeo. No dice except I got a little show organized in which ranchers were to bring in their bad horses against my standing bet of $5 that I could take their top. I was too green to do any conning and made the mistake of riding the first two without a bobble. Business came to a sudden halt. Then I rode three more for the sake of a collection. It came to about $4.

The wife and I decided to return to Oklahoma. There I made progress in organizing a rodeo in Ringling, but meanwhile needed a job. Ran across a fellow name of Sam Keyes who wanted an artesian well drilled. I applied for the job.

"Can you operate a drilling rig?" asked Sam. I didn't know a well drill from a posthole auger.

"Sure," I lied, painfully remembering the jam Pa's teaching had led me into in Colorado.

Fortunately, I had a Mexican assistant

Hackberry owned this "bucking bull" that unseated many a rider.

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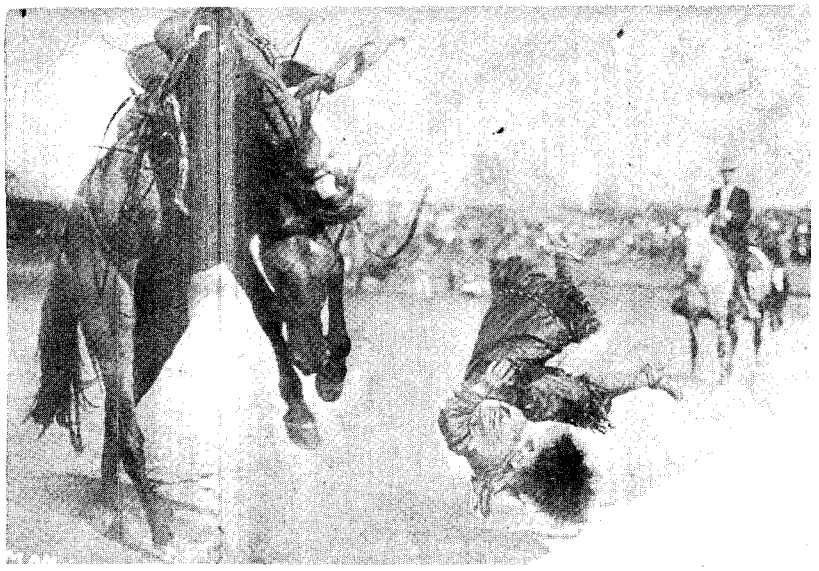

Rodeoing wasn't just for the men. Above, Bonnie McCarrol takes a spill at Wichita Falls, Texas in the early '20s. At right, Tad (Barnes) Lucas enjoys a wild ride on "Juarez." Tad rode with Johnson and went on to become a World's Championship rider. A group of trick riders (Iowa Park—1923) appear on the opposite page.

with drilling experience. We made about 300 feet before hitting shale we couldn't penetrate. The Mexican said we needed to increase the height of the derrick. This fact I learnedly communicated to Keyes. He would not go along and paid me off —$25 for *three weeks'* work.

I finally got the Ringling rodeo organized, but had to go for a rotten shakedown of one-third of my net. There was a racketeering deputy U.S. marshal in the area, name of Bud Ballew. He made a practice of cutting himself in on everything going—legal or illegal. He was quick to use his gun, too, if he got the drop on somebody. Later in 1922 he got his in a Wichita Falls, Texas, saloon. He had come to believe that he really was a toughie and tried a shoot-out with Chief of Police J. W. McCormick of Wichita County. When it was over, they say Bellew would have made a pretty fair sieve.

The stock for my Ringling rodeo was furnished by Roy Spradling of the KW ranch in Jefferson County. My top performers included Tom Neal from Brady, Oklahoma, Ben Johnson from Ringling, Grover Robertson from Ryan, Oklahoma, and Bill Warren.

A cowboy from the Clabe Burnett spread brought in a famous big bay outlaw name of Six-Shooter Full. Nobody succeeded in taking his top. The crowd set up a howl for me to give it a go. I had not intended to participate in the contests, but the mandate here was unmistakable.

The arena was only about three-fourths enclosed. At the open section was a line of Tin Lizzies. Old Six-Shooter bucked the length of the enclosure, jumped over the line of Fords, and pitched on across the field. Bill Warren was pickup man. He was a great practical joker. Instead of lifting me off the outlaw, he snatched the horse's rein and headed him back toward the cars. I wasn't going to chance another rocketing over the Fords and got loose quick like a busted saddle.

My take from the show was about $700. With this capital I staged a series of rodeos that year and cleared about $7,000.

World War I broke on the land. I looked around for something to do connected with the war effort and got a job as guard with the Inspiration Copper Company in Globe, Arizona. This caper lasted about eighteen months.

The Globe Chamber of Commerce authorized me to stage a mammoth rodeo on July 4, 1918, to promote the sale of war bonds. All awards were to be paid in bonds and thrift stamps. Tom and Mildred Douglas, Ward Bond and Neal Hart were making a movie in the area. All assisted in promotion and staging of the show.

The rodeo was scheduled to start at 2:00 p.m. The Chamber of Commerce was supposed to supply the ticket takers. But the stands were jammed by noon long before any ticket people showed up. I had to send volunteers into the crowd to collect. I shall never forget the sight of the spectators paying off with $20 gold certificates. And I got a valuable lesson in never permitting other people to handle one's money. The impromptu collectors pocketed about one-fourth of the probable receipts.

Anyway, the rodeo was a huge success. My share of the reported net approached $3,000.

A group at Douglas then sent for me to stage "The Douglas Stampede" as a benefit for the Red Cross and the Enlisted Men's Club at Camp Harry J. Jones. The camp furnished the bucking horses out of their remount station. They also supplied their fine regimental band and a host of soldiers to assist in every way possible. This show was another sell-out. My part of the net exceeded $2,800.

My best crowd-pleasers were the Gleen brothers—Babe, Dick and Will. Their roping acts brought down the house.

One of my chief backers was the local banker, Colonel Packard. I went into his bank to cash a check, having developed a rather stylish handwriting. A clerk took the check over to the colonel.

"Sir, what do you think of a fellow claiming to be a cowboy with a hand like that?"

"Can't be much of a cowboy," replied the colonel.

But we got to be great friends. (Thirty-four years later, I went out to Bergstrom Air Force Base in Austin, Texas, to make arrangements with a Colonel Packard for staging a rodeo on the base. He turned out to be the banker's son. Before time arrived for holding the rodeo, the Korean War exploded. Colonel Packard's wing was rushed over there and the gallant young man got killed.)

After the Douglas Stampede I put on a rodeo at Safford, Arizona, under the auspices of the Graham Cochise Cattle Raisers Association. Among my top performers were Faye Ward, the Hinton Brothers, and the McEwing boys. Amos McEwing was practicing roping the day before the contest and broke a leg. I had to substitute Clay McGonnigal. He won first prize and went on to become a world's champion roper.

Then I went to Phoenix, Arizona, and helped Robert McIntyre stage a championship rodeo. Our top drawing card was the movie star team of Hoot Gibson and wife Helen. Fred T. Coulter was building himself up to run for governor. He was a backer of the show. In return I was to allow him to beat me in a calf-roping contest for purposes of favorable publicity for him. Unfortunately, I led off. I deliberately hung up one of the slowest times of my career. But every conceivable misfortune befell Fred in each of his trials. He was unable to beat my lousy time. In after years he always good-naturedly claimed that I cost him the gubernatorial election.

IN 1919 in El Paso, I put on a rodeo for the Texas Cattle Raisers Association. Ed "Old Frosty" Pride from Hatch, New Mexico, supplied the bucking horses.

Post-war depression had set in and things got rougher in my game. A stuttering ventriloquist called Mumbles McGuffy who had worked in some of my shows had to take a job on the outskirts of El Paso with a dairyman friend of mine name of Bill Warden. Mumbles was a good guy but lacked some of his marbles. He was inclined, especially when a little juked up, to engage in serious conversation with the voices he created.

He alleviated his boredom at the dairy by practicing his ventriloquism on the cows until the Mexican laborers got so jumpy Bill had to fire him. As he started down the road, he turned and said, "Mr. W-W-Warden, one thing I w-w-want clearly understood. Y-y-you're not to believe anything that b-b-brindle heifer tells you after I'm g-g-gone."

I told this true story at a cattlemen's convention in El Paso. One of the delegates was Tol Cosper, owner of the Circle Dot ranch on the Big Blue River near Duncan, Arizona. When I was over there

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the next year again negotiating for staging the rodeo for the Graham Cochise Cattle Raisers Association, Tol stuck his head out of an upstairs hotel window and bellowed at me as I crossed the square, "Hackberry, when you gonna turn that brindle heifer loose?"

We held the Association rodeo that year at Willcox. H. L. Johnson of 10 Ranch was president; George Mee secretary. Other prominent members who ably assisted were Boozer Page and Jim Cook of Willcox.

The time selected was April, which was unfavorable as there are no suitable calves in that country at that season. But the word was that there were herds of those small wild Mexican jackasses on 10 Ranch. I went out there to check, thinking of substituting them for the calves.

"Scads of 'em," said foreman George Duncan. "Just help yourself, Hackberry. But by the way, have you ever roped and *tied* a wild jackass?"

"Of course," I lied.

"Very interesting. This the boys will wanna see."

They lent me a fine horse and came along en masse. By using a hill for screen, we snuck up on a herd of the grazing animals. I singled one out and bore down on him. He fired off just like a rocket but I popped my noose over him and set back to whack him against the ground. Before I could get one foot out of the stirrup, he was up and in orbit. I whacked him again with the same result. And again; and again. The staccato of his popping teeth sounded like a machine-gun as he bit the rope, the ground and every bush in reach. He obviously intended to sink his dentures into me the first time I got in close. I had to shoot him to recover my rope.

The accompanying cowboys were falling from their saddles laughing at me. I had to lease some fall calves and fatten them up to get them strong enough for the rodeo.

As an added fillip we decided to include a wild horse race in the show. I went out to the Car Link Ranch on the San Pedro River some thirty-five miles out of Willcox to arrange for the mustangs.

"How much do you plan to charge me for the use of the animals?" I asked the foreman.

"By God, if you won't bring 'em back, I ain't gonna charge you nothing," he replied.

Well, I made a deal with some Car Link cowboys to deliver the wild horses at the rodeo grounds for $5 per head. Those lads made range history. They showed up with thirty of the beasts—twenty-nine mares and the herd stud. We didn't have chutes enough for all of them and had to hackamore some. The race course was about a six-furlong deal around the rodeo grounds. The first rider to circle the track and pass between two judges stationed forty feet apart was to receive $200 in gold.

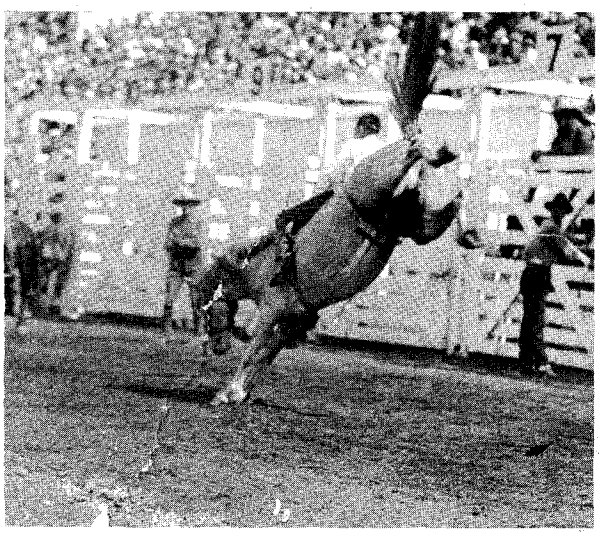
Two-thirds of the riders were unseated in the first fifty yards. Only one of the remaining could steer his mount within a quarter-mile of the judges. He was a cinch winner but looked back for his nonexistent competition and thereby touched his mare with a spur. She went for the moon and he went into orbit.

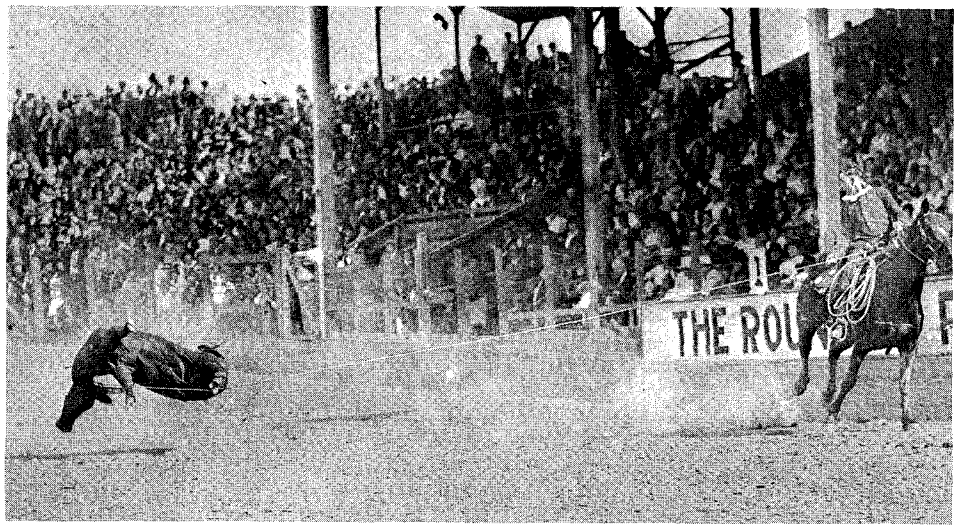
Then here came the crazed stud mustang bearing down on the crowd. I was mounted on the best horse I ever owned, a big handsome black called Midnight acquired out of an auction at the Fort Bliss Remount. He ran down the wild horse which I looped. But the frenzied mustang jerked my rope loose which fouled on my artificial leg. Away he went dragging that old beat-up leg—and women fainted dead away.

Later a friend sent me a clipping from the Tucson newspaper telling about a cowboy at the Association rodeo getting his leg jerked off by a wild horse.

COME September I had a deal to put on the show at the annual Santa Fe Trail celebration in the wonderful city of Santa Fe, New Mexico. To assist me I imported some Texas friends; the crowd-pleasing humorist Popcorn Luttrell of Vernon; the great bronc-buster and trick roper Jack Lewis of Kermit who reached the top with the Buffalo Bill show; and the one and only Bellcord Rutherford of Midland. Bellcord got his name from the time he went wild on persimmon wine, cut the bellcord off a passenger train, roped the conductor and made him trot along behind on the leash. The train crew overpowered Bellcord

Fred Alvord, bareback riding below left, started with Hackberry at Baird, Texas, in 1920. He spent the rest of his life in the business. For twenty-seven years he was assistant to Colonel Johnson of Madison Square Garden fame. On the right, Chester Byers roping at Pendleton, Oregon. He is riding "Stray Leaf," a horse trained and ridden by Hackberry Johnson at Comanche, Oklahoma.





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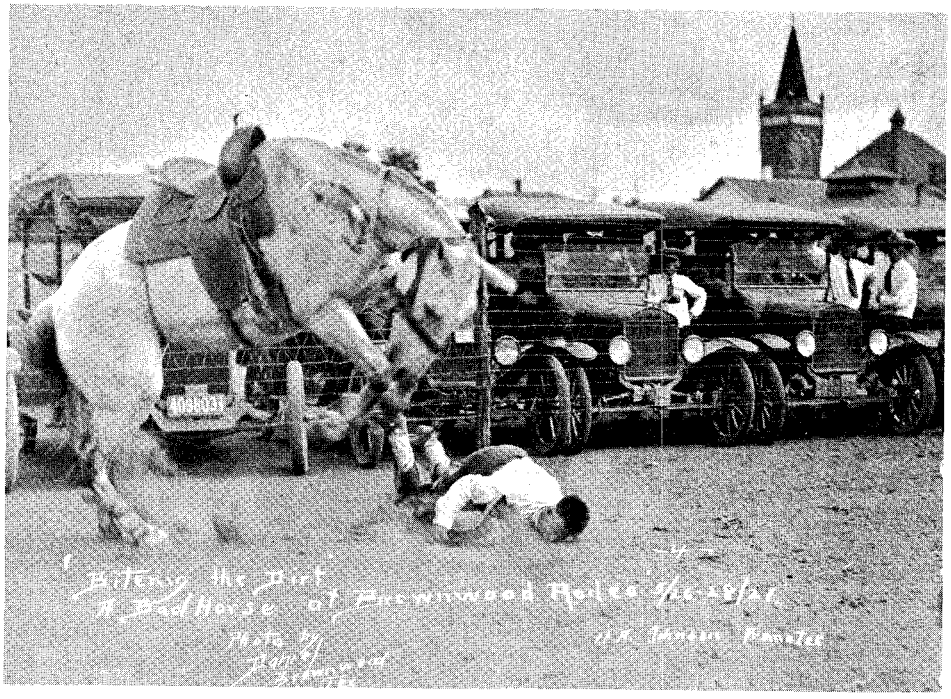

This is what is known as "bitin' the dirt."

and left him in the wash on the prairie tied to a telegraph pole.

Lieutenant-Governor Panky supplied all the stock for the show free of charge. I remonstrated that he should be paid for use of his stuff. He smilingly replied, "Whenever anybody asks where you got these cattle and horses, you just tell 'em that governor-to-be Panky furnished 'em for the pleasure of his fellow citizens." Sorry to report that he never made it.

The climax of our show involved a stagecoach holdup by Indians with all the trimmings. The heisters comprised a motley crew of painted-up Mexicans and real-life Injuns. Thanks to *mescal* and *tequila,* they were having the time of their lives. When they exhausted the blank cartridges with which we supplied them, they ran in their own live ammunition. The Santa Fe citizenry and visitors may have been the first foxhole diggers on record. Unbelievably, nobody was seriously injured.

On the national scene the economic situation continued to deteriorate. Whatever rodeos were staged were mostly put on by local associations. The great Colorado riding team of Tom Henderson and wife (she rode under the name of Maud Tarr) and I went over to Raton, New Mexico, to free lance at a show even though there was bad blood between the promoter and us.

I rode the bejeebers out of an outlaw name of Double Trouble but did not get on the board. Tom made a great ride on a ferocious cayuse that could switch directions so fast he was called Tango. Tom was accorded no score. The next day I drew the dangerous Tango. Tom drew a thing called U Snake from the fact that he often fell backward on his rider. Obviously the cards were stacked against us and we were being suckered. We got the hell out of there.

I moved onward to the state fair at Pueblo, Colorado, failing to make expenses. Then to Dalhart, Texas, to a rodeo being staged by my friends, DeWitt Reynolds and Lewis Conrad. I drew a famous bucking horse name of Bluejay and was doing okay when the girth parted. Of course, the cayuse got rid of me and the saddle. But the judges let me have another crack at the rascal and I took his top, winning second money in the event.

In those days we bulldogged steers by "hoolyanning" them. We'd jump on the steer's head and throw him, head down. He'd usually do a somersault and sometimes break off a horn. In the bulldogging event, I got a horn through my upper right arm. Thus sidelined, I moseyed to Baird, Texas, where my wife and father awaited me, to recover.

The following year was even lousier for the rodeo game. I showed throughout much of Texas without making any money. In desperation I revived a cameo version of the Wild West show. Indians and all. Our troupe ate so much canned corn those redskins must have regretted that their ancestors invented maize.

In South Texas I re-introduced the gimmick of inviting ranchers to bring in their bad horses to be ridden. In return we granted them a couple of free passes to the show. At Pearsall a funny looking little guy brought in a big, awkward jughead brown he called Lightning. This cayuse turned out to be the toughest horse I ever rode.

Now, a great bucking horse is worth a fortune. Never a week passes that somebody doesn't ask me if it isn't true that rodeo horses are trained to buck. The answer is an unequivocal *no.* While the instinct is stronger in some than in others, it is as natural for a bronc to buck as it is for him to breathe. He knows only one way of ridding his back of an unwelcome burden—to buck until the weight is tossed. That is why intractable buckers are called outlaws. It is impossible normally to break them to saddle or harness. Old Steamboat, the black demon of Cheyenne, was ridden only once in thirteen years. Another famous outlaw called No Name bucked in rodeos for twelve years before a stomper took his top.

WELL, I figured to make a bad season good by trading the little guy out of Lightning just for peanuts. When we completed the deal, he had four of my best saddle horses and my last $45. My wife had to take my pistol away to keep me from shooting myself.

But Lightning packed the house all the way down to Laredo. Then we moseyed cross-country to the Corpus Christi area. The outlaw got lamed en route. One of the Indian squaws took him under her wing. The next time we showed, Lightning would hardly pitch at all. One of the Indian bucks said the squaw had cast a spell on the horse, so I ran her off.

By the time we showed in Beeville, Lightning just dropped his jughead, drooped his ears, and with all fire gone from his eyes plodded back and forth across the arena no matter how much you dug him with the spurs. The crowd hooted us out of business.

To raise money to get out of town, I conned a peanut farmer into paying me $20 for the once mighty outlaw. The last time I saw him he was drawing a plow. To this day—forty-four years later—the memory brings tears to my eyes.

I SWORE OFF the rodeo game and returned to my diggings at Baird. But the champion all-around-cowgirl, Tad Lucas, rode for me for a short while, and about the same time, a cowboy named

Johnson (with hat) has a go at wild steer riding at Carlsbad, New Mexico, in 1923.

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Marshall Ratliff brought in a big gray outlaw called Sheddemall and offered to sell me the animal if I would hire him to ride.

I tried the horse and found him to be a bucking fool. So I put together another show, arranged basic bookings, and away we went. We were doing pretty well, but nearly everywhere we showed seemed like somebody got heisted.

At the time of these stick-ups, Ratliff was always out of pocket. Came the day when John Laws began to hold us for questioning after these robberies. I fired Ratliff, broke up the show, and went home.

My suspicions of Marshall Ratliff were probably justified. Later, he, his brother, and another accomplice robbed the bank in Valera, Texas. They got caught, did time in the penitentiary, but obtained pardons so easily procurable in Texas during that era.

Then, in 1924, Marshall and his gang held up the bank at Cisco, wounding the cashier, Spears, and killing my friends, Chief of Police Bit Bedford and Deputy George Carmichael. Marshall was apprehended and sentenced to the chair, but he feigned insanity and his lawyers got him a hearing. Brought back to the Eastland jail, he further pretended to be paralyzed. He caught Jailer Jones off-guard, grabbed his pistol, and killed him. From an upper window, Jones' daughter shot down the escaping prisoner.

A mob strung up the wounded killer on a light pole so his toes barely missed the ground. His necktie was cut into bits for souvenirs. One of my bronc riders, Homer Price—now Sheriff of Callahan County—acquired one of the tie fragments and framed it. I gave him a picture of Marshall Ratliff being bucked off Sheddemall to go with it. Both hang on his office wall today.

For the 1922 season I could not arrange enough booking to be worth trying the rodeo circuit. So I ranched around Baird and supplied stock to other rodeo producers. At the Texas Cowboy Reunion and Rodeo at Stamford, I did engage in a matched roping contest with Scandalous John Selmon, today at eighty still active foreman of the Flat Top Ranch of the 300,000-acre Swenson Land and Cattle Company.

Scandalous John acquired his name as a fifteen-year-old wrangler with the old Espuela Ranch. He was conned into trying the outfit's toughest outlaw. When bucked off, he painfully sat up and said, "That cayuse sure do pitch scandalously."

He is equally famed on the Plains for the time he was introduced to the Duke of Grafton, an Englishman making a tour of Texas ranches. "Sure proud to meet you, sir," said Scandalous. "You're the first feller I ever met with 'of' for a middle name."

Anyway, Scandalous beat me in the roping contest.

I delivered a string of bucking horses to Matthew Webb in Wichita Falls. That night I was in the Old Stage Bar owned by my friend, Doc Worsham. A group of revelers were telling lies about how high they could kick. I tried to get in my two cents' worth. A smart-aleck barber who worked in Ruby's Barber Shop tried to freeze me out.

"C'n kick higher'n you," I said thickly with feigned drunkenness. "Bet you $20 I can kick that ceiling light while standing on the floor."

He took me up immediately. I removed my artificial leg, held it high over my head and gently kicked the light. It was my intention to buy drinks for the house with the barber's $20 bill and return the change. But he charged me in a rage and had to be restrained until I could replace my leg.

"Now turn 'im loose," I said with relish. But the shaving man turned and beat it. Those of us remaining used his money to get really loaded.

I continued ranching around Baird in 1923, but managed to book fall rodeos for Carlsbad, New Mexico, and in the Texas towns of Marfa, Alpine, Lamesa, O'Donnell and Breckenridge. We were set for a big show in Marfa, but they had a hanging that day in nearby Alpine and everybody went over there for the free extravaganza. Looked like I was in the wrong business. But this was the last county hanging. The 1923 Legislature ordered all of them at Huntsville.

Our rodeo in Alpine was to be held under the auspices of what is now known as the Parent Teachers Association. They were to attend to all details for fifty per cent of the net. John Law was a fellow name of Townsend—ex-Ranger, all that sort of thing. He demanded $75 of me as an occupation tax to hold the show. I wired State Comptroller Lon Smith for the correct amount of tax.

The old showman waters the buffaloes used in his present-day act.

"If under local auspices, none. Otherwise $3 per day." But Townsend stood by his demand. I put on the show for free and took up a collection.

In 1924 I decided to introduce buffaloes into my show. I bought a small herd from the Slaughter Ranch at Post, Texas. Then hired the famous rodeo cowboy George Shumake from O'Donnell (now lives at Seminole) to manage them. Our biggest show of the year was sponsored by the Breckenridge Elks Lodge for July 2, 3 and 4. My take was to be the first $1,000 and sixty per cent of the remainder. The first day's receipts amounted to about $2,500.

You are familiar with the old expression of disavowal: "It'll be a cold day in July when . . ." Well, on July 3 came the damnedest hail-and-rainstorm you ever saw. Turned bloody cold. We had to postpone the rest of the rodeo until the following weekend by which time interest had largely waned.

In utter frustration we sat in our rooms at the Miller Hotel run by the kindly Sam Hood. Finally somebody went out and located a druggist retailing prescription whiskey at $6.50 a pint. We hadn't received any of the ticket money yet and had only $72 among us. We bought eleven pints.

The Mississippi-Alabama Fair was held at Meridian, Mississippi, in 1925 with A. H. George as president. I arranged a contract with them to put on a rodeo involving two carloads of stock and fifteen cowboys and a cowgirl. The cowgirl called herself Faye Fearless. Actually I hired her from the Dakota Max Wild West show operating near the fair.

The night of her debut with us she insisted on riding, very much against my advice, our wickedest outlaw named Accident because he had brought about so many, and it *was* one if you rode him. The cayuse proved much too tough for her. She was quickly in trouble and

(Continued on page 40)

These old timers total over two centuries work in the cow business. From left, Oscar Gibson, 85, of Old Glory, Texas; Marvin Cobb, 80, of Leuders, Texas; and Scandalous John Selmon, 80, of Stamford, Texas. (Courtesy the Texas Cowboy Reunion—Stamford, Texas—July 1, 2 & 3)

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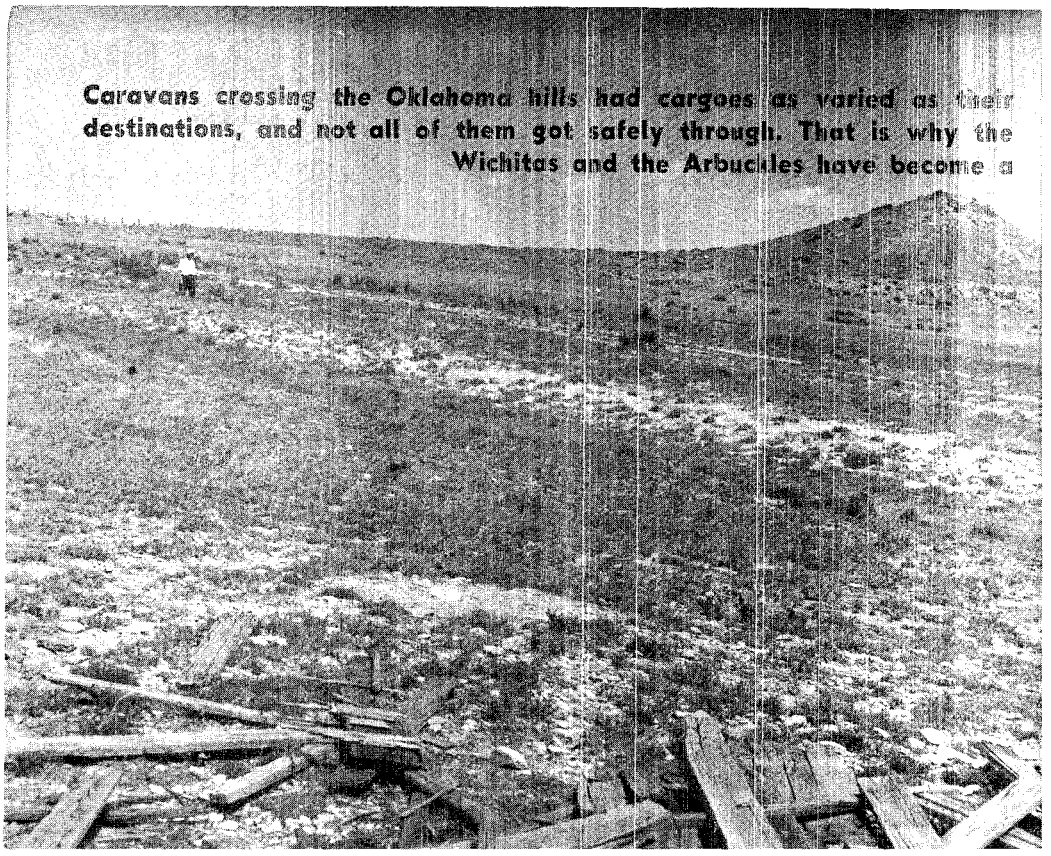


Photo by Gwynne M. Vaughan

The author stands knee-deep in ruts of the Santa Fe Trail "cutoff." During an attack on a wagontrain, gold bullion is said to have been buried near Flag Springs, located about a mile from the fence in the upper left of the photograph above.

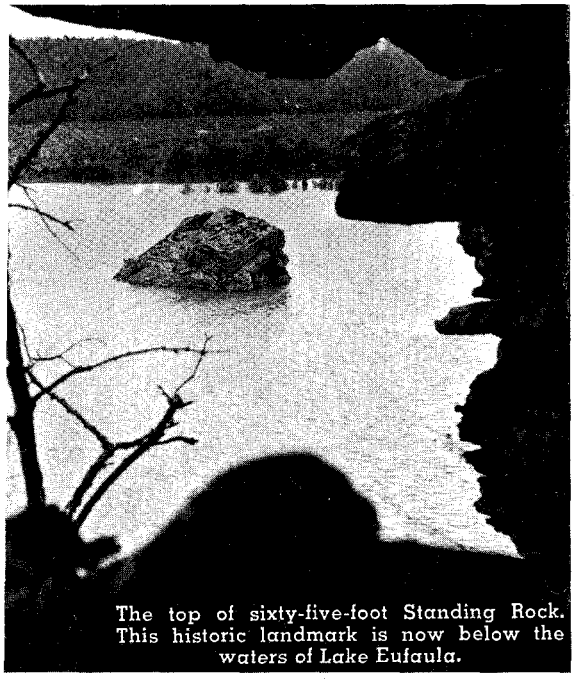
LAND OF TRIANGLES, TURTLES, AND HATCHETS

By C. L. PACKER

Photos Courtesy Author

MANY visitors are surprised to learn that Oklahoma has mountains. Nevertheless, she has them; not those dizzying heights such as pierce the clouds over Colorado and some other western states—but still, they are mountains.

Two small ranges in southwestern Oklahoma—the Arbuckles and the Wichitas, have felt the picks and shovels of gold-thirsty Spaniards. The ancient Arbuckles, worn round through the ages, are often searched by today's treasure hunters and rockhounds. Some seventy miles to the west, the modest Wichitas, wizened with the centuries, are one of the most frequented treasure-hunting grounds in Soonerland.



The top of sixty-five-foot Standing Rock. This historic landmark is now below the waters of Lake Eufaula.

In the eastern part of the state, about three or four miles above Eufaula Dam in the channel of the South Canadian, Standing Rock has been a beacon through the centuries for *Conquistadores*, explorers and pioneers. Here is a country of wooded hills, rugged and rocky in places—a sort of tapering off of the Ouachitas, Kiamichis and Cookson Hills which spill over into Oklahoma from the Ozarks of Arkansas and Missouri.

Long before headlines blazoned across the nation the discovery of Oklahoma's "black gold," red men had found *real* gold in this new "Home of the Red People"—legend tells us. And European explorers were searching its hills and mountains for the precious metal and its cousin-lode, silver, less than a hundred years after Columbus discovered the New World.

In 1830 Captain Benjamin L. Bonneville and his party came upon Standing Rock. They named the conspicuous pillar "Mary's Rock," and described it as being "sixty-five feet high and twenty in diameter and nearly round. It is a great curiosity and an excellent Land Mark."

J. Frank Dobie, in his widely read book, *Coronado's Children,* tells of the same rock in the first chapter of a tale called "Aurelio's Trunk." He mentions a "hatchet" symbol "cut into the rock fifty feet on the east side." Now the lake formed by Eufaula Dam has covered Standing Rock with water. To most treasure hunters and nature lovers this seems a shame. Such desecration undoubtedly has caused the good Captain Bonneville to turn over in his grave.

Before the rock was entirely submerged, a party of four visited the area. As they approached the river, one man, who has made an extensive study of Spanish treasure-marking symbols, said, "There's a marker on that tree." The four spilled out of the car and rushed toward the venerable oak.

As they neared it, the guide's sharp eyes detected an object almost buried in the sandy soil. On examining it he said, "Looks like silver to me."

Others fingered the heavy silver-like substance. It looked like silver to them, also. The guide dropped it in his pocket. The "marker," waist high on the oak, was about fourteen inches wide at its top and shaped like an arrowhead, pointing straight down.

One versed in such things explained that long ago the bark of the tree had been cut away leaving the arrowhead shape. Through the years the bark gradually had grown back to cover the scar, but the texture was different, leaving the tree well branded for life with an arrowhead design.

As the walk continued, more marked trees were studied and photographed. Some of the arrowhead symbols pointed up—one pointed down at a slant. The guide said that they could signify different things. One pointing straight down might mean treasure buried below; if at a slant—go to the next marker. One pointing up meant to go ahead, or up a slope or over a hill to the next marker.

Turtle-shaped symbols sometimes stood for corner markings. This design carved on a tree or rock was used to mark a point on a triangle-shaped area. When three rocks (or trees) could be found which were located so as to form the points of a triangle, a turtle marker was

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carved on each. Usually these points were not too far apart—maybe several yards. Occasionally they might be a hundred yards or so from each other. One instance was cited where, farther out west, a triangle area is marked with rocks three miles apart. A turtle marker could signify there was a spring nearby; or it might mean danger or disaster.

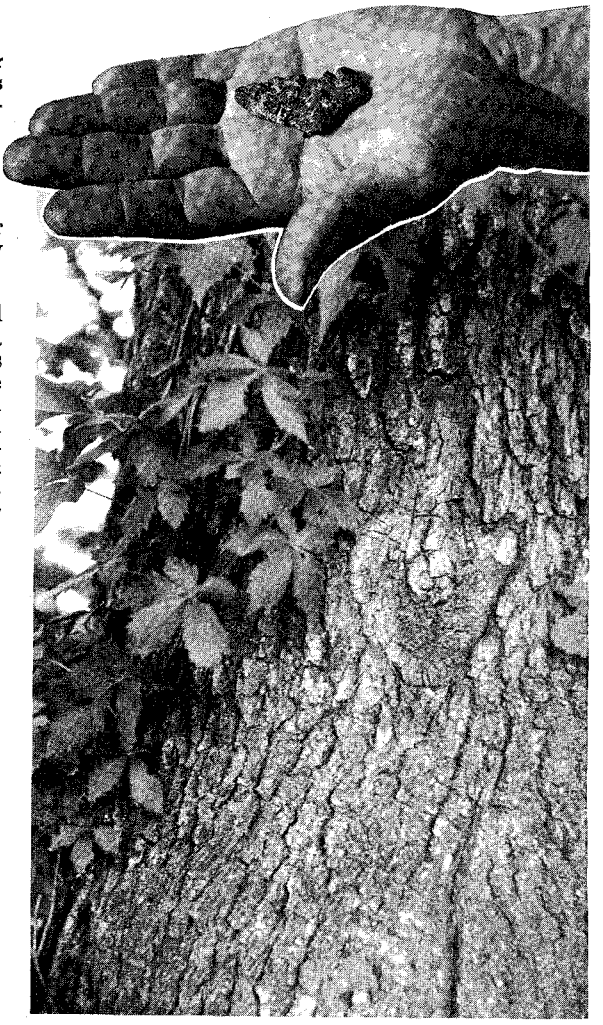
Those who cached their loot used many other symbols for guides. One favorite was the "Swallow Fork," a design which might readily be interpreted by novice treasure hunters as a heart such as lovers sometimes carve on rocks, trees and park benches. An arrow, starting at one side, stopped at the outline of the "heart," then extended from the outline at the opposite side and ended at the arrowhead point—which meant treasure in that direction. At times there might be some slight mark on the design that signified the treasure was buried in the opposite direction from that indicated by the pointing arrow—this to throw intruders off the trail.

Triangle-shaped markings on rocks might contain a dot gouged in the center, meaning to find rocks or trees that enclose a triangle area and then dig right in the center of the area. If the dot is in a corner, then find that corner in the land area, measure a proportionate distance, and start digging. If a line extends from a triangle straight down, on the outside—this indicates that treasure was buried on the outside of the triangle in the land area and means to follow a proportionate distance in the direction of the line.

This design resembled a triangle-shaped hatchet head with a handle attached, and was sometimes referred to as a "hatchet marker," like the one on Standing Rock that was spoken of in Dobie's book.

One tree with a turtle symbol is now below the waters of Lake Eufaula. Skin divers might check on it for treasure. Before Eufaula Lake had formed, the guide saw Standing Rock towering above the river bed, just as it stood when Captain Bonneville saw it over 135 years ago, and as it was when French *voyageurs* paddled their pirogues by its bulk. When the Spanish saw the monolith they knew that no better marker could be found on which to carve the location of buried treasure. So they buried their riches there—at least that's what many of the experts say.

This nugget of pure silver was found near the ancient oak (below), on which was carved an inverted arrowhead, faintly visible in the picture.



SEVERAL early-day roads paralleled the South Canadian which flows in a general direction from west to east across Oklahoma. Among these routes was the California Trail which saw much travel by the "Forty-niners" bound for the rich gold fields of California. This road followed the Arkansas River from Fort Smith to the mouth of the South Canadian where it continued westward along the north side of that stream, passed Standing Rock, and stretched on to the vicinity of the present town of Purcell. There the Trail crossed to the south side and followed that side of the stream on west out of the state.

This road was much the same route that had been used in 1839 by the Josiah Gregg party, and in 1820 by S. H. Long and his party. In 1741-42 Fabry was on it. Before that, Spanish explorers came this way. That is when some say they buried their riches in the vicinity of Standing Rock.

Dobie only mentions the hatchet markings on the Rock. The guide says there are three symbols alongside each other: first, a turtle design, head pointing straight down; next, a hatchet, or triangle with a straight mark attached on the outside and extending down; then, a date—1851.

There is much supposition about these three symbols. Were the turtle and hatchet markers carved by the Spaniards and the date, 1851, by somebody else—maybe a fortune hunter who was passing by on the California Trail?

If the turtle—head down—means there is treasure below, was it buried there when the river was at low ebb, with no water at the base of the rock? This could be possible. A more likely explanation, others think, is that the triangle means there is treasure buried in a triangular area. And that the mark extending down, in this case, means *out from* the rock, and as Dobie's tale tells us, "six hundred yards away at an angle of seventy degrees east of north . . ."

Since history records that men in Bonneville's party marked many trees in this vicinity, the arrowhead and other markers could have been made by them for some reason or other. With the influx of treasure hunters and sightseers since the

Marked rocks abound in the area. The "turtle" and "swallow tail" symbols below are on Lookout Ledge, located on the north bank of the Canadian directly across from Standing Rock. A distinct horsehead and what appears to be "Bill Fisher," have been carved in a rock near the markings seen at left.

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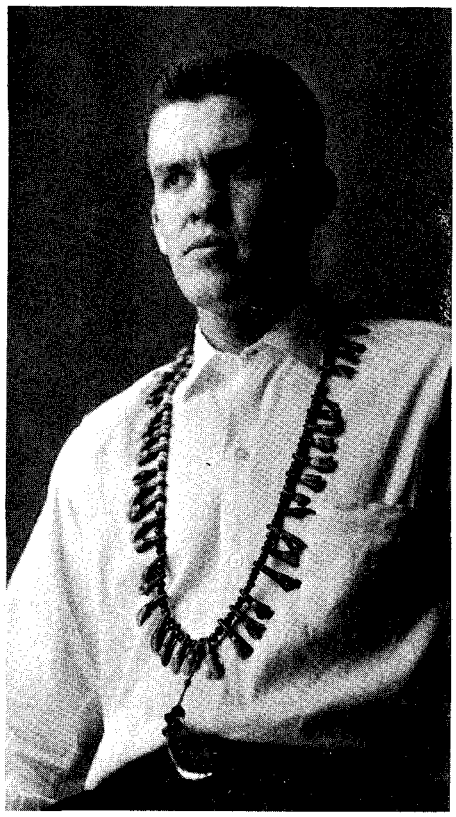

Bill Livesay, part Cherokee, wearing an Indian necklace of buffalo teeth and black beads with an eagle claw pendant. The beads are thought to be from a rosary, dating back to the time of the Spanish explorers. The dugout (below) is a short distance from Lookout Ledge. On the right is a close-up of names above the entrance. They are J. S. Saylor 7/30/3— and E. — Saylor. Were they brothers prospecting for treasure in this area?

Eufaula Dam area has been opened, speculation is rife about the symbols—especially those carved on trees. But Lake Eufaula has ruled out—perhaps forever—any more digging near Standing Rock.

One tree northeast of Standing Rock has an arrowhead marker pointing straight down. Government men have painted the shape with bright orange paint. Directly above it is a horizontal orange-colored line which marks the future high water level of the lake. This particular brightly colored marker is one that anybody can spot at a glance. But figuring out the meaning is a difficult task.

The guide said the Spaniards were very clever in carving their symbols. For instance, a turtle design might stand for the location of a spring or, if it were placed to designate buried treasure, it might point the way with its head, tail, or any one of its four outstretched legs. Sometimes the correct pointer might have a very slight nick or some such mark that held the clue. But in most cases even seasoned treasure hunters have been led astray in their search for hidden wealth.

POSSIBLY two or three men might keep a pledge never to reveal the location of a gold mine to anyone else. But for *thirteen* to do so—each going to his grave with the secret location of *two* mines—this would seem to be almost an impossibility. But that is exactly what happened long years ago in the mountains of southeastern Indian Territory.

A missionary among the Choctaws there had so endeared himself to the hearts of these people that twelve full-blood tribesmen took him into their confidence and told him they were going to show him two gold mines they had found.

One Indian took the reverend to one of the locations—an outcropping of rock at the head of a canyon where there was a fissure filled with pure gold. From time to time, as the need arose, the thirteen men chipped gold from the crevice—but never more than was necessary. This continued through the years until it was realized that rock would have to be blasted away to expose more of the gold-bearing vein.

The mouth of the mine was filled with boulders to hide the location until they could return at a later date and do the blasting. Then the men went to the other mine which was about fifty miles away. The vein there was deep, so a shaft was sunk. In some way the Interior Department in Washington got wind of the operation and notified the miners it was unlawful. This put a stop to the work.

Before leaving the location, the shaft was filled—a job so well done that a gold prospector in later years spent months in a fruitless search. He did find several small gold nuggets in the vicinity. Now, thirteen graves in various locations hold the secret to a pledge as pure as the gold it concerned.

INTERVIEWS with many people indicate that treasure caches *have* been found in different locations, but the discoveries have remained pretty hush-hush. An old-timer explained why one well-planned treasure hunt was called off before it got underway. The organizer of the project, a well-to-do man, in checking into the Government angle was told that Uncle Sam would get seventy per cent of what was found; the state would get fifteen per cent, and he could have the rest. This man would have to pay for his heavy equipment, laborers and all other expenses—since he planned on going at it in a big way. So he forgot about the whole thing.

That particular treasure cache is waiting for someone to start digging. The loot is supposed to be buried in the southwest corner of Oklahoma, on the North Fork of Red River in the vicinity of Lake Altus, and presumably was brought in by Spanish explorers during the 17th Century.

From the time Coronado entered the state about 1541, there was bad blood between the *Conquistadores* and some of the Indian tribes. The Spaniards had been brutal in their treatment of the red men on numerous occasions. Continued enslavement of the Indians added fuel to the fire. So it is thought the Spaniards who buried the riches on the North Fork of Red River did so when attacked by vengeful natives.

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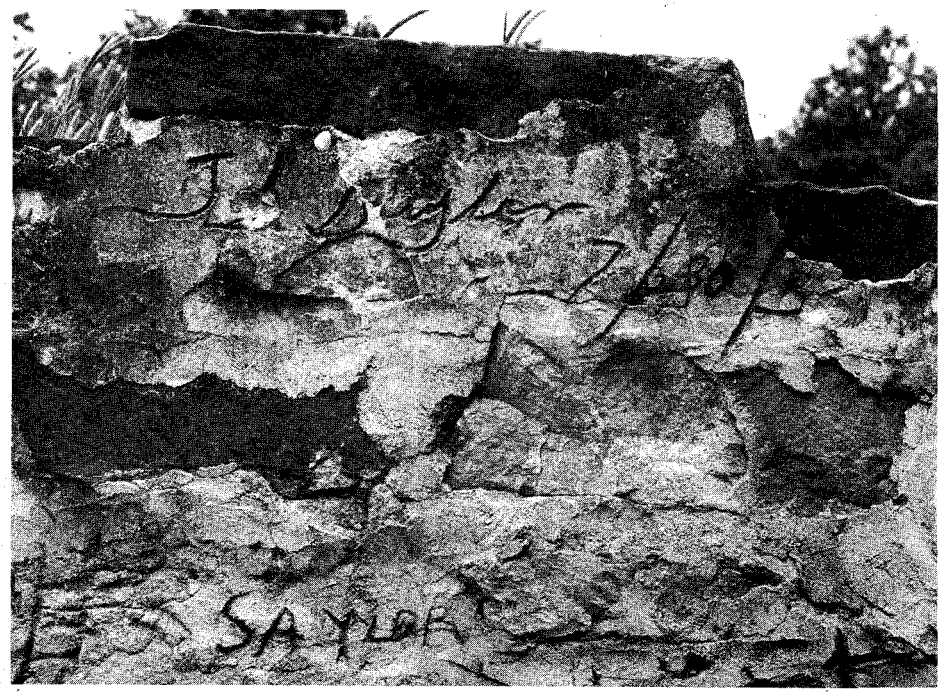

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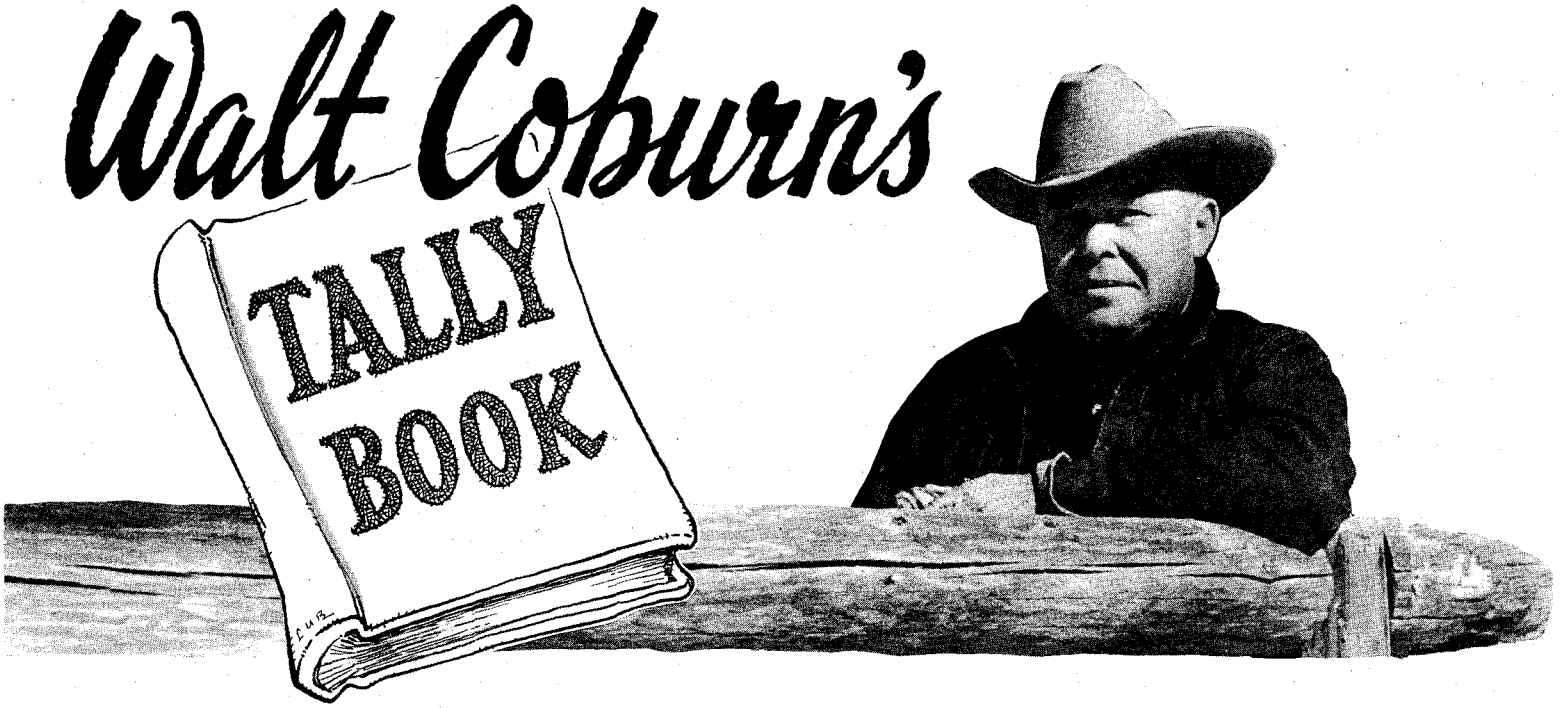
Walt Coburn's TALLY BOOK



HOWDY! The boss man that lays the dough on the barrelhead for this magazine says for me to say a few words to those of you who have read my yarns and sorta know me, and to those who have never read my yarns and I'm a plumb stranger to.

There's a few old-time cowhands left who knew me when, and they'll get one hell of a kick out of this. They'll be telling themselves, "If that old son was to tell what we know about him, he'd be in the pen at Deer Lodge makin' horsehair bridles."

Anyhow, my father was one of the early settlers in Montana. The old Circle C outfit had just got back on its feet after the hard winter of '86-'87, when I came along. That was about the time Montana out-growed its li'l ol' Territorial britches and pulled on its first pair of long pants to become a State.

I always had my saddle sacked before the Chinook winds had melted the drifts, rarin' to get out to the ranch the minute school let out. The Circle C Ranch was located in the Little Rockies country of Northeastern Montana.

I learned to ride on a fat, white cow pony called Snowflake. Snowflake, along with my father and two older brothers, Will and Bob, and such wagon bosses as Horace Brewster and Jake Meyers, taught me all I learned about punching cows. Another older brother, Wallace, who gave me Snowflake, used to take me with him on hunting trips in the badlands along the Missouri River.

The Fort Belknap Reservation joined the home ranch and Wallace would take me there as a kid. He'd set around in a tepee talking to the Old Men in the sign language, while I was playing with the Gros Ventres and Assiniboine kids. Foot races, pony races, rassling. I learned a lot besides their language and sign talk. I learned, without knowing it, what was in the heart of an Indian. And what I learned from them makes me ashamed sometimes that I'm a white man.

In 1914 the Circle C sold out to the Matador Cattle Company. I came south to Arizona where my two oldest brothers ran the Cross Up, Cross S and the Wineglass outfits on the San Carlos Apache Reservation. There I learned to tie hard and fast instead of taking my dallies around the saddle horn. I tried to make a wild brush-popper cowhand and about the time I was ketching on and they were about to turn the lower outfit over to me to ramrod, World War I commenced. I managed to get into the Air Service Branch of the Signal Corps, in spite of a busted ankle that still has me limping. I got my wings and come out with the rank of first sergeant.

I went back to punching cows in the Bloody Basin country near Prescott, Arizona, where my brothers had moved the outfit and the first day out I busted my knee. The doc said I was all finished punching cows.

AFTER that I made a stab at a few things. Surveying. Running a garage. (I took a Ford apart and never got it back together. It's still apart as far as I know.) I quit before I got fired, and the cost of putting the dammed thing back together was taken out of my wages.

I got a job as a life guard at Del Mar, California, together with a regular job of firing a boiler. Third engineer (there was no fourth), if you want my rank. All I had to do was turn a couple of handles. I had time to spare so I rented a typewriter and bought some paper, and started to write about the cow country I knew.

After two years of rejection slips I sold a story for twenty-five bucks. It was four months before I sold my second yarn, but I'd got a toe holt, and I'm still in the writing game, cashing in on all the yarns I've heard around the bunk-house or roundup camp. Or by some cowhand riding the two hours night-guard around a bedded beef herd when they was a-layin' good. Or a line-camp pardner.

I've met the Curry boys and Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid. The headquarters of the Wild Bunch was at Landusky in the Little Rockies and the Circle C Ranch was in the long shadow of the Little Rockies.

I've camped with outlaws, wintered for a month with one who stayed at my line camp waiting for green grass so he could hold up a bank, and a better pardner no man ever had. I was brought up to keep my mouth shut and my ears open. I enjoyed the rep of being a close-mouthed kid. I was at the ranch when the Wild Bunch robbed the Great Northern train at Wagner, Montana. I've heard all manner of men talk, men who have heard the owl hoot. Or mebbyso had cut the big gut.

Now I tell about it by putting words on paper. It's not as exciting but it buys frijoles. I don't have to worry about the jerky as long as my neighbors along River Road don't ride too close herd on their black-and-white checkerboard milk-pen stuff.

I was beginning to make a fair-to-middling cowhand when the nesters and sheepmen began to crowd out the big cow outfits. But I'd seen it. I'd seen seven big outfits working together. Seven wagons. About two hundred cowpunchers. Breakfast at two in the morning. You'd have to strike a match to see if you'd roped out the right horse from a cavvy of 200 head or more.

Bed wagons and mess wagons racing for the best campgrounds. Cowboys bunched up on the little buttes or ridges, waiting for daylight. A cigarette and a cup of coffee for breakfast. Herds gathered in a morning's circle that a man couldn't shoot across with a .30-30. Broncs, branding fires, bawling cattle. Grass that came up to a man's stirrups when he crossed a coulee. Dust and thunderstorms and fox-fire running across the wet grass of a night when you tried to hold a herd of big native steers that walked and hooked at one another and milled like restless animals caged and wanting to break out.

Or you might be on guard some night when your horse knows that the steers laying so quiet are about to be on their feet and running before you can bat an eye. Other nights when a kid could hold 'em. Two hours of guard under the moon and the stars. Singing to 'em as you ride around at a running walk.

Shipping time. And after the last big steer is loaded the ride into town to blow in your money. Poker games. Good whiskey to wash the alkali dust out of a cowboy's throat. You put your horse in the feed barn and the town is yours while your coin holds out. You sing or fight or you crawl up on a poker table and go to sleep. You've only got a few hours to

(Continued on page 56)

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Courtesy Fresno Bee

Mariposa, California, showing one end of town as it looked in 1879, the year of Choisser's ride.

Lafayette "Punch" Choisser
Courtesy Daisy Choisser Condrey

PUNCH CHOISSER'S

Author's note: Mariposa, the Spanish word for "Butterfly," is a quaint and picturesque little village nestled in a canyon at the foot of California's mighty Sierra Nevada mountains. Situated at the southern end of the Mother Lode, the town has a colorful past dating back to the earliest days of the gold rush. There is so much history connected with this area that a writer is hard put to know where to begin.

For example, Mariposa County at one time encompassed 30,000 square miles or one-fifth of California. Here, also, over $55,000,000 worth of gold has been mined over the years. The Mariposa Grant, a parcel of land consisting of 44,000 acres, was bought by General Fremont in 1849 for $3,000. In 1863 he sold this property for $6,000,000, which is a pretty good margin of profit by any standards.

Here was fought the Fremont mining "war" of 1854 and in the early 1850s the county was ravaged by Joaquin Murietta and his murderous band. And yet when gleaning through all of these significant happenings, the wild ride of Punch Choisser still stands out as one of Mariposa's most exciting moments.

My thanks to Mrs. Charles Schroeder, that energetic Mariposa historian, for help in the research of this article.

THE RIFLE SHOT rang out loud and sharp in the crisp morning air and, although the echo died quickly, the repercussions were to sound for many months to come. It was several seconds before Jonas Thompson realized he was hit and he quickly jumped to his feet and sprinted for the house and safety. He had been examining a small walnut tree near his cabin.

As he ran for refuge, he watched the puff of smoke dissipating above a nearby pile of rocks. Staggering through his doorway, Thompson slammed the door and snatched his own rifle from above the fireplace. Only when he had pulled his mattress to the floor and lain down with his weapon beside him, did he notice the sodden, clinging redness of his shirt. With a groan, he levered a cartridge into his rifle and stared blankly at the now ominous front door to his house.

It was about three o'clock when Doctors Ward and Kavanaugh arrived at the Thompson cabin and found the stricken man. Earlier, a young fellow named Laird had stopped by the Thompson hog farm to get a drink of water. He had ridden up to the door and Thompson, hearing him, called for him to come in.

"What's the matter," asked Laird, "you sick or somethin'?" It was too dark inside

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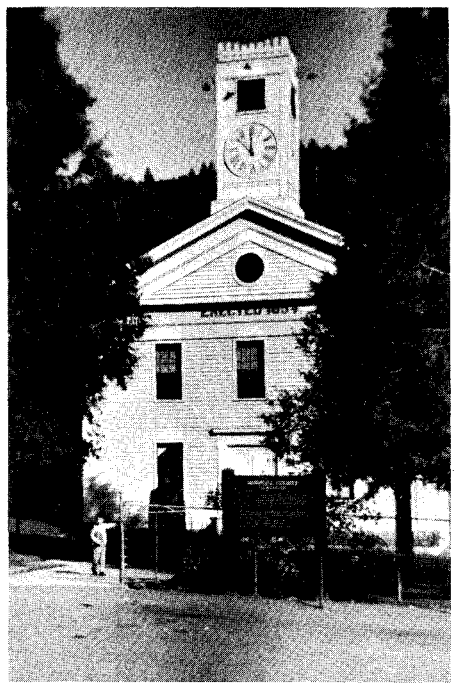
How many men would be willing to expose their backs to a bullet—for four long hours—to help someone who might be a murderer?



Courtesy author

Indian Willie's trial was held in Mariposa Courthouse, built in 1854.

to see the ugly stain spreading out over the mattress.

"Get me a doc quick," moaned the wounded man. "I've been shot!"

Leaping on his horse, Laird had ridden over to the nearby Whitley ranch and asked them to look after Thompson. He then galloped on to Mariposa and summoned the two doctors.

Thompson was weak from loss of blood and in great pain. The doctors gave him stimulants and opium, which seemed to help him, but one of the physicians looked over at Whitley and shook his head.

Although the mortally wounded rancher was around fifty-three years of age, he had a strong constitution and remained rational to the end. He had been shot in the back, the ball entering on the left side of the backbone, passing through the lung and into the thigh. He had been shot about eight o'clock in the morning, he said, and told the doctors he didn't know he had an enemy in the world. The date was May 9, 1878 and that afternoon the labored breathing of Jonas Thompson slowly faded to silence.

IN reporting the murder, the *Mariposa Gazette* commented, "It was known that Thompson had some little money, and the object of the murder was probably to get possession of it. (Since) he got up and immediately walked to his house, the murderer must have thought that he had missed his mark; and though he knew that he was a murderer at heart, he very likely left the spot thinking that Thompson was unhurt. It is but a few months since another murder of the same kind was committed, for which the guilty party was sentenced to the State Prison for life. Thus the fear of imprisonment does not act as a check upon the cowardly murderer and, although we are not in favor of mob violence, still, in extreme cases, where the guilt can be fixed without possibility of a doubt, a little off-hand work might be effective in bringing about a better state of affairs."

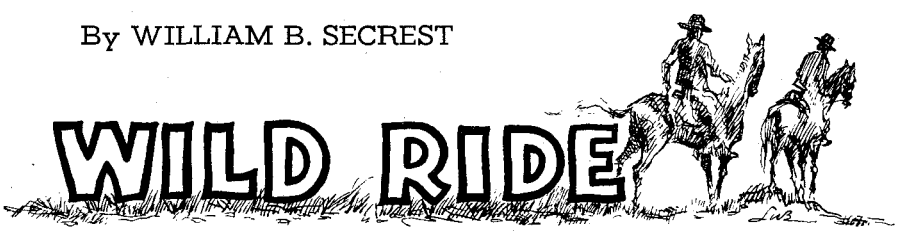
Whether the organization known as the Chowchilla Rangers was in existence at this time is not known. Perhaps it was formed immediately after the murder of Thompson or possibly earlier. About all that is known for sure is that there was such a group, and that it was made up of Thompson's neighboring ranchers. The self-styled vigilantes had no official status, but seemed determined to protect their families and property by whatever means they deemed appropriate. There had been a number of crimes committed in Mariposa County and the Rangers were evidently dissatisfied with local justice, or the lack of it.

Rangers or not, Thompson's neighbors banded together for the purpose of finding the murderer. They were angry and alarmed. The killer was tracked from the pile of rocks on the Thompson place to the vicinity of the Pratt ranch on Pea Ridge, but here the trail was lost. Frustrated and in a savage frame of mind, the men fanned out over the countryside hoping to find another clue. The *Mariposa Gazette* remarked on the unsuccessful hunt and noted, "If it should so happen that the murderer ever is found in this vicinity, we think that the services of courts and officers would be dispensed with."

Finally something happened. On the evening of June 10, Jimmy Butler, a well-known Mariposa rancher thought he heard a horse close by, and grabbing his rifle, crept out of his home to investigate. Some yards from the house he came upon a horse staked out for the night, but the rider was no place around.

Butler was sure that he recognized the animal and knew its rider to be an eighteen-year-old Indian with a notorious reputation. The Indian, Willie Ross, had undoubtedly crawled into the bushes to spend the night, and Butler settled down next to a large pine tree near the gray horse to wait.

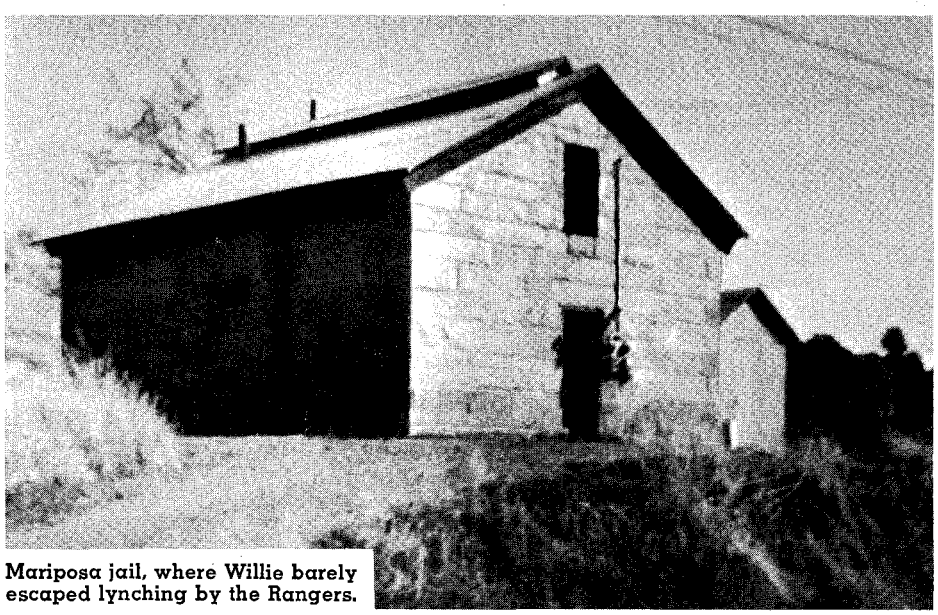
By WILLIAM B. SECREST



The light of dawn was just spreading across the mountains to the east when Butler was stirred from his slumber. Instantly awake and clutching his rifle, he looked carefully around the small clearing. "Indian Willie" was crawling out of some thick brush and cautiously making his wav toward his mount. He surrendered without a struggle and Butler hustled him into Mariposa to the town jail.

On June 13, Willie was brought before Justice Thomas and the case was set for examination on the 22nd. Feeling was running high against the Indian and, although there was little concrete evidence against him, his reputation made him guilty in the minds of many. The *Gazette* recalled that Willie was well known by most of the ranchers of the Chowchilla River area and that what they knew of him was not good. He had been watched for some time and was characterized as a thief of the worst order.

Prior to Thompson's murder, a rancher



Mariposa jail, where Willie barely escaped lynching by the Rangers.

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had mysteriously disappeared in the area where the Indian was known to range. Foul play was now suspected and laid at Ross' door. Other criminal acts were recalled as the work of the Indian, and the Rangers searched diligently for further clues and evidence that would definitely link Willie to the Thompson murder. The more they looked, the more frustrated the men became. They decided that evidence or no, Willie Ross was the culprit and there was no use wasting money on a trial for a murderous redskin. It was time for action.

ON the 19th of June, a local election was held and Mariposa was crowded with people waiting to hear the results of the vote counting. The saloons were full and all the chairs on the porch of the Schlageter Hotel were taken, but the town remained quiet and orderly. About two o'clock the next morning the poll-watchers and others still about in the town were jarred into startled wakefulness by a terrific din of pounding and hammering that seemed completely out of keeping with the lateness of the hour. The noise was soon traced to the jail on a hill in back of town.

Those who ventured up the incline to see what the trouble was soon realized that the Chowchilla Rangers were trying to break down the door and secure Willie Ross. Luckily, the jailer had the presence of mind to bar the door from the inside, making it all but impossible to open, but the determined Rangers were banging away with sledges and battering rams.

Some accounts mention that one of the Rangers shot and wounded the prisoner through a window, probably when it was known that the sheriff was on his way. When Sheriff Clarke and District Attorney Goucher arrived at the jail, they talked long and earnestly with the Rangers, demanding that they disperse and let justice take its course. The infuriated ranchers, however, howled and stamped around the jail until dawn, when they rode out of town acknowledging defeat.

The *Gazette*, in its report of the affair, seemed equally convinced of the Indian's guilt and, editorially at least, seemed to be in complete sympathy with the lynching party. "These people have become alarmed," stated the tabloid. "Their lives, their homes and families are in great danger; they know not what moment they are to be shot down or disposed of in some summary manner by the hand of the assassin, who has been lurking in their midst for some time in the past. And they have reasons to believe this Indian to be the bloody and high-handed assassin. Since the murder of Thompson, these people have, we are informed, been diligently inquiring into and searching for evidence by which to perfect the chain of circumstances brought to bear."

Tradition has it that the Rangers rode out of Mariposa that morning bitter and in a foul mood over the outcome of their all-night vigil. They galloped over to an Indian *rancheria* and roped and tied some of the inhabitants, whipping and otherwise abusing them. Prior to this raid, rumor had it that they had killed several Indians in similar excursions, but there seems to be little in the way of facts regarding such occurrences.

When several Indians escaped from the Rangers and fled, with their hands tied, to the protection of Sheriff Clarke, the county officers lost all patience with the Rangers. There was open hostility between the two factions with the officers intimating that the Rangers knew more of the murder than Indian Willie.

AS SUMMER blended into fall the situation seemed to quiet down. Young Ross was finally brought up for trial in early January of 1879. It was then that Mariposans learned that the Rangers had no idea of dropping their interest in the affair. Between twenty and fifty of the Rangers trooped into town and sat in the courtroom or stood in the hallways of the Mariposa Courthouse where the trial was held. Some hung around Reynold's livery barn where the sheriff kept his buggy, while others posted themselves in conspicuous locations in the streets. They were plainly determined that Willie would

NOTICE TO OUR READERS

The credit line for "A Sack of Poisoned Sugar" by William H. Hardy, which appeared in our April, 1965 issue, should have read "From *Arizona Cavalcade*, edited by Joseph Miller, Hastings House, Publishers, Inc., Copyright, 1962." Mr. Miller's name was inadvertently omitted, a fact which we regret because all Western Americana readers are indebted to him for his research on early Arizona newspapers. Through Mr. Miller's efforts, many stories of frontier life have been made available that otherwise might never have come to light.

die, by legal means or otherwise.

The trial was held in the district court of Judge J. B. Campbell and lasted for almost ten days. Evidence presented by the prosecution was characterized as being circumstantial, but strong, and when the jurymen retired about noon of January 14, they soon returned with a verdict of guilty.

Willie had pleaded guilty, terrorized, it was said, by the mob, and the Rangers had hoped that his execution would be taken care of by legal means. Sheriff Clarke, realizing that in view of the circumstantial evidence, a life sentence would seem to be more appropriate, took steps to secure the safety of his prisoner. Recognizing the unstable nature of the situation, the sheriff asked for immediate sentencing to which the defense agreed. The Indian was sentenced to life imprisonment at San Quentin and court was adjourned.

The Rangers stamped out of the courtroom and menacingly lined the hallway through which the sheriff and his prisoner were expected to pass. All of them were armed and they quickly passed the word to their compatriots stationed around town to be on the alert. The air was tense with anticipation of violent action.

Slate-colored skies seemed to add to the gloominess of the situation. Already snowflakes were falling through the air as Deputy Sheriff Lafayette "Punch" Choisser left the courthouse. He strode quickly across the street where two horses were tied and waiting. Choisser's own horse, Black Bess, was a spirited mare with a white star on her forehead. The two, man and beast, were almost inseperable. Punch patted the neck of the magnificent animal and finished buttoning up his coat, his eyes riveted to the window of the District Attorney's office in the courthouse.

Being a quiet, modest man, little of Choisser's life is known. He was a slightly built French-American from Saline County, Illinois, where he had been born in October, 1834. When he was fifteen years old, he and his brother, Tallyrand, ran away from home and joined a wagontrain headed for the California gold fields. They had arrived at the Bear Valley headquarters of General Fremont in 1849, but several years later Punch had returned to Illinois. He operated a portrait studio in Saline County for some years and, in 1865, married Julia Alldridge.

In 1871, Choisser, his wife, and the first two of their seven children came to California on the newly built transcontinental railroad. They had established a home on Fremont's Mariposa Grant at Bear Valley and in 1878, Punch was a constable and deputy sheriff of Mariposa County.

Choisser seems to have been one of those individuals who keep in the background—but rise to great heights in a crisis, then fade into obscurity again once a mission has been accomplished. The crisis was at hand in Mariposa and Punch Choisser watched and waited.

INSIDE the courtroom, Sheriff Clarke busily confided his plans to the officials. Clarke had guessed what the sentence would be and he knew it meant another lynching attempt by the Rangers. If Willie were to be held any longer in the local jail, there would be no stopping them this time. While the judge had been passing sentence, Clarke had confided a plan to Choisser and the deputy quietly slipped outside to wait.

The sheriff's stratagem was a simple one. At his signal, Choisser was to ride up with an extra horse and, with the prisoner, make a dash for Merced, some forty-five miles away, before the Rangers knew what was happening. The trick was to smuggle the Indian out of the courthouse without alerting the mob so as to give the deputy as much head start as possible.

While the Rangers whispered and waited in the hallway outside the courtroom, Clarke and some county officials hustled the prisoner down a secret stairway leading from the courtroom to the District Attorney's office below. Once inside the office, Clarke signalled to the deputy and Choisser rode up to the window with the extra horse. Indian Willie was helped quickly over the ledge and onto the horse, and secured to the saddle. Clarke leaned across the sill for a parting word to his deputy.

"Don't shoot, Punch, unless to save life. Now ride!"

Without a word, Choisser wheeled Black Bess and the two men were off. They clattered around the courthouse and into the view of the Rangers and others who were waiting near the front entrance. The bystanders knew immediately what was happening and everyone began running in all directions to spread the word or to get a horse. Unfortunately, the leader of the Rangers had his horse tied nearby, and he promptly galloped in furious pursuit of the lawman and his prisoner.

This "captain" of the Rangers was a large Kentuckian and he shouted for his men to follow him as quickly as possible. While the ranchers scampered for their horses, equal numbers of citizens sprinted for their mounts with a view toward protecting the brave deputy. The riders dashed by singly and in groups, only to disappear into a fog bank that was rolling off Mount Bullion. The snow was only an inch or so deep and ceased to fall about five miles out of town.

Mariposa was buzzing with excitement as small groups of people talked excitedly on street corners while waiting for news. It was several hours before the first report arrived when a Mr. Snyder galloped into town. He told of meeting the deputy

(Continued on page 57)

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Illustrated by Al M. Napoletano

ARROWHEAD COUNTRY

By
WILL C. CARTER

Younguns in the West learned mighty lessons—especially when they had grown-ups like these setting an example!

THIS arrowhead country I am writing about is up in the piney woods of East Texas. We lived on a farm about ten miles south of Tyler.

As a boy, around 1910, I, with my two older brothers, had a favorite "hunting ground" in our father's hog pasture. Here we found Indian arrowheads by the hundreds. We also found many old, dark-brown coins—perhaps copper—but as they were so plentiful, we never considered them worth saving.

Often we would take a pick and shovel and dig for buried Indian treasure in the large mounds of dirt that were scattered around in the hog pasture. However, as this turned out to be real manual labor, our ambition diminished with each shovelful of dirt that was thrown. Due to this we never dug deep enough to find anything worthwhile.

My father was born on this same homestead in 1864, and he told us that when he was a boy it was a common thing to find trees with figures and symbols, evidently of Indian origin, carved into the bark.

In later years I have often thought that perhaps Sam Houston himself, had sat around the campfires with his Cherokee Indian friends in the very same spots where, many years later, we picked up arrowheads and coins, and dreamed of buried riches.

Sam Woodson, who owned the adjoining farm, often permitted us to hunt arrowheads and dig holes on his property in our search for Indian treasure. However, he had a standing rule that we would always fill up the holes so that no livestock could step in them and break a leg.

Mr. Sam was quite a character. When a member of his family got sick, there was one remedy that he used as a cure for just about everything. It was "corn shuck tea." He would send his wife, Miz Ella, out to the corn-crib and she would shuck a few ears of corn, and then boil the shucks in water for thirty minutes. The ailing member of the family had to drink the resulting brew straight. No sweetenin' nor seasoning.

It was used for colds, headaches, flux and/or constipation. But, in all fairness to Mr. Sam, I will admit that if a member of his family had typhoid fever, pneumonia—or broke an arm or leg—he would send for the doctor. Otherwise, most always, the answer was corn shuck tea.

One time Mr. Sam's son and another youngster went into the old smokehouse. They found a tow-sack half full of what they thought were bull-nettle kernels which kids often ate when the kernels were ripe and dry.

They stuffed themselves full of the "kernels" and it took them several days to recover from their feast. The contents of the sack turned out to be dried castor beans.

The same son, when he was about ten years old, acquired a flashlight. They were not too common then. Late one evening he was in the barn using the flashlight to get feed for the stock. Mr. Sam saw him using the flashlight and whaled the daylights out of his son for taking the risk of burning the barn down.

Back then, a one-pound can of axle grease cost ten cents. Mr. Sam would use home-made lard for greasing his wagon as he considered it cheaper than buying axle grease!

Miz Ella was quite a character too. In those days the people of the community would often have "meeting and dinner on the ground." This would be at the community church. They would hold services all day, with time out at noon to feast. They called it "dinner on the ground" but it was, actually, dinner on tables. Each family would prepare food at home and bring it to the church. At dinner time a lot of tables were placed end to end to form one long table laden with food. *(Continued on page 58)*

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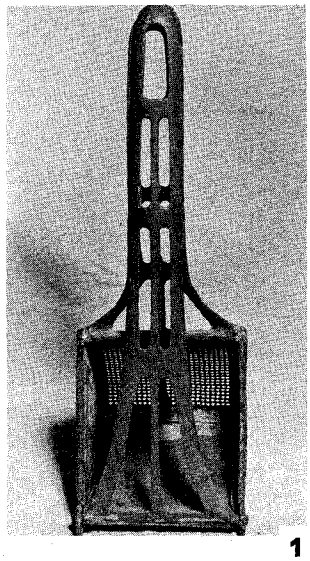
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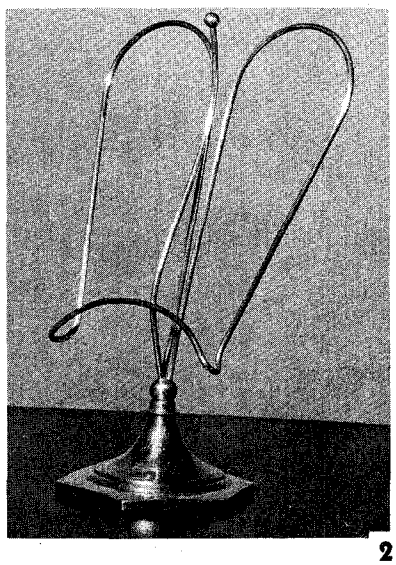
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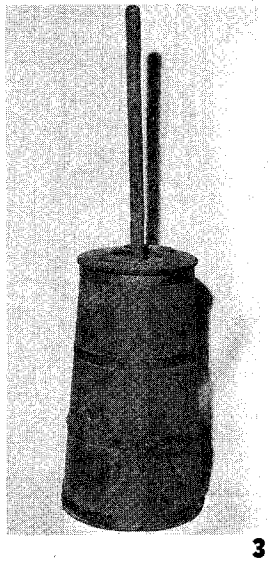
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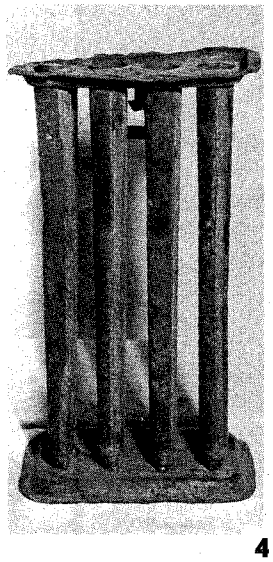
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So You Think You Know The West?

By JOHN R. CLAWSON

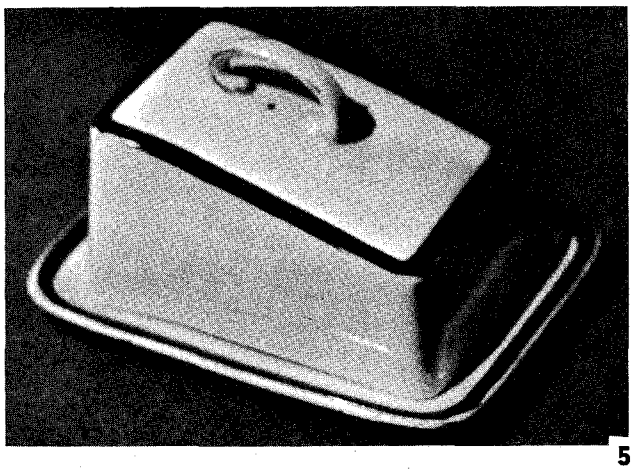
WERE the *good old days* really so good? Like many things in this world, the answer depends largely upon how you interpret the words of your question. If, by the word *good* you mean *easy*, then the answer must be, "No!"

Sod houses were dirty and dusty in dry weather; sodden with muddy water in wet weather. Frame houses, even when chinked with mud, were frequently drafty. Except for the kitchen, the only room usually heated was the "sitting room" where company called on Sunday. Nowadays, natural gas, distillate or electric heat—all coupled to an automatic thermostat—take care of the weather when it gets too cool to run the air conditioner.

On the other hand, if by your question you mean *good* to represent the word *satisfying*, then the good old days were really good.

In the days of the Old West, from the period of 1850 to 1900, what a man had was mostly what he made himself—and it is immensely satisfying to use what you create yourself. As the old saying goes, "A man who cuts his own wood is warmed by it twice." Of course a few knick-knacks and fancy doodads were purchased in town, and set out to impress company. Mostly, however, money was spent to buy the devices necessary to perform the tasks of daily living.

Here is a quiz about working devices and fancy doodads used in the Old West. How many can you name? Turn to Page 72 for the answers.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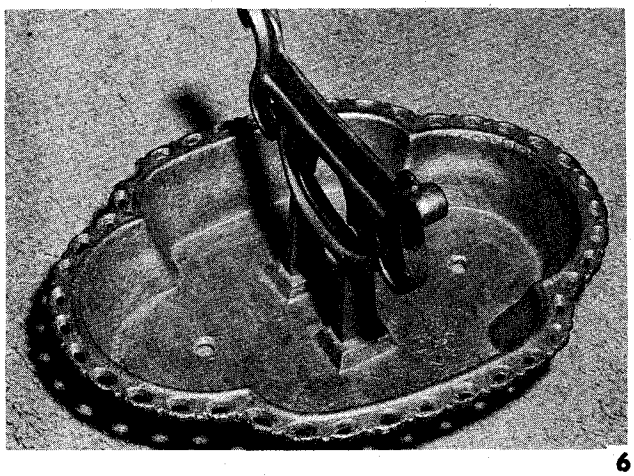
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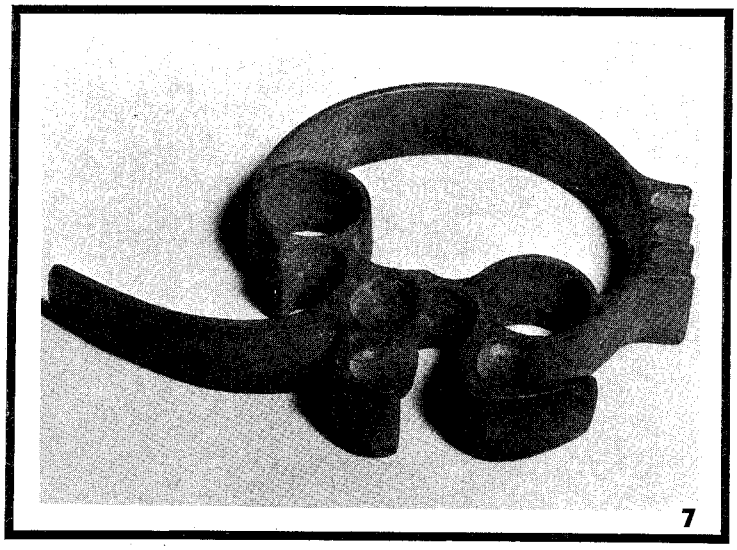

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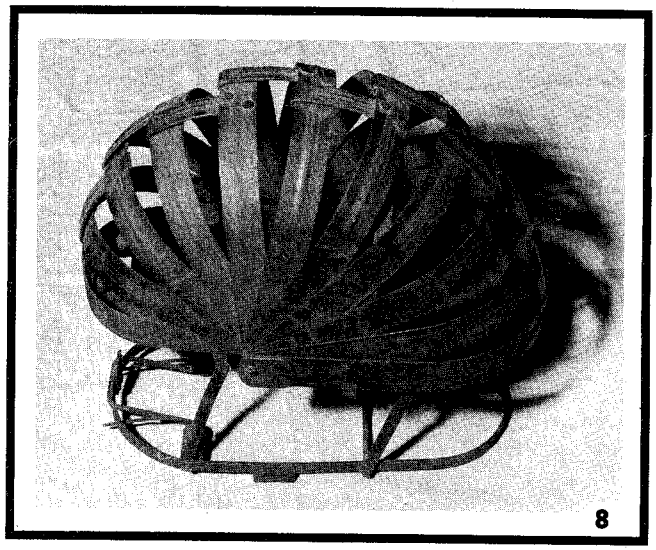

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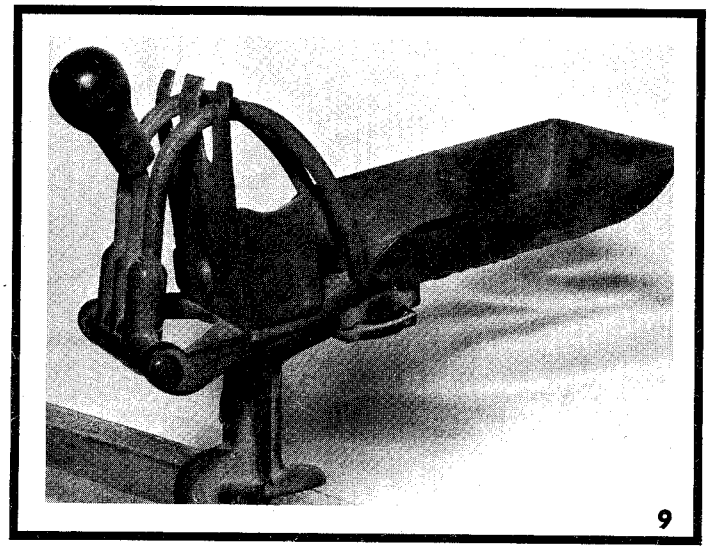

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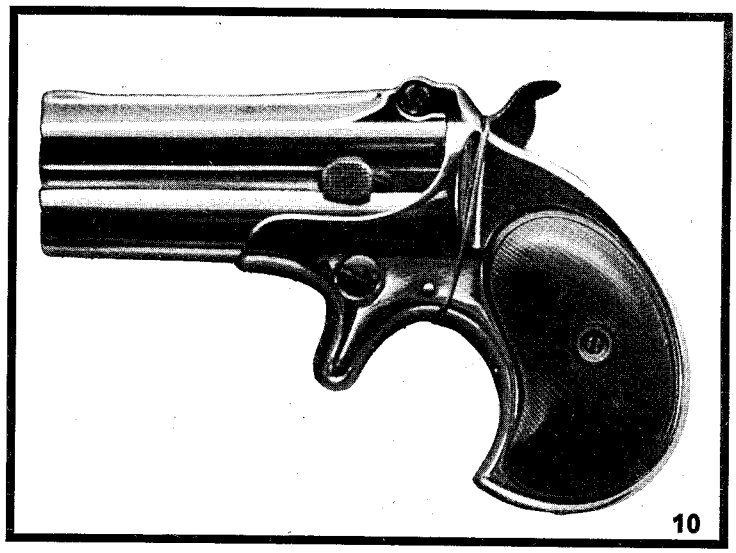

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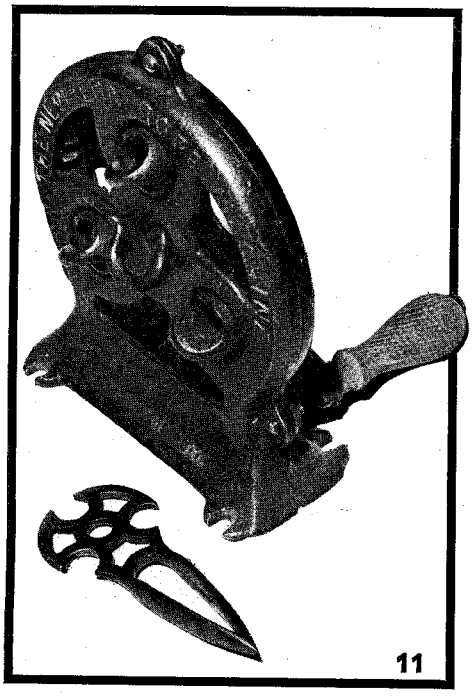

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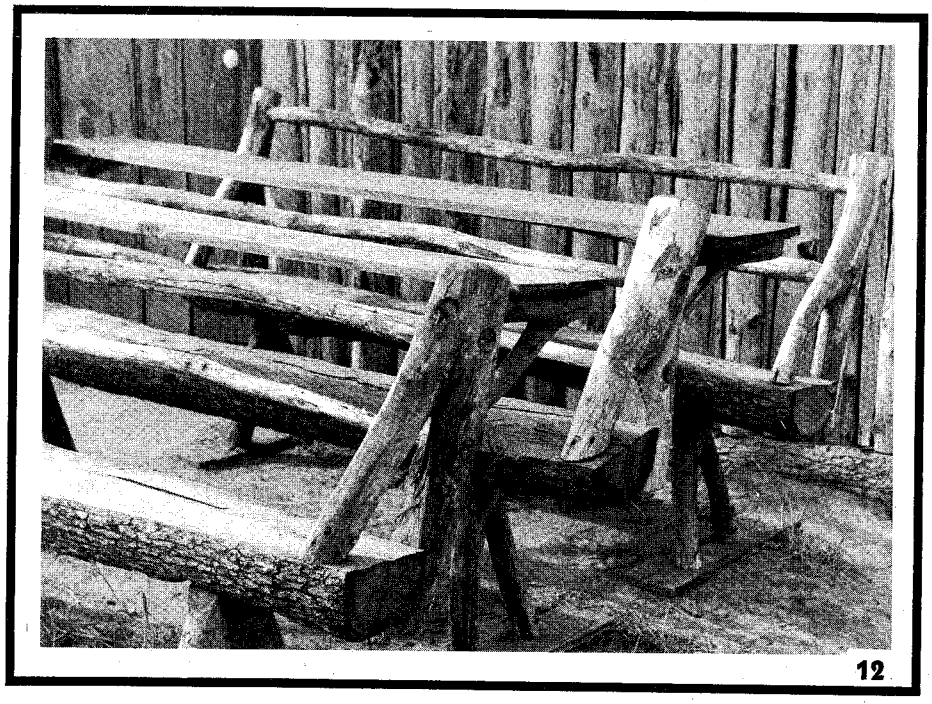

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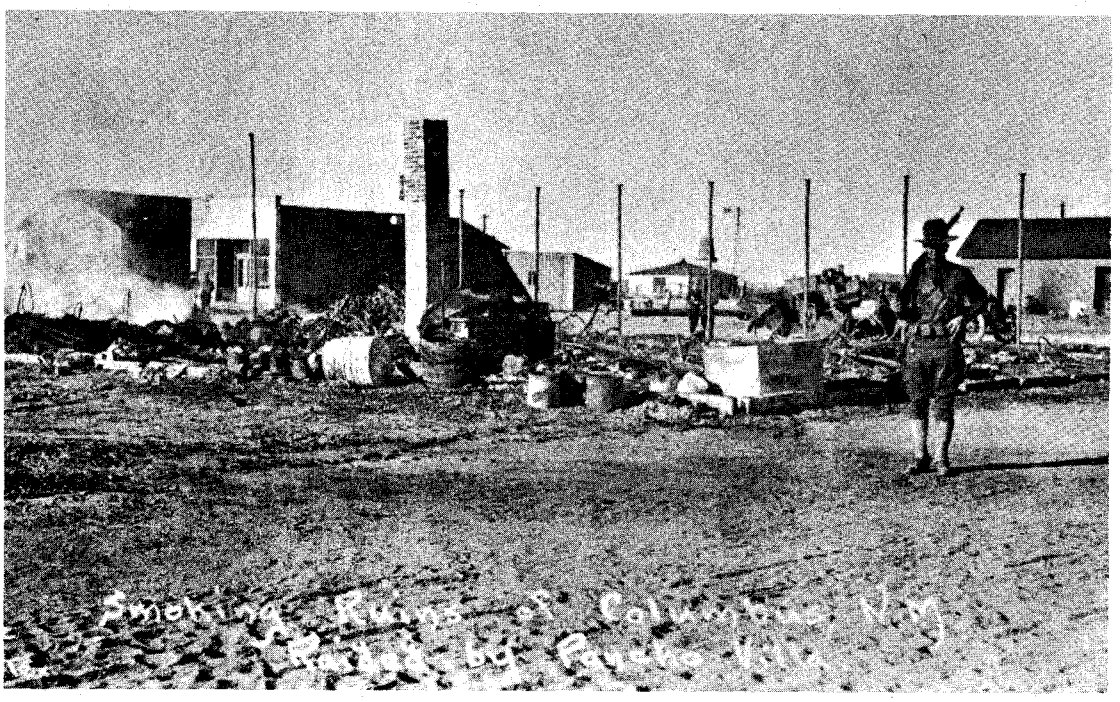
I COULD HAVE SAVED *Columbus!*



By
KNOLES-PETERSON

Photos Courtesy Authors

Juan Favela (above left) almost fifty years after the raid. The day after the attack a guard stood duty (above) to protect a portion of the ruins of Columbus.

PAUL REVERE, on the night of April 18, 1775, made his famous ride, spreading the word of the approaching British raiders. Because of this act, he saved many lives and much property of the American colonists who listened to his warning and acted accordingly.

Juan Favela, 141 years later, also made a midnight ride hoping to warn the residents and the United States Infantry stationed at Columbus, New Mexico. But few were disposed to listen to him, with the result that 17 Americans—8 soldiers and 9 civilians—were killed, much property damage was reported, and other citizens were injured. Villa left behind him fully 125 of his own dead.

Juan Favela can tell about his unhappy experiences and his ride better than anyone else. I first met him two years ago, when I began collecting material for a book about the Mexican Revolution. To many people, Pancho Villa *was* the Revolution, the most colorful of all revolutionary Generals.

A friend in Deming, New Mexico, asked me to see Juan Favela. "Now, there's a man with an incredible story. And we, who know Juan, feel that it is a true story. It's hard to believe that things were like Juan remembers them. However, others who have lived during the raid in Columbus readily corroborate his word."

I took my friend's advice and drove to Columbus, and from there to Palomas, three miles south, just across the Mexican border. My friend was right. Juan *did* have a story to tell, and he was not only willing, but eager, to let out some of the bitterness that has been building up in his heart since that fatal March night in 1916.

JUAN FAVELA was then a vigorous, happy young man, and foreman for the Palomas Land and Cattle Company, American owned, but running cattle and horses south of the border. In early March he was camped down below the border, helping other cowboys to round up several thousand head of cattle and 130 horses to drive to the United States. They wanted to get them out of Mexico before the *Villistas* could seize them. Villa's army at that time needed everything from food to ammunition.

President Wilson had stopped all permits to Villa, and he could no longer buy food, guns or ammunition in the United States. At the same time, the president gave permission to Carranza to buy food and arms in the United States. More than that, he allowed Carranza's troops to travel by train through the United States from Old Mexico to Douglas, Arizona, and across the line into Mexico at Agua Prieta. This was the final blow that whipped Pancho Villa, as his men were caught without supplies or ammunition.

Up until this time he had been a friend to all Americans. Now he was an angry man. Many think that Wilson's withdrawing aid from Villa was the major factor in Villa's vowing vengeance against the United States. The gringos had betrayed him, and he would hit back; he would burn, kill and pillage. The defenseless town of Columbus would be the first to feel his power.

"I can never understand the gringo," Juan told me that day, as we sat in the shade of his house in Palomas. "Look how, in Columbus, they are making a park, which they will call Pancho Villa Park, like we are proud of what he did on that March night in 1916. Why, I ask you, Amigo, would we so soon forget the death of friends and loved ones? I do not forget. So many years have gone, but to me it is as yesterday."

Juan's eyes, still black and burning with hate for the *Villistas*, looked northward toward Columbus, as he continued, "Me, I live here in Palomas. My wife Petra, and my family live in El Paso. We have a nice house. My children are good American citizens. It is well." He sighed. "I live here. I still have holdings here in Mexico."

"My friend in Deming said you would tell about your ride to inform the town that Villa was coming," I said. "And that you warned Colonel Slocum in plenty of time for precautions to be taken before the raid."

"But, *si*," he replied quickly. "Five days before the raid, several *Villistas* were

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Though nearly half a century has passed since that night of horror, Juan still waits for an answer to his question, "Why were all the warnings ignored?"

captured near Casas Grandes, Chihuahua. They confessed that General Villa planned to attack either Hachita or Columbus. I sent one of my cowboys to Columbus to give the warning. That should have been enough." Juan spit on the ground to show his disgust.

"Then came the morning of the 8th," he continued. "I was riding to meet Mr. Arthur McKenney, who was in charge of the roundup. He had two friends who always rode with him—Bill Corbett and O'Neil. I topped a sand hill, and there below I saw a small band of *Villistas*. I turned my horse back down the hill and tied him to a chaparral. Then I stole back up to the hilltop.

"I could see the camp clearly. It was early morning, and the air was cool; the sun, just rising, was very bright. I saw Villa talking with McKenney, but, of course, I could not hear what was said. Then I saw Corbett and O'Neil turning their horses away from the camp. They had been sitting sideways, smoking, when I'd first seen them. They were trying to run away, I saw. Bullets cut them down before they had gone but a few yards.

"I looked back at Villa and McKenney. I wish I could forget what I saw. Villa stood by watching a soldier tie a piece of barbed wire around McKenney's throat, choking him to death. McKenney had always been a friend of Villa's. The coffee cup that McKenney had been holding slid to the ground. *Dios*!" Juan's voice shook with anger, as he relived that terrible scene—the slaughter of his friend.

"I went back to my horse and rode away, fast! However, they saw—and bullets rained around me. None hit either me or my horse. I rode back to the home ranch and told Petra what I'd seen.

"'We must go and warn our friends at Columbus,' she wept. 'We must go now.'

"But I said I would send one of the cowboys to see if Villa had other troops nearby. Munoz reported back to me within the hour. He said there was a large band of men, he judged, about fifteen miles from the border.

"Following Petra's advice, I rode into Columbus and went to my friend, Mr. Reed, who owned a grocery store. He had known me for a long time. He went with me to see Colonel Slocum. That was on the morning of March 8. That Colonel Slocum listened to me, but his mind was somewhere else.

"Then he said, 'I have sent men to the Bailey Ranch, and to the Gibson Ranch. If Villa comes, he will come by one or the other. A reception will be waiting for him. Do not be concerned.'"

The Gibson Ranch, Juan said, was fifteen miles west of Columbus, and the Bailey Ranch was fifteen miles east of there. It was later learned that Colonel Slocum, after sending practically all of his men out of town, also left with almost all of his officers and their wives.

"Oh, Colonel Slocum must have believed me," Juan mused. "If he didn't think Villa was coming, why did he leave?" Juan could never believe that the Colonel might have been acting under orders.

"I went back to my home ranch, my heart heavy. I was upset, and I spurred my horse wondering why my words had been brushed aside by Slocum. It had been rumored for a week that Villa was going to attack someplace, but where we were not sure. Not at first. That night after the sun had gone down, my wife of only a year sat with me under the stars. Her fear was great because she was expecting her first child, and she felt we must get away from the ranch, which Villa would surely raid on his way to Columbus.

"'It does not matter if the Colonel Slocum does not believe you, my Juan,' she said. 'We have loved ones there. Your mother, who is alone! We must go now.'

"She got to her feet and took my hand. I could not refuse her. I kept thinking, if Villa does not attack tonight, maybe tomorrow night Columbus will be wise enough to prepare a surprise. I felt sure that he would attack only at night.

"Petra sat beside me in our old Star sedan, and we drove as fast as the dark night permitted. The road was sandy, and wound in and around sand hills and heavy flats of chaparral and sage. The road was hard to follow, and I lit the lantern we always carried for such emergencies. Petra held it as well as she could, making the road a little easier to follow.

"I was worried, not only about my mother who lived alone in Columbus, but about my friends in the town, and about Petra. This fast, rough driving was not good for her. She was expecting her baby in less than a month. I tried to drive carefully.

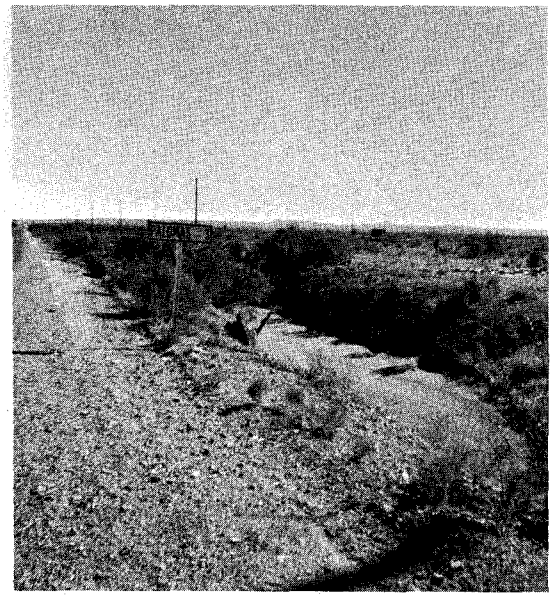
"When we passed the gateway into the United States at Palomas, I told the officer in charge that I was sure Columbus would be raided by Villa very soon. I had seen nothing, heard no noises on our way to town, so maybe it would be tomorrow night.

"The officer showed but little interest. We drove on to our little home. It was a small frame house just opposite the railway station. The night was still quiet. A few stars shone. The town slept peacefully. I would wait until the morning to again see Colonel Slocum, but I must make him understand that Villa was going to raid Columbus. I did not know then that Slocum had left Columbus that afternoon.

"Petra and I were tired from the hard ride, and we went to bed immediately. It seemed that I had only been asleep a few minutes when the whistle of the 'Drummers' Special, the four A.M. train, awakened me. This train was arriving

(Continued on page 55)

The port of entry into Mexico, where Villistas killed four American soldiers on guard and proceeded to march on Columbus by way of the irrigation ditch (right) which concealed their approach.



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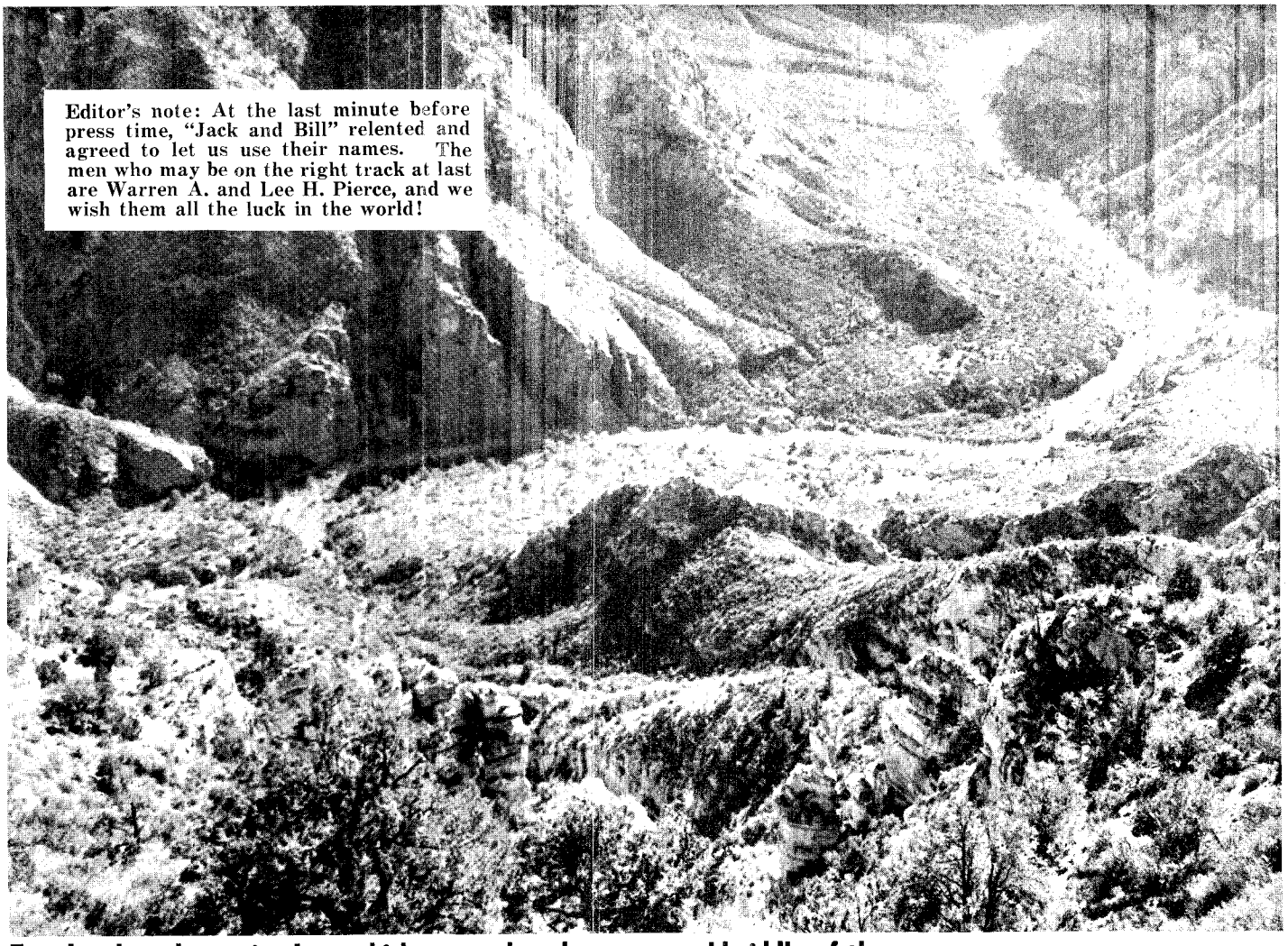
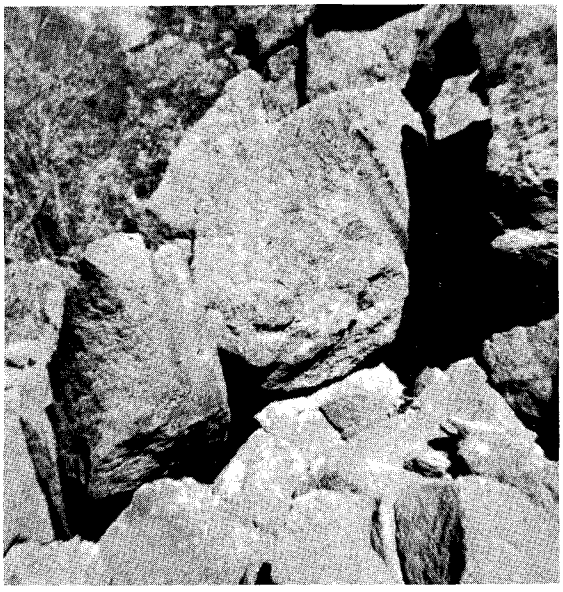


Editor's note: At the last minute before press time, "Jack and Bill" relented and agreed to let us use their names. The men who may be on the right track at last are Warren A. and Lee H. Pierce, and we wish them all the luck in the world!

Two brothers have six clues which may solve the century-old riddle of the

LOST MINE OF SYCAMORE CANYON

The main section of the canyon (above) was photographed by Cecil C. Richardson, Coconino County Sheriff. Parts of drill holes appear on the boulders below. Holes were drilled with soft metal tools and then rocks were blown apart, leaving long, grooved markings on the split surfaces.



By MAURICE KILDARE

THE TWO BROTHERS proudly placed the metallurgist's report beside chunks of quartz on my desk. For a ten-dollar fee it told them that, from a few specimens of ore, one troy ounce each of gold and silver had been recovered.

There was not enough of the sample to give a reasonable estimate of what the valuable metals would run per ton. But here at long last was to them positive proof that there was or had been a lost mine in Arizona's Sycamore Canyon country. Their spirits rose sky high.

The pieces of quartz varied from chalk white in color to a muddy gray—much smaller fragments of the same ore I had examined years before. They came from an ancient Spanish arrastre in the area where these old-timers had spent the past two years hunting a legendary lost mine.

Since they insist their names not be mentioned, I will call them Jack and Bill. They have lived near Flagstaff all their lives. Their reasons for remaining unknown are apprehension of being followed by claim jumpers while continuing their search, and propositions from meddlers.

They approached me in the beginning, having heard that I once wrote several magazine articles on the lost mine, suggesting my file might contain facts not disclosed in print. They were right. Having known them as friends for many years, I produced a voluminous file from which they made notes.

During the past twenty-four months, each milestone coming weeks apart, they have discovered the following clues to existence of the lost mine:

1. Remains of a log bridge constructed by white prospectors who worked the lost mine in 1874.
2. Alligator juniper stumps from which came timbers dendrochronology-dated as having been cut during the period 1744 to 1760.
3. Holes drilled by soft metal tools.
4. A water cistern with catch basin cut into solid stone by chisels and not blown out.
5. Short sections of the old Spanish trail out of a canyon.
6. Gold ore scattered along the trail possibly dropped from overburdened pack animals. There is no other quartz like it, or even similar, found anywhere in Arizona.

The brothers are redoubling their efforts and are fully convinced they are on the verge of locating the old mine. I hope so. If they do, the discovery will revise somewhat my long established

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opinion that all lost mines and lost treasures are phony tales, purely for suckers. The only lost mine I ever saw was never mislaid by anybody.

The one they are after, approaching imminent discovery, has been in recent years known as the Lost Mine of Coconino and also Lost City of Coconino. Such history chroniclers as Robert G. Ferguson, H. H. Bancroft, Phillip A. Bailey, and Agapito Rey in his translation from Spanish journals of the *Expedition Into New Mexico by Antonio de Espejo, 1582-1583*, hopelessly confuse it with the Lost Padre Mine. The latter is allegedly in the same area but more south of Williams.

THE STORY of the Lost Sycamore Canyon Mine begins with the Espejo party in 1583. From northern Arizona they entered the Verde Valley through Oak Creek Canyon, which they called the Canyon of Grapes. Local savages showed them a place where for centuries they had been digging a pigment from the ground used for body painting (the present site of Jerome).

What the Spaniards found in great quantity was copper, of no use to them. However, they spread searchers into all canyons entering what they named Verde River and Verde Valley. Thus they located two gold ore-bearing bodies. One was near Jerome and the other far up a large canyon which is believed to be Sycamore Canyon of our time but which they failed to name. A description of the finds and maps was inscribed on parchment. After Espejo's return to Mexico City nothing more was done about the gold discoveries until after the turn of the 18th Century. Colonial disturbances in both Mexico and New Mexico prevented development.

Copies of Espejo's account and the maps were dispatched to the governor general at Santa Fe. However, no expedition went forth in search from there. One came directly north from Mexico. The Spaniards brought with them Indian slaves and the docile Opata Indians from Sonora. They began working the Verde Valley gold deposit at once, continuing to do so until cleaning it out. These old workings later led white Americans to the great copper deposits. They were mined by the United Verde Company for the Montana Copper King, W. A. Clark, and Clarkdale was named for him.

The story goes that 200 Opata Indians were taken north to Sycamore. Rude habitations of stone, log and brush were constructed and the vein tunneled. Several arrastres were made, one very large. The fact that they also put together a number of two-wheeled wooden carts lends credence to the theory that the mine was actually not close to the village. Part of the gold was removed crudely from the ore but much was also packed south to the Verde.

No records exist about how long the Sycamore mine was worked, but undoubtedly a good many years after the Verde gold played out. Legend holds more gold was taken from the north mine than there. It is also claimed that it, also, wasn't mined continuously, standing untenanted for periods until a returning expedition opened the tunnel again. Nor is it recorded what caused final abandonment. It might have been the increasing pressure of Indians around them, or the Spanish Crown's claiming all gold and silver mined in overseas provinces.

Tribal historians of those in the region handed down tales of the Spaniards and alien Indians present at both mines. Jim Mahone, a Hualapai who died at age 120, often related that his father visited the one in Sycamore. Mahone once served as a scout with a detachment of Spanish soldiers while a youth. When this and his actual age were questioned—Jim was a witness before the hearing concerning a dispute between the Hualapais and the Santa Fe Railroad over water rights at Peach Springs, 1926—he amazed everyone by producing his actual discharge from Spanish service.

The first white American of record to see the village was Clifford Haines. With three fellow gold hunters he crossed the Colorado River from California in 1853, where Capt. W. H. Hardy would establish a ferry and town eleven years later. They were prospecting near the present site of Kingman when Mojave and Hualapai Indians jumped them.

The three partners were slain while Haines escaped on a saddled horse as night drew down. He fled furiously and fast, hardly bothering to pick a course other than a southerly direction. In fact, he verged more eastward than south until striking heavy timber and thick brush. He kept going after sunup, knowing the Indians could actually run him down afoot. An unknown number of them had been slain in the fight and they thirsted for revenge.

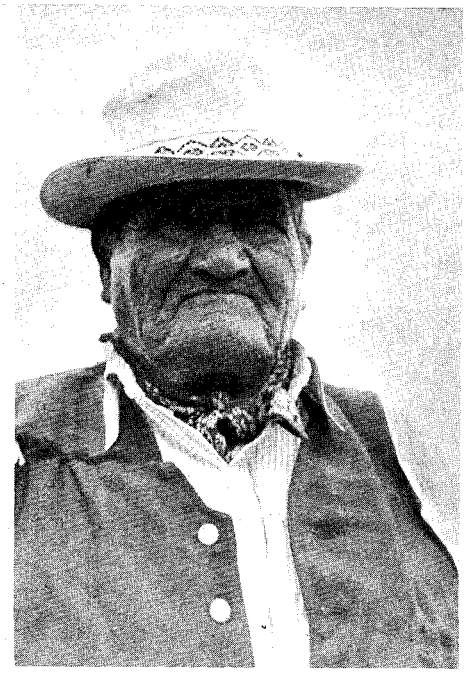
As that day waned, he merged from an almost impassable brush-choked forest into a narrow defile. Descending it, he came out on the sandy floor of a wide canyon near a stream. Watering himself and his horse, he continued around a bend in the canyon wall to a sudden halt.

The final rays of a setting sun were shining on a small village spread out and picket poles. He saw several wheeled before him. The buildings were of stone carts near an arrastre. The scene was so clear, so vivid, that he listened expectantly for the voices of people, and watched for cooking fire smokes.

But the seemingly eternal silence, the absence even of song birds gave him an eerie feeling. His first rising hope—that he would find help and food—died quickly. On near approach he knew the worst. This was a ghost village long abandoned to drifting sand and the elements.

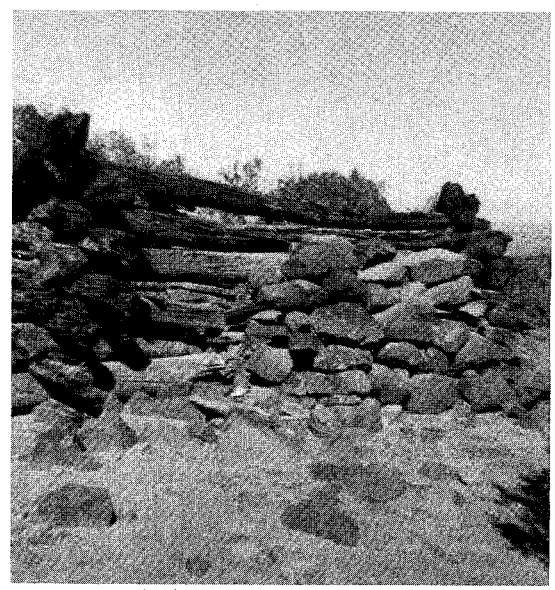
RAIN had washed mud mortar from the stone walls; in some of the crumbled cabins, trees already grew. Wooden wheels of the carts were rotted away,

(Continued on page 46)

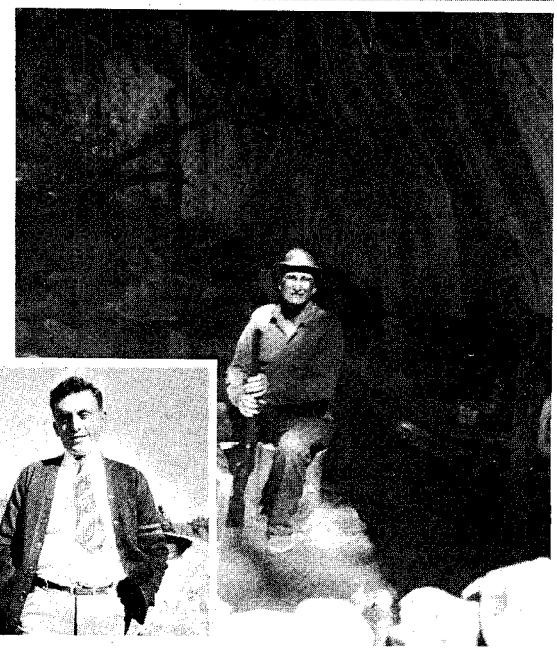


Photos courtesy author

Jim Mahone, Hualapai Indian who lived to be 120, related how his father visited the Spaniards while they worked the mine in Sycamore Canyon. The cabin below predates the Squires expedition of 1878.



Lee Pierce pauses (below) beside a mining claim marker of unknown date. Warren Pierce sits outside a cave in Sycamore Canyon. In the Twenties, a family lived here and operated a still. Melvin Halliday (inset) found the Spanish books brought from the canyon by Bearhunter Howard.



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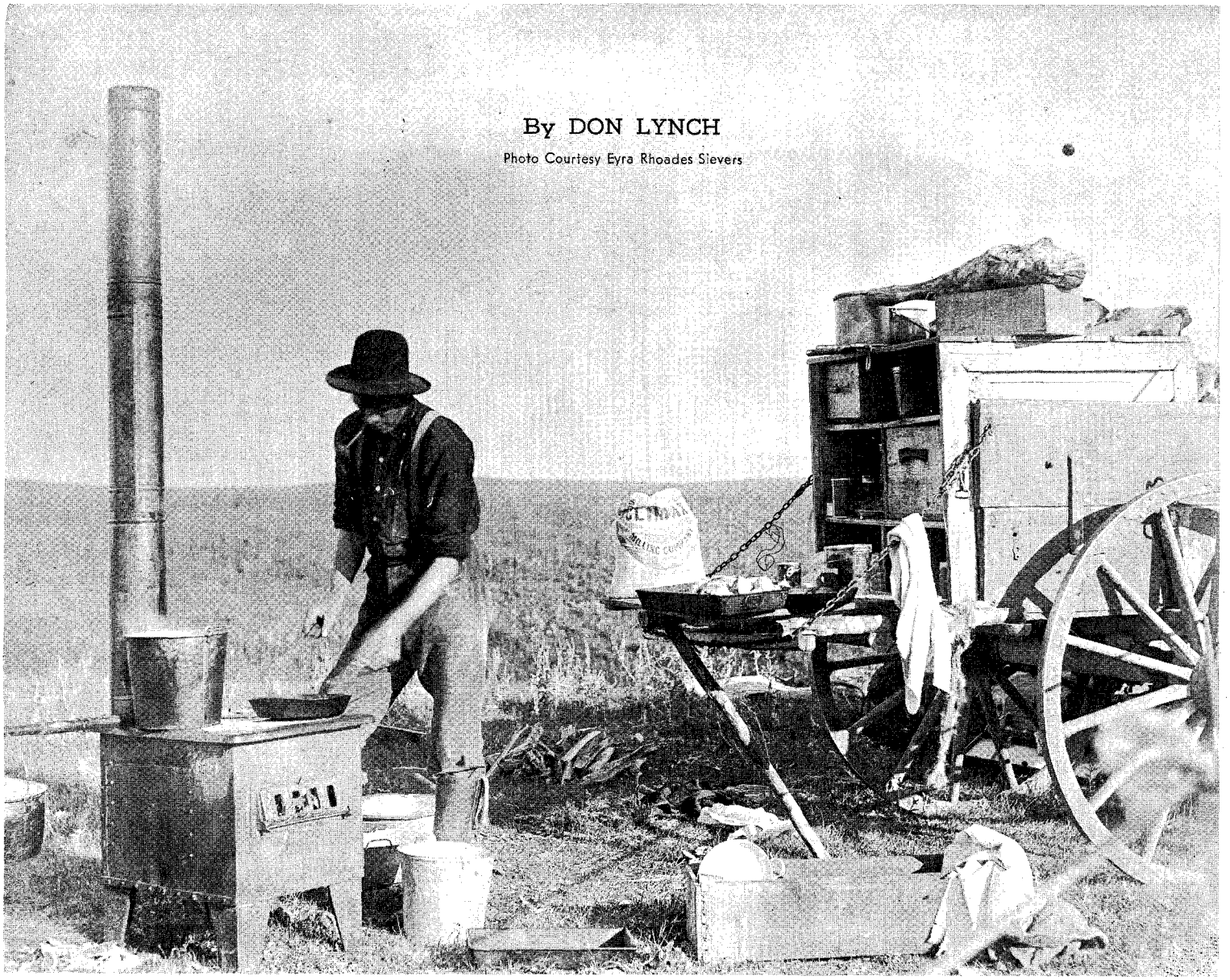
By DON LYNCH

Photo Courtesy Eyra Rhoades Sievers



Roundup cook for a Montana outfit in 1915.

IN 1945, when I was working for Frank Williams on the Hunter Liggett Ranch in California, I witnessed the following.

Old Nick was shoeing a horse. He had him hobbled and was working on his hind feet. Five or six of us were watching and not saying anything, but there was one smart guy who kept giving advice as to how he ought to do this and he ought to do that. The horse wasn't standing too good and I could see the back of Nick's neck getting kind of red and I knew it wouldn't be long before he blew up. Just about then, he dropped the foot he had been working on and looked at this smart guy and said, "You get to hell away from this horse before I bend this rasp across that empty head of yours. If I want to know anything about shoeing this horse, I'll ask the cook."

Nick wouldn't have been far wrong if he had asked the cook, because some of the best camp cooks I have ever known had been cowboys and knew how to shoe a horse as well as they knew how to make bread in a Dutch oven.

Gil Petty and Sid Thomas, both of the Hearst Ranch, were the two best camp cooks I ever knew. Their camps were just as orderly as an old maid's kitchen. (And you had better be sure you didn't do anything to disrupt it.) Also Chet Behan, when he made the pies and cakes at Buffalo Corrals, is not to be forgotten.

The first camp cook I remember was an old Mexican named Damacio Peralta. When he was not cooking for a hay crew or at roundup time, he did chores around the ranch. My mother kept him busy taking care of her garden or her brood of redheaded kids.

If the regular cook quit or wanted a vacation, it was Damacio for the kitchen.

When Harold, my younger brother, was five or six, he was inclined to be kind of "chapo." If he happened to be around in the morning when Damacio turned out the sheep, he would stand by the gate and grab one by the wool and jump on. He'd get a wild ride for about forty or fifty feet and then the sheep would either stop or turn, and Harold would go right on until the ground got in his way—and he would generally land on his head. Old Damacio would go and pick him up and say, "Look out, that's no good for fat man."

Harold didn't like to be called a "fat man," but he would try for another ride every time he got the chance.

Damacio didn't know how to make any kind of bread except tortillas, so that is what you had three times a day. He used to cook for the hay crew at the Bradley Ranch. In those days, there were lots of hoboes. When they would come to the camp and ask for a hand-out, Damacio would say, "Help yourselves, boys. My boss, a richa man, plenty money in the pockets, plenty cattle in the hills." The boss made a rule; the working man had to eat first and then Damacio could feed the bums.

Buster Fancher would pinch-hit as a cook occasionally. He was very good but I don't think he ever liked his job. To build his campfire he would cut two green limbs about six inches through and about four feet long, which he would lay parallel and build the fire between them. It made a very passable stove and the two green sticks would keep his skillets and pots level so they wouldn't burn.

Alfred Journey always gave Buster a bad time. He would come into camp and wait until Buster had his back turned and then turn the handles of the fry pans over the fire. When they were hot he would turn them back and say, "Bus, ain't this burning?"

Buster would rush over and grab one of those hot handles—and how he would cuss and scream! He would rub his hands up and down on his overall legs. "Dod, dats hot!"

One day he turned around in time to catch Al. He said, "Sometimes I'm going

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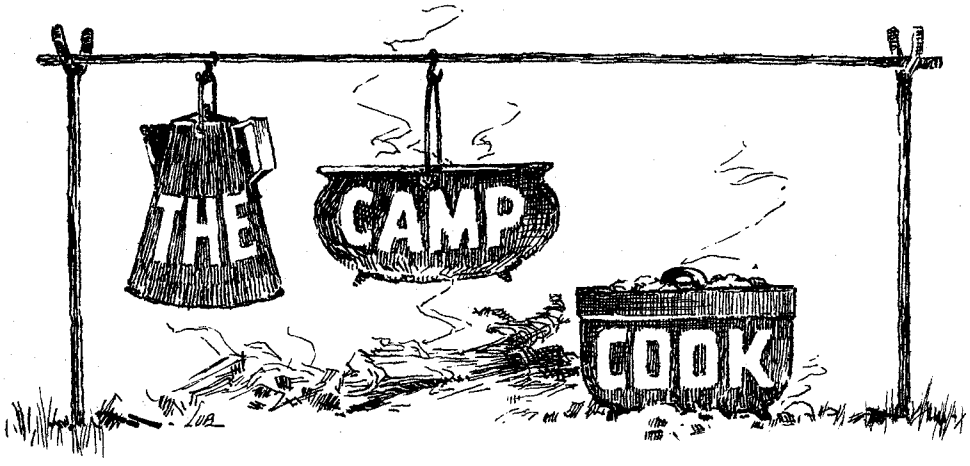

There were many dangers in the life of a cowboy: spooked horses, stampeding cattle, summer lightning, buzzing rattlers—and camp cooks

to kill that damned Injun, and when I do, I'm going to hang his scalp right over this fire and smoke it." The last time I saw Al, he still had his scalp.

IN 1915, Wes Burnett from Adelaide had the old Godfrey Ranch rented. (It is now known as the De Vries Ranch.) He kept a camp at what was then known as the Lambing Camp. It is now the headquarters of the ranch. At that time there was an old frame house, a big barn and corrals.

It was in the late fall, and we were gathering cows and calves to wean. Oscar Ryan was the cook. There was no stove in the house and all the cooking was done in the fireplace. As it was pretty cold at that time of the year, everyone slept in the house. There were seven or eight in the crew. Tom Walker was ramrod and he loved to play cards. So every night we would have a poker game which would last until ten or eleven o'clock.

When Oscar got through with his dishes, he would mix his sourdough for hotcakes, then bank the fire and set his dough on the hearth to keep warm and rise for morning. He had some kind of strange religion. Before he went to bed he would tell us that if we played cards, we'd never get to Heaven. Charlie Dittemore said he had never heard of a camp cook going to Heaven anyway, and the stuff that Oscar cooked up wasn't exactly nectar and ambrosia, so he guessed we would get along wherever we went.

Charlie had his bed in the corner alongside of the fireplace and I had mine on the floor at the far end of the room. When Oscar got up in the morning and started his fire, Charlie and I would go out to feed the horses. By the time we got back, breakfast would be ready.

We had been there four or five days. Maybe it was the late hours or maybe I was just lazy; anyhow, I didn't get right up one morning. I was just lying in bed watching Oscar's back as he was stirring his hotcakes and listening to him suck on his old pipe.

That pipe was quite an institution. The stem had been broken and it had been patched up with fine wire which was covered with adhesive tape. It not only smelled worse than an old goat, but it also leaked.

All of a sudden, I saw Charlie get out of bed and very deliberately, without putting his clothes on, walk over and jerk the pipe out of Oscar's mouth and put it on the mantelpiece. Then he said, "You can have that when you're through cooking breakfast."

Charlie dressed, said nothing more, and went out. When I caught up with him at the corral I said, "What goes with you and Ryan?"

He said, "That old pipe."

"It does stink," I agreed.

"Not only that," Charlie told me, "it was leaking into the hotcake batter!" I didn't eat any hotcakes that morning.

ALL over the State of California, 1918 was a short year and it was quite a scramble to find feed anywhere. Wes Burnett and my dad rented a big parcel of land on the Carrisa Plains. It was known as the McDonald. About half of it was in grain and they figured when the feed was gone on the range land and the grain would be harvested, they could move onto the stubble. In that way they would be able to get through the spring and summer. So we started to move cattle.

On the first drive, Burnett hired Marten Lowe for cook. I don't think he was as well known for his culinary ability as he was for his tremendous strength. There were many stories told of his younger days. One was that he had pulled a single plow for a half a day and then had eaten half a sheep. Another—that for a drink he had packed a bale of sacks from the San Miguel Flour Mill to Charlie Davis' saloon, a distance of about a quarter of a mile. A stranger listening to Marten talk would have thought he had been windbroken like an old horse. He kind of wheezed and he called a fish, 'a thith.' I never saw him wearing shoes and I don't think he owned any. Everywhere you would see him, he would be barefooted. That was our cook.

On our first night we camped in San Miguel, across the railroad tracks from the main part of town. Marten picked the spot because it was close to the old Sitton stables, where he could keep his team. We did all right that night. He proved to be a pretty good cook.

Next morning, after Marten built his fire, he went into the barn to feed his horses and Sherm Wood followed him in to help. Sherm said, "When I opened the door, Marten had hung his lantern on a nail and was kind of limping toward me. He said, 'Herman, pull this board off my foot.' He got a-hold of the manger and stuck his foot out backward—just as you'd pick up a horse's hind foot to shoe.

"Sure enough, there was a piece of two-by-four just about the size of his foot and an old rusty nail through that, and through his foot. I had to take a couple of pulls to get it off.

"I told him that we'd have to get that wrapped up and he said, 'No, just look under the manger there, and get that jug of wine and pour some on and it'll be all right.'

" 'O.K.,' I told him. 'It's your foot.' "

When Sherm told me this, I said to Marten, "You'd better go see the doctor when he opens up."

Marten said, "I ain't ever been to a doctor and I ain't goin' to start now. I'll just keep pouring a little wine on it."

I don't think he poured all the wine on his foot because, when we got to the Fifteen-Mile Corral that night, he was pretty high and had quit limping.

We had stewed chicken for supper. I knew someone had been foraging the night before in San Miguel, and someone there was going to go without eggs for breakfast for awhile.

It was about five days more to the Carnasa Springs, on the edge of the plains, where we had our camp. We ate pretty good all the way. The spring was just a big patch of tules on a sidehill, with ditches dug all through it. These ditches all ran into a box and from there were piped to a long string of water troughs. The more ditches, the more water. The tule roots had to be kept cleaned out all the time, which was a muddy job and it fell to Marten, as he only had to cook for about four of us. There was no fence around the grain and the cattle had to be watched all the time, night and day.

Marten had fixed up an old washtub for a stove. He filled it about half full of dirt and then punched holes all around it. With a grate on top, it worked very good.

We never knew just when we would be in to eat, but that didn't seem to bother him. If he was cleaning out his ditches, he would hear us ride in and you would see him poke his head out of the tules to see who it was, and then come out. He never wore anything but an undershirt and he looked just like an old hog coming out of a wallow, mud right up to his undershirt—and it was short.

He cooked all his meat on a griddle and turned it with a hotcake turner. He hated flies, of which there were plenty around the camp. While he was cooking, he would put a piece of raw meat or some rabbit guts on a box alongside of him. He would wait until this little tidbit was covered with flies, then whop 'em with the hotcake turner and say, "Damnit, I killed a thousand that time."

Then he'd wipe the turner on his bare leg and turn the meat or stir the beans with it. He'd start to tell about the big 'thith' he caught when he was a guide at Lake Tahoe. While he was talking, he would scratch his back or the back of his head with the cake turner, then say, "Get your plates now, this is ready." He would shovel a piece of meat onto the plate you held out and then smack some more flies while he was waiting for the next plate.

Our food may not have been very sanitary, but it was nourishing, and we lived through it.

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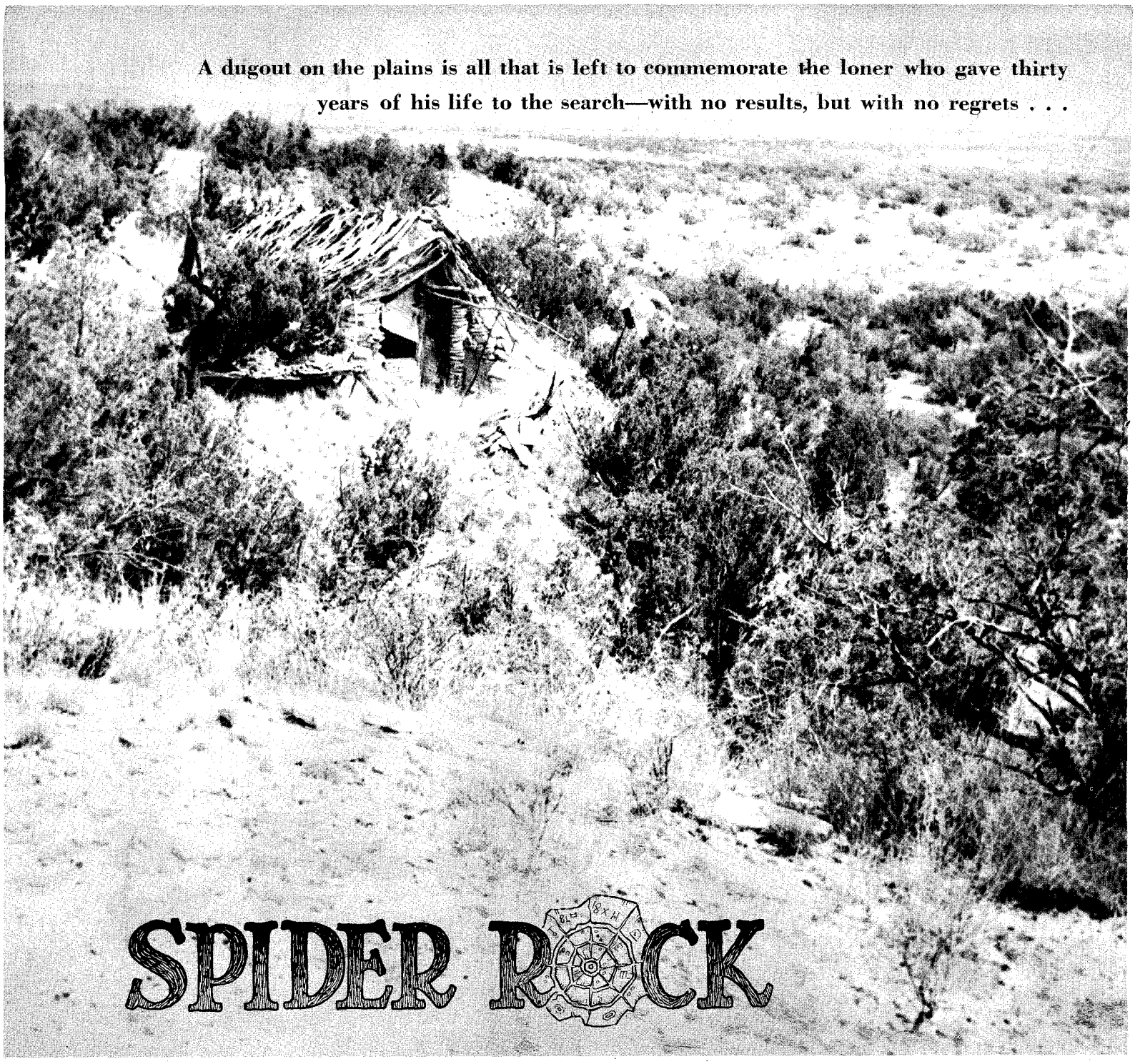

A dugout on the plains is all that is left to commemorate the loner who gave thirty years of his life to the search—with no results, but with no regrets . . .

SPIDER ROCK

WILL O' THE WISP OF TREASURE HUNTERS

Photos courtesy author

By STEVE WILSON

ONE MAN who spent the last thirty years of his life seeking the Spider Rock gold was Frank Olmstead. About twelve miles northeast of Aspermont, Texas, deep in the cedar brakes of Stonewall County, lie his half-dugout and grave. They both overlook the Salt Fork of the Brazos.

Almost every resident of this North Texas county can tell you about Olmstead, a treasure hunter who devoted his life to a "pot of gold" which he believed was always "only a shovel's dig away."

"Olmstead was a highly educated man," said John Metcalf, a farmer in the cedar brakes who was the prospector's closest friend and neighbor.

Olmstead came to the west from Illinois, where he had owned a large farm and was a respected citizen of the community. He was in several business ventures in California and Florida, and played the stock market pretty heavily. When he heard the story of buried treasure in Stonewall County, left by Spaniards centuries before, he was living in Lawton, Oklahoma.

The transplanted Illinois farmer first went to Texas in quest of lost gold in 1920. He began prospecting around the Double Mountains, but on hearing rumors of the Spider Rock gold, bought a 133-acre farm on the Salt Fork. He believed the treasure was buried on this land.

Olmstead's wife in the beginning was with him. It was only when Olmstead sold their rich Illinois farm for $500 an acre to finance the treasure search, that she decided on a divorce. Later she re-

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turned for a few days with a new husband to visit Olmstead at his diggings.

Olmstead didn't permanently settle at his "treasure site" until 1933. It was then that he started digging holes and trenches, sinking several shafts as deep as thirty feet, and always working by himself. He would climb down a rope ladder, dig enough rock and earth to fill a bucket, then climb back up and pull out the filled bucket. He worked in this tedious manner until he died in November, 1948.

Olmstead's half-dugout, built into the side of a rock bluff, has stood untouched except by nature since the owner's death. The old dwelling resembles the structures that the first pioneers of Texas made when the land was settled.

OLMSTEAD spent almost thirty years seeking the Spider Rock gold. He had very little to go by—a copy of the Spider Rock map, and three pieces of copper ornaments resembling a knife, a crude key and another piece never identified. All these were found atop the copper-engraved Spider Rock in 1908 by Dave Arnold, a treasure hunter from the Rio Grande, and a treasure party consisting of farmers and Haskell, Texas, residents.

Many people have tried to track down Dave Arnold. He had the original sheepskin treasure map which the 1908 party used to find the Spider Rock and many other Spanish relics. When Arnold left the country, he went to John Metcalf Sr., who owned the land next to Olmstead's, and gave Metcalf a copy of the Spider Rock (the same copy shown in the June '64 issue of *True West*).

Metcalf was told to keep the map until he returned, but Arnold never came back. Later the map fell into the hands of Olmstead. Some say Arnold was killed in Kansas.

Ten years before Frank Olmstead died, he had dug his own grave, only a few feet away from his canyon rim home. He wasn't wasteful. For his tomb he used a hole he had originally hoped would yield buried gold!

The inside of the treasure hunter's dugout is exactly as he left it, except pack rats and mice have now made it their home. A lamp still stands on the old wood cookstove. Pans hang from the walls, and his radio rests on a nearby table. A long-outdated calendar is suspended above jars of sugar, flour and blackeyed peas.

Almost everyone in the area knows of Olmstead and his treasure hunting. Yet none can explain why he chose to spend most of three decades, some of the best years of his life, in poverty. The scores of holes on hillsides and those he dug into the side of the canyon near his home yielded nothing.

Once, recalls John Metcalf, Olmstead found a rabbit trapped in one of his excavations. He freed the rabbit and then covered up the hole.

"He told me he didn't want rabbits or other animals dying because of him," Metcalf commented. "He was really a wonderful man, very kind, and highly literate."

Olmstead would pick blackeyed peas from Metcalf's garden, insisting that his friend take half of the peas he gathered. "I would tell him to take what he wanted and forget it, but he wanted to do it on the halves," the farmer recalls.

Once a week Olmstead would walk five miles to his mailbox where he would pick up magazines and newspapers to which he subscribed. What little money he needed was earned by working on neighboring farms—sometimes picking cotton, sometimes just guarding a farm while its owners went on vacation.

A close-up view of the dugout on the opposite page which was home to Frank Olmstead for many years.

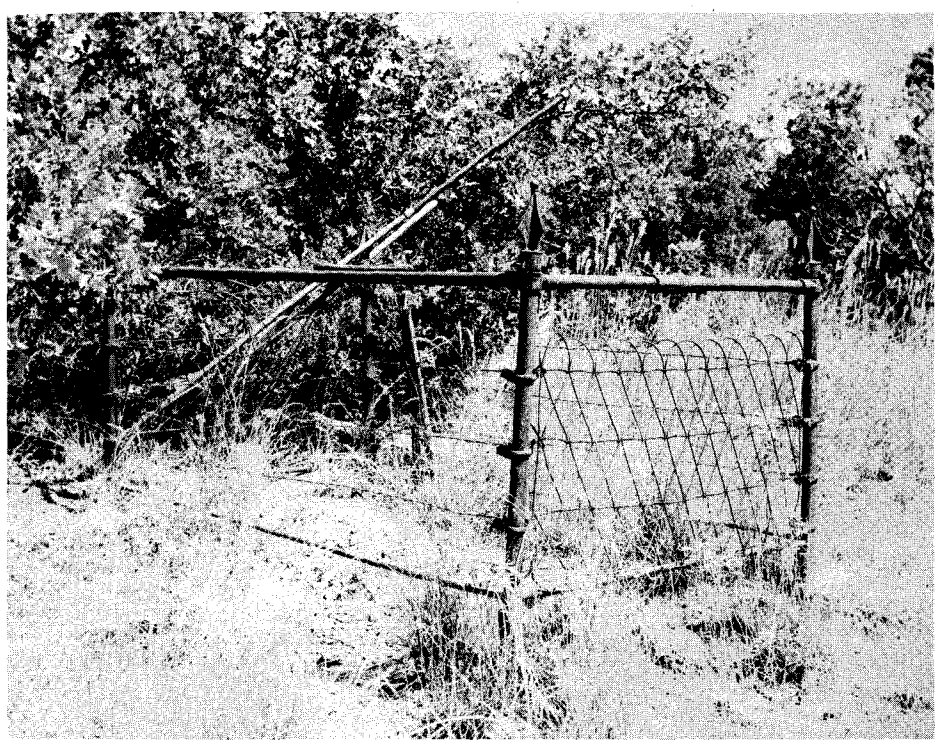
"Olmstead once told me that he didn't understand why people had housing problems," Metcalf laughed. "He said he solved the problem with only forty-five cents."

Olmstead paid the forty-five cents for the windshield from an old car. He used rocks and logs with mud mortar to build his canyon home, and the windshield served as his window.

A towering radio aerial Olmstead had for his radio still stands as a sentinel, guarding the old treasure diggings. A rock collection he had gathered through the years lies on a table outside his dugout. Nothing has been disturbed.

At the age of seventy-two, Olmstead died, still believing that the lost Spanish treasure was buried on his land. John Metcalf buried his friend as he had requested, in the grave Olmstead had dug ten years before. The prospector also asked that his shovels, picks and digging tools be placed at the head of his grave. It was an old custom of Western mining camps, and the man from Illinois wanted them on his grave to show that he, too, had dug for gold.

Frank's digging tools still stand at the head of his grave.



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It was a lovely week at company expense—first class accommodations, plenty to eat and drink, and really superb air conditioning

The FEATHERBEDDERS

February 15, 1936. Fireman L. A. Madsen, Engineer P. E. Byington, Mobridge, South Dakota. Engine Number 1027—Train 205 called for 9:15 A.M. on regular run to Faith, South Dakota.

THERE was nothing unusual about a call to go out to Faith, except that the weather on this trip was so piercingly cold. It was Saturday, which meant that we would have to spend our Sunday layover in Faith.

The trip going out was not unusual either, except that wherever snow had drifted over the rails or filled in the cuts for a foot or so in depth, it was so solid that plowing it out was more like trying to break out solid ice.

Anyway, we arrived at Faith at 8:30 P.M. with the temperature 51 or 52 degrees below zero, and the snow drifting badly. I'll always recall how good that big T-bone steak tasted when we had finally got thawed out and had ordered our dinner.

Next morning the weather was just as sour, and no one ventured outdoors except of necessity, and then they hurried as fast as possible over the snow-packed streets. As for us "rails," we just sat in the lobby of the West Hotel with our feet cocked up on the heat register to keep warm.

The West Hotel was built in the old "Gay Nineties" style. Just a two-story frame building with the typical Old West front, and a porch the same as you will see in movies, or on the TV screen of today. It had four or five posts, and one of those posts, directly out from where we sat, had one of those two-foot-long thermometers on it. And on that Sunday, the warmest it showed was forty degrees below zero, and it was still windy.

Here's something that Mr. "Believe-It-Or-Not" Ripley put in his feature. He said, "On February, 16, 1936, the official temperature at McIntosh, South Dakota, was fifty-nine degrees below zero—the coldest ever recorded in the United States except at exceedingly high altitudes." (McIntosh, South Dakota, is sixty miles north of Faith.)

ON Monday morning we were called for "Number 206, on time (8 A.M.)," so we rolled out, had our breakfast, picked up the grips and went to work.

Boy-oh-boy! she was cold. Fifty-three below zero again, and the snow still scudding along. Ground blizzards, they call them now. And we got our old Number 1027 and began to make up our train for the trip back to Mobridge.

It was pretty tough snowplowing from Faith to Eagle Butte, a distance of thirty-eight miles. The snow was so hard frozen, and so full of dirt and tumbleweeds from off the plowed fields that it did not look like snow, and came out in blocks. A horse could have walked on those drifts and hardly left a hoof mark.

At Eagle Butte we coaled up our engine to its maximum capacity, set out all our cars except the combination mail and express (always referred to as the "M.E." car), and kept only the one day-coach.

We had a fine Rogers Ballast snowplow ahead of our engine and we were well equipped to plow our way home, or so we thought!

It was still fifty-three degrees below zero, and the wind had increased to a sixty- or seventy-mile-an-hour gale. Again it was snowing.

We all went over to a small restaurant to eat, then back to our train, and by this time we were in the granddaddy of all Dakota blizzards.

The snow was so dense that visibility was not over fifty feet. The wind was literally screaming, and it was still holding to that fifty-three degrees below zero.

Such a storm cannot be adequately described in words. If you have never faced a wind that cold, or of such velocity, I won't urge you to try it—or not just for kicks, as the young folks say. In such weather a person can freeze the flesh on nose, lips and cheeks almost solid in five or ten minutes.

Well, we were ready to leave Eagle Butte when Ed Ogden, our conductor, came over with our orders in his hand and said, "Paul, the chief dispatcher wants your opinion as to whether you think you can make it through or not."

"Ed," I said, "you tell the chief dispatcher that I have no way of knowing whether we will make it or not, since this storm is the worst that I have ever seen. I will put it in his lap. If he says, 'Go,' we will go."

Ogden went back into the depot, and had the dispatcher tell the chief dispatcher what I had said.

In about five minutes the conductor came struggling out into the storm and, when close enough to be seen, gave us the big "Go" sign—and right there began the roughest piece of railroading that I ever made in all my fifty-two years of locomotive service. Believe me, I have seen many a hard trip, but no one of them could hold a candle to this one.

THE track east from Eagle Butte is built right on top of the prairie, so to speak. When the old Milwaukee Road built a branch line back in 1910, they didn't believe in high grades or trestles, but just built on the lay of the ground. If they came to a hill they built right over it, or if a cut was to be made, they cut just as little as possible. So our railroad was a mess of curves, short, shallow cuts, and up hill and down dale. Perhaps there are worse branch lines than the one to Faith but they must be rather few.

We had gone about one-and-a-half miles out of Eagle Butte, when whamo! we ran into our first snowbank. It was like hitting solid ice.

I knew right then what we were in for, but you can't back up when the rails are ice-covered, you'll go on the ground. So we went at it full head. Then there was a bigger, deeper bank that smashed in our front cab windows, completely covering us with big blocks of icy snow, and all the while the storm was growing in density and wind velocity.

We were completely blinded by snow, ice and the steam that rose when snow struck the fire box and boiler.

It is not possible to explain to a person, who hasn't had the experience, what our locomotive was like while plowing snow. The engine crew was actually running blind. They saw nothing either inside or outside the engine cab because of snow and steam.

How my fireman ever got coal from the tender into the firebox while we were plowing is a mystery. With the door open one could see just a dim ring of light in the steam. When we'd strike a big solid bank at twenty-five or thirty miles an hour, it felt as though you had run into a rock wall.

At times the engine men were knocked against the boiler head, or piled in a heap under snow that came through the broken front windows, or in the gangway. We'd slam blind into a cut full of ice-hard snow, but somehow kept moving—although we almost came to a dead stop long before we finally came to rest.

After we had come through a drift nearly 700 yards long and up to 15 or 16 feet deep, we stalled. The snowplow

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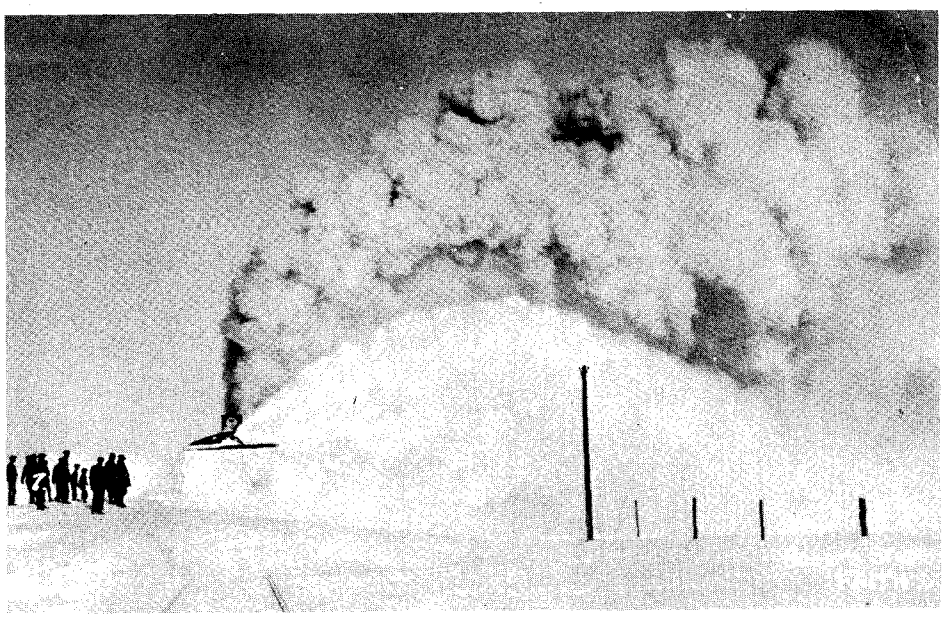

Snowplow clearing the tracks near Faith, South Dakota.

By PAUL BYINGTON

as told to

DADE GIPSON

had come through the drift and was just peeking out the far end. Well, we were into snow so deep we couldn't get out through the gangway, so we went into the cab and scrambled out onto the big drift.

Feeling our way along, back over the coach next to the engine, we found that the snow was two or three feet higher than the roof of the coach, so we dug down between the engine and car, uncoupled the coach and began to get our engine on out of the drift which was only about fifty feet more. That done, we tried to shovel our way back to the coaches so we could couple on and bring them out one at a time. It was just "no dice."

The wind's velocity was seventy-five miles per hour, the temperature still fifty-three degrees below zero, and that sliding, blinding snow would fill in faster than we could dig it out. It was just about like trying to shovel a barrel of loose flour onto a ledge above your head.

Finding it impossible to get our coach and mail car out of the drift, we felt we were doomed to stay there until the storm abated so that a full-fledged snowbucking outfit could come and dig us out.

WE walked up the track to Mossman stockyards, where there was a two' by two' phone box up on a telegraph pole. We planned to contact the chief dispatcher, give him our location, and report facts as they were.

I will never forget Conductor Ogden trying to crank that old phone, and keep the receiver up to his ear. His ear froze rigid, and his nose and cheek turned frosty white before he finished.

The chief dispatcher got all the data, but our conductor nearly froze to death. Poor Ogden! He had been ill and had just got back from some hot springs resort, so he wasn't fit to be out in such weather. It was too much for him.

After asking the dispatcher to block all traffic to that point, we started to back up to our train, about one-and-three-fourths miles distant. We did all right shoveling through those plowed out drifts with the back of our tender, until we got to a cut half-a-mile from our train.

There we plowed the snow into a great mound and dragged it in on us with our backing plow. We were unable to go ahead or back.

The storm got worse, if such a thing were possible. Anyway, we could not see over fifteen feet in that frozen hell. It was up to us to get fuel back to the two old potbellied stoves on the train to keep the people from literally freezing to death. So we borrowed bags from the mail car and filled them with coal, dragging them back the half-mile to the train.

It was about this time that someone found out that there was no drinking water aboard, and no food either.

As passengers we had one middle-aged man, and a sick woman en route to Rochester, Minnesota, with a nurse accompanying her.

The snow sifted in around the ventilator doors until it was four inches deep all over the car seats and floor except where the heat from "Old Potbelly" kept a small patch thawed off. Everyone hugged the stove which, as you may recall, was placed in a corner—usually just opposite the toilet.

The old stoves were jacketed with sheet iron, and railroaders gratefully acknowledge the amount of heat they could put out. And I will testify as to the amount of coal they could consume, as I personally carried half of the coal during that ordeal. Only the head brakeman and I were able to carry coal.

Rear brakeman Bill Moon, aged seventy-three, was too old to get out in the storm. The conductor had become very ill and lay in the mail car covered over with mail bags. Fireman Louie Macken had wrenched his back when we were plowing snow. It was the head brakeman and me for packing fuel.

About 10:30 P.M., we heard a racket on the road about a hundred yards away. It was a state highway tractor pulling a cook shack such as workmen used. They had recruited fifteen men to come out and get the sick woman and the nurse. But no one had the gumption to think we might be without food or water out there.

They took our passengers and made it back to Eagle Butte. It made us a little more room but we were still hungry. We began to shovel snow into the engine's tank to keep her alive, melting it with the steam line.

By this time it was around midnight of Monday, February 17. Between us we kept our locomotive alive in her icy prison, and we went on shoveling snow into her all day Tuesday and Tuesday night.

Finally, it was obvious that old 1027 was going to die anyway, so I set about to drain and kill her engine on Wednesday morning.

The mail clerk helped me dig down alongside of the cylinders and take out the drain cocks, and all the gadgets that only a steam engineer would recall. So we killed her.

AT Wednesday noon we still had got nothing to put into our stomachs except the dirty snow water that we melted in a fire bucket. I had a severe headache from being hungry, and felt terribly sleepy and tired. But that afternoon the wind let up a little and the snow quit.

The mail clerk said, "Say, Paul, I have my pistol along. Let's go see if we can shoot a jackrabbit."

No luck that way, but both of us recalled a little Russian farmer who lived two and a half miles farther on, and we thought we'd go see if he could sell us a little food. How well I remember that family! Gaunt, hungry, poorly clothed, and all huddled about a small heater trying to keep warm.

You recall that this was 1936, the worst of the Depression years. There had been wind, drought and grasshoppers which had eaten everything except the tumbleweeds, and even some of them.

When we told the man about being up the track without food he just said, "Well, we have but little food, and cannot get out of here to drive to town (eighteen miles) to get any, and neither have we any money to buy fuel, so we are burning the stock corral boards and some cow chips to keep from freezing—but we will spare you a loaf of bread, a little coffee and a chunk of frozen pork if that will help."

"You bet that would help," we told him, adding that he might like to hitch up a team to his bobsled and go borrow a load of coal from the dead engine of ours.

Our friend must have hauled coal from our tender most of the night. When I found that it was about stripped, I went out and asked him not to take any more, as we might freeze in our coach before help could come to us.

We put that pork to boil in the fire bucket, and couldn't wait until it was done to eat it. Muddy snow water went into the coffee, and we toasted the bread in a scoop shovel. We had no cooking utensils whatever except the one tin cup and the coffee can. But better food was

(Continued on page 68)

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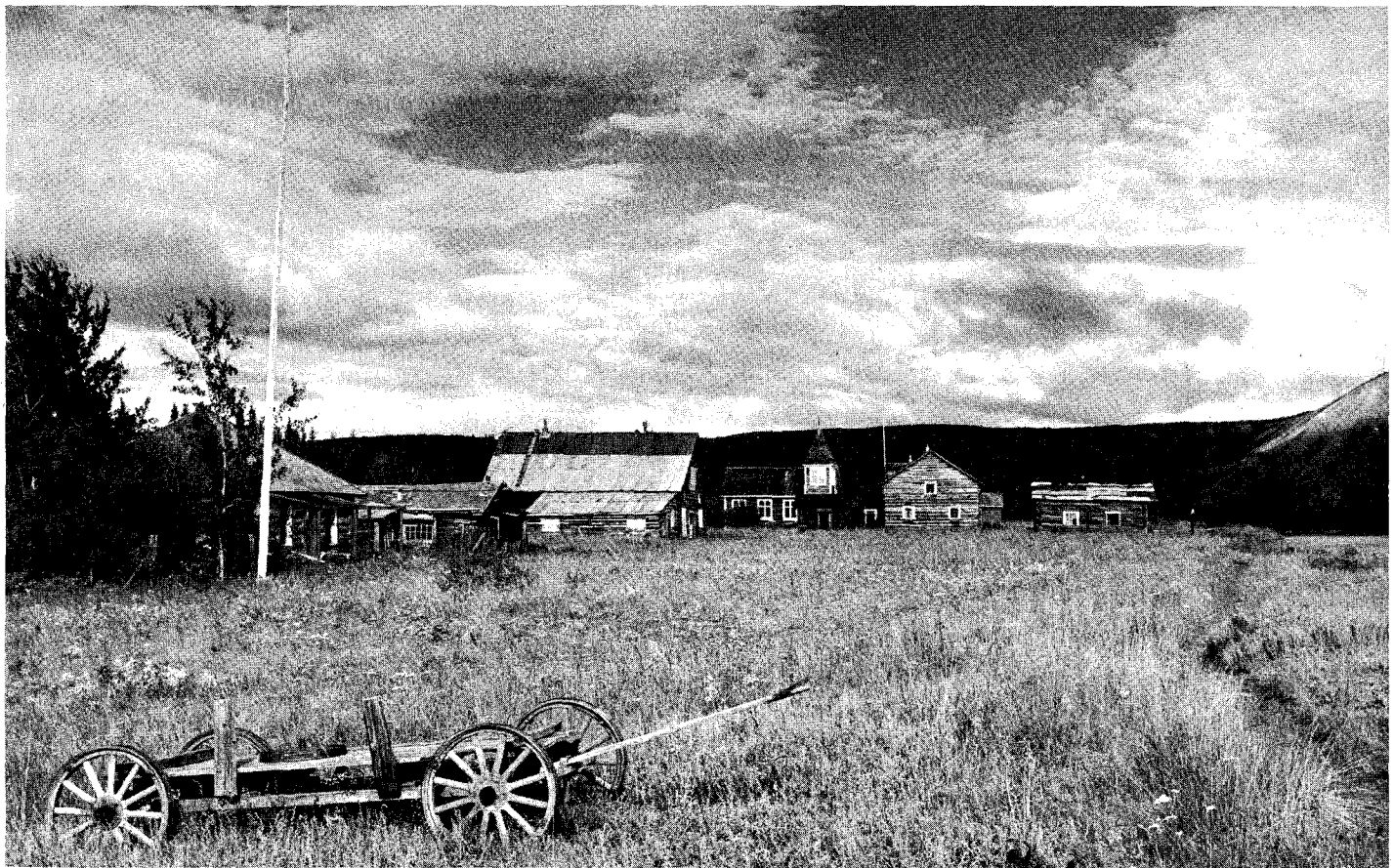
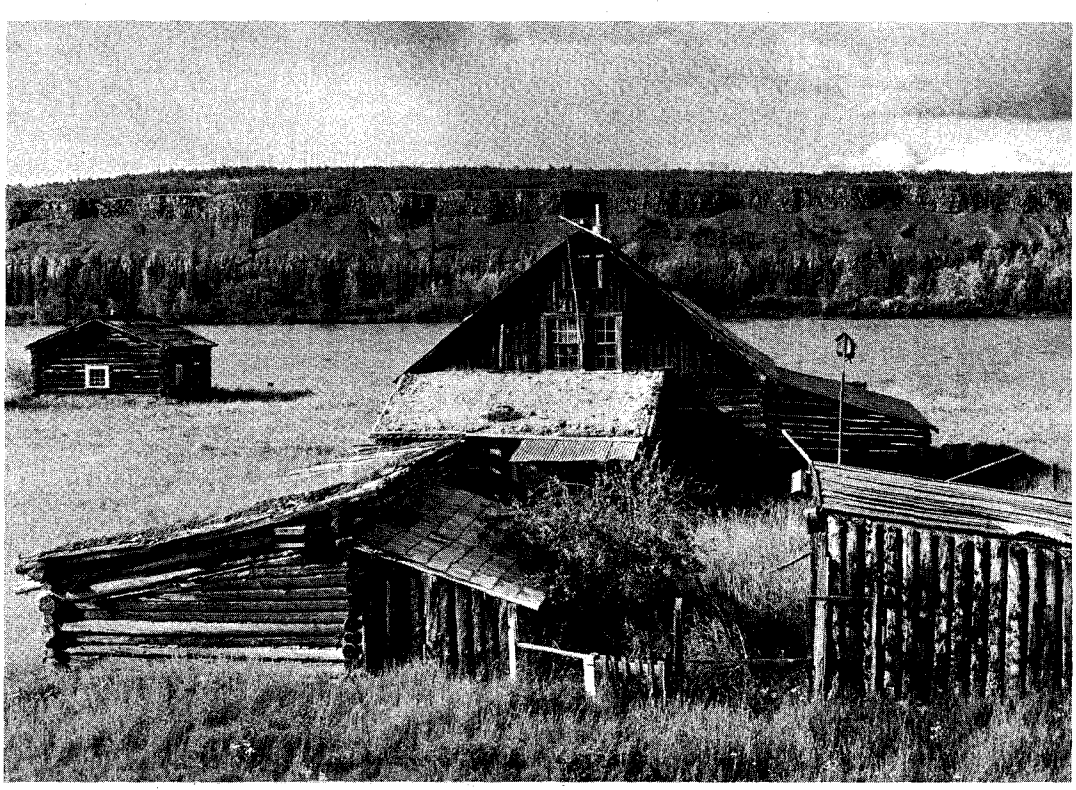


FORT SELKIRK:

Where the steamboats pass no more . . .



FORT SELKIRK, oldest settlement on the upper Yukon, is possibly the best preserved ghost town in the world. In the Catholic church sits a pump organ that is only slightly out of tune; in the Sunday School room of the Anglican church, religious texts lie open on a long table, suggesting that the children have gone outside for recess and will soon return. Opening the unlocked door of a cabin, one finds no one at home, but apparently the owners have left only for a short vacation. An axe, snowshoes, and other necessities of Northern living are in the entryway. Firewood has been split and stacked next to the cast-iron stove, and pots and dishes are orderly, awaiting use in the next meal. Below a somewhat dusty shelf of books, a record rests upon the turntable of an old-fashioned crank phonograph. One trips the lever, and the spring is still tight enough from the last winding to hear half of the song before the machine slows the vocalist into a slurring bass.

In all of the cabins of Fort Selkirk, save one, there is no one at home. Nor has there been, for at least eight years. And of the people who have gone, it is probable that none will return.

In 1848, Robert Campbell established a Hudson's Bay trading post at the site where Fort Selkirk now stands. He soon built up a lucrative trade with the local Indians. Prior to this, they had traded

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Second in the "Ghosts along the Yukon" series

By MICHAEL JENKINSON

Photos By Karl Kernberger

extensively with the warlike Chilkat Indians from the coastal regions. Each year the Chilkats would cross rugged spurs of the St. Elias Mountains to barter with the interior Indians at a point on the Yukon known as Hell's Gate. When they discovered that Campbell was siphoning off this trade, a war party was sent to the fort. Campbell was alone at the time. In a bizarre, lopsided struggle, he managed to affect a hair-raising escape in a canoe, but not before the clothes were torn from his back.

Later, he assembled a band of local Indians, and they poled upriver in birchbark canoes to a point opposite the fort, which was in smoldering ruins. His companions refused to go farther, and for a time prevented Campbell from crossing the river, so great was the terror of an ambush.

The trader managed to allay their fears, however, by gravely and ceremoniously peeling two willow twigs. Crossed before his chest, he assured them the twigs would deflect any bullets or arrows shot in his direction. Satisfied with this magical protection, they allowed him to cross to the fort. Almost everything of value had been plundered or burned, with the notable exception of a considerable stock of tobacco, which the Chilkats apparently deemed worthless.

IN 1892 a large settlement sprang up around a mission at Fort Selkirk. Trading again became active. Within a few years, over $50,000 worth of raw fur was hanging from the rafters of one storeroom alone.

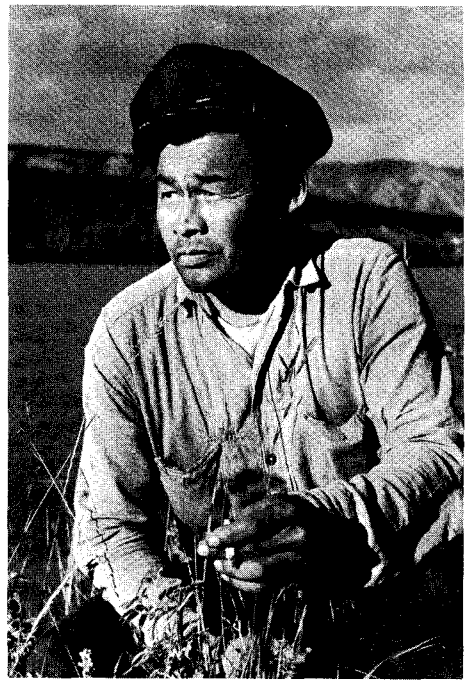
During the Klondike stampede, Fort Selkirk was designated as headquarters for the Yukon Field Force. The Canadian Government feared the numerous American stampeders might feel it their "manifest destiny" to spread the wing of the American eagle over the Yukon. Accordingly, they sent 203 officers and men northward, with instructions to reinforce the Mounties if insurrection should break out.

Like the stampeders, the Field Force found there were no easy routes to the Klondike. And so, in their scarlet jackets and white helmets, this crack parade-ground ensemble struggled to hold formation as they marched hundreds of miles across bog and mountain in the interior of British Columbia, growing less elegant by the mile.

At Fort Selkirk, the Field Force found life somewhat less strenuous. During the summer of 1898, they had box seats for a curious and colorful parade—the boats of the Klondike stampeders passing downriver. Many who had left Bennett that summer had floundered in rapids, or been forced to turn back for lack of supplies, but others came on. Canoes and skiffs, barges and rafts—by the thousands—drifted under the cutbanks of the town.

One barge bore a huge banner, "Happy Hooligans," and on it were forty dance-hall girls, numerous gamblers, and others of the sporting element. Boats passed carrying gold scales, cash, safes, account books, and cashiers—nuclei of banks to be established in the Klondike. Boats passed bearing printing presses for goldfield newspapers, and a man drifted by with a raftload of kittens which would later sell for an ounce of gold per animal to lonely miners at Dawson.

Nor was the spectacle limited to the river. A frontiersman named Jack Dalton constructed a trail from Pyramid Harbor on the Lynn Canal to Fort Selkirk, and charged $250 toll to anyone who wanted to use it. His dream was that it should be a cattle trail to supply the goldfields with meat. He was soon confronted by a party of range-toughened drovers who refused to pay his toll. As they were bunching their cattle to begin the long drive, Dalton planted himself at the start of his trail armed with rifle and six-gun, announcing he would shoot the first man or animal who started up it.



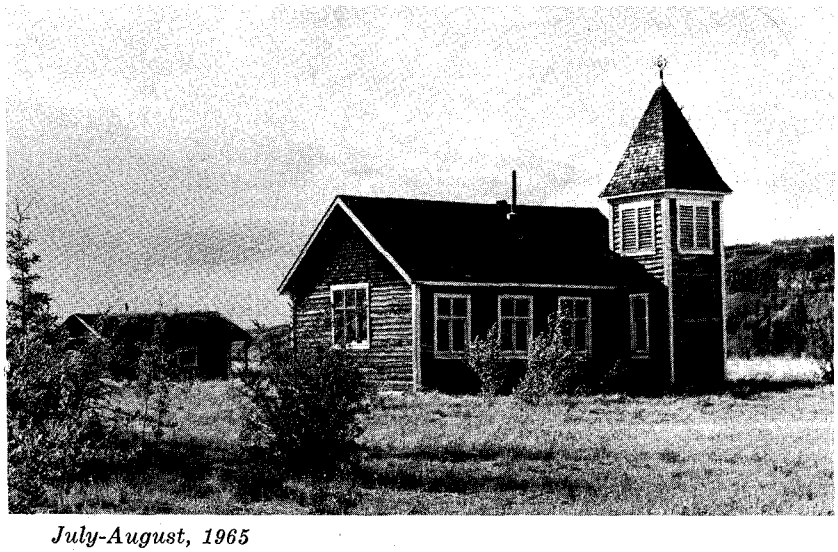
Danny Roberts (above), and his family are the sole occupants of Fort Selkirk. Danny is employed there as caretaker by the Canadian Government.

The cattlemen, thinking it a bluff, worked their herd through the thick brush and woods to one side of the trail, hoping to soon cut back unmolested to the cleared swath. As they cursed and attempted to move laggards out of thicket and swamp, Dalton rode easily off to the side on his trail, guarding it, rifle cocked over his pommel. This defiant stand-off continued for 300 miles. Eventually, more than 2,000 cattle, their owners having paid the toll, moved over this trail to Fort Selkirk.

During the summer of 1898, the first steamboat to travel round-trip from Dawson to Whitehorse almost bogged down at Selkirk for lack of oil. Fifty pounds of moose tallow, purchased from Indians, saved the day. Over the following years, the people of Fort Selkirk were to see literally hundreds of steamboats churn up and down the river, ranging

(Continued on page 68)

Fort Selkirk (opposite page), the oldest town on the Upper Yukon, is possibly the best preserved ghost town in the world. When the last families moved out, they left behind the bulk of their possessions, unable to move them out by riverboat. Only a handful of visitors have wandered down the grass-grown paths of the town—for it is reached only by the Yukon River, seen in the background of the lower picture on the opposite page. The Anglican Church (below left) is in excellent repair, but the rotting boat on the right has made its last trip down the Yukon.



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Wild Old Days!

HUNGRY HUNTERS

By J. Frank Dobie

IT was late in December about 1928 or 1929 that I went out in the Mogollon Mountains of New Mexico to hunt panthers with Dub and Joe Evans. I was on an assignment to write a story about lion hunting and my magazine sent along a fine artist, Paul Branson, to illustrate it.

With a pack outfit we rode around Old Baldy to the Horse Camp. For a week or more we rode down canyons, over mountains and across timberlands trying to strike a fresh lion track. We had the best of dogs, and at night by the fireplace, Dub and Joe Evans were the best of company. They gave me a cycle of lion stories, but we couldn't find a lion. I really needed one for my story—though in the end I borrowed one from Joe's past that did better than any I could have found. Finally Paul Branson's time was up, and he and Joe Evans went in.

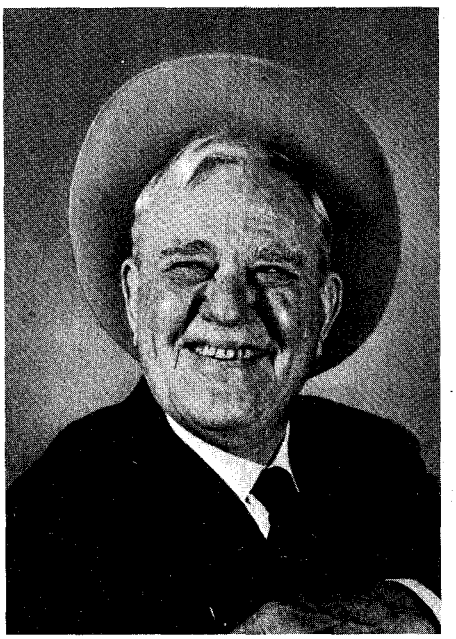
Dub said that he and I would cross the Gila River, and make one last supreme effort to find a lion. We took surprisingly little food with us and no bedding. Snow had fallen several days before, and the thermometer was down around zero. Our dogs hit a cold trail and we worked on it for hours. Night found us high up in the mountains, miles away from camp. We were in lion country and wanted to stay there. We ate a sparing supper, saving all we could for the dogs. Our fire was built against some rocks that, with the heat, went to cracking and exploding like bombs. We had to move the fire, but we kept it burning strong all night. Neither of us slept much. One time while I dozed off with my back close to the fire, a spot the size of my hat was scorched out of the sheepskin coat I wore.

At daylight the backs of our horses, staked out, were covered with frost as thick as a light snow. We had brought along some corn for them in morrals, but the little grass they found in that high pine country had done them no good.

Breakfastless, we started on. The dogs could no longer make anything of the old trail abandoned the evening before. A man may for fifteen hours dig postholes, or chop posts, or pitch hay, or row a boat in a tossing sea without burning up as much carbon in his body as he will burn up during a long night in bitter cold trying to be warm and not sleeping.

Along in the forenoon sometime, I observed to myself that a little hot breakfast and coffee would taste mighty good. My horse began to slow up. He'd been ridden pretty hard for two or three days, but it was the cold weather that was burning up his energy. We were now headed back for the main ranch, and Dub said we'd get there before the day was over. In a ranch country a day is over when you quit. About noon my horse was so played out that I got off and went to leading him. Until we got in, Dub and I took turns at riding his horse and leading mine.

The dogs and we, too, gave up all idea of striking a lion trail. The dogs' feet



J. Frank Dobie

had become so worn that some of them were walking mighty gingerly; mostly they were just following our slow tracks. Dub and I began talking about what was good to eat and what were the best meals we had ever eaten and what we'd eat if we could just order a meal by wishing for it.

We talked about great steaks fried in flour, with brown gravy as thick as molasses, and hot biscuits and mince pies and pumpkin pies and coffee with cream and sugar in it; about fried venison and calf ribs roasted on coals, and turkey stuffed with dressing—lots of dressing, and kids baked in Mexican style, and good old frijoles boiled in an iron pot with enough salt pork to fill half the pot, and cornbread made out of yellow meal dipped in a tin plate of sorghum molasses buttered with hot bacon grease; about six fried eggs on a plate beside another plate running over with pieces of fried bacon and baked potatoes and pone bread out of a Dutch oven.

WE quit talking about anything but food. We talked about foreign dishes, though neither of us could remember anything much about them—or never knew much to remember—and about fancy dishes. But we wouldn't get far in memories and speculations on food until we came back to solid beef and bread, playing all sorts of variations on these foodiest of foods. I am sure that neither of us had the slightest intimation of lettuce or French dressing or mushrooms or celery or anything like that. We were so hungry that we could not think of anything but food—hungry and cold, too; we were just hungry enough for our imaginations to be at their liveliest—on meat and drink.

The sun went down. The air was colder. The played-out horse could barely drag his hind feet and often stumbled. We quit talking, but our bellies didn't. Then there was a light, as dim as the farthest star, and seemingly as far away. It wasn't, though. It was at the ranch house away up the mountain valley.

When we got there, everybody had left for Christmas except Joe Evans. He had seen the family and Paul Branson off and was waiting for us. However, he had not expected us in that night. Of course, he had eaten supper. Yes, there was a little something left.

By now our horses were eating corn and the dogs were getting something. Dub had looked in the kitchen. The fire had burned down in the big wood stove. It was soon blazing up. There wasn't enough for us to start respectably on. Outside, hanging up, was half a beef, frozen as hard as any packer's refrigerator ever made meat. Joe went out with a lantern, a saw and a great butcher knife. We told him to cut off plenty. He did.

He made up a fresh batch of biscuits—enough for two or three ordinary families at Thanksgiving time. Joe had fasted many times himself. He knew. The smell of frying steak was too tantalizing. There was a big fire in the fireplace in the front room. How warming it was to the very marrow in the bones!

At last we sat down to the table in the big kitchen, where we could smell, as well as eat. Joe kept frying the steaks—not merely scorching the outside of them, but frying them brown in their own tallow with a rich brown plastering of flour, well peppered and salted. I can smell them yet, and hear the fat sizzling.

A big pan of biscuits was before us and two more pans in the oven. There was butter and gravy both, but we didn't look at the butter—brown, rich, thick gravy as hot as melted lead. And big cups of coffee with condensed milk for cream. We didn't talk. The only noises were from our working jaws and the glorious poetry of movement made by the cook. Steaks and more steaks, fat, juicy and brown.

After I had eaten maybe five pounds of them, with biscuits and gravy to match, I began to slow down. By the time I had eaten another pound or two I was ready to taper off on a few buttered biscuits sweetened from a pitcher of honey.

That night I slept. This was the most memorable meal of my existence. I have recalled it many times, but never without a feeling of thanksgiving.

PIPER OF THE SUPERSTITIONS

By Helen M. Corbin

MUCH has been written of the Superstition Mountains and the legend of the now famed Lost Dutchman Gold Mine. Jacob Waltz died a poverty-stricken old man who willed us a bit of lore and intrigue which is unsurpassed. From the far corners of the earth, treasure seeking men have come, and in recent years as many as thirty-five have met death in those rocky canyons.

One such man was Ed Piper, a lean, weathered old hermit, who for nine long

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years made his home at the foot of Weaver's Needle deep in the heart of those mountains.

According to Piper, an Apache chief named White Horse, whom he had known intimately as a boy in Oklahoma, related the following Indian Legend. It seems that a wagontrain of Spaniards came into the Superstition area from the mountains near Globe. They were hunting for a natural landmark in which to hide their treasures of gold bars and statues of gold encrusted with precious stones. History tells us that the Jesuits were expelled from the New World in 1773 and were to return to Europe. A new order, the Franciscan, was to follow and take up work in the Southwest and Mexico.

Legend tells us that the Jesuits did not want to give up their newly acquired wealth to the order and so went north seeking a suitable place which could be easily relocated upon their return. Weaver's Needle, rising majestically some 1,800 feet out of the Valley floor, bordered on all sides by towering cliffs and itself almost impenetrable, became that landmark. The Spanish mounted the rocky crags and salted their cache inside a huge cave near the peak, then sealed the entrance.

The Apaches, who feared the devil-ridden canyons of the Superstitions, watched from nearby mountain peaks. They later attacked and killed the unsuspecting Jesuits. Having avenged the evil spirits, they left the treasure to the Gods.

PIPER, who had thoroughly prospected the area, located the Needle and set to the task of finding the cave. He set up a base camp at the foot of the mountain. His crude hut had wooden sides and a canvas roof; it housed an iron stove, two beds and a table. A hundred yards from it over a rocky wash, he dug a spring-fed well. For nine years many a thirsty prospector welcomed the sight of his camp.

News of Piper and his project reached the ears of a woman named Maria Jones, herself a prospector whose grandfather was half-Negro and half-Apache. She came forth with maps which she claimed he had given her. Maria gathered equipment and men and went into the valley, setting up a camp a half mile south of Piper's. She told of an alabaster cross supposedly sealed into the cave's entrance.

Piper had a formidable adversary whose very existence created havoc. Their feud resulted in the tragic death of one of Maria's men which came about after an open gun-battle over claims. Piper himself was grazed on the skull and was taken to Apache Junction for the coroner's inquest. He was later released after a verdict of justifiable homicide was reached. After this incident the feud subsided and Maria left the mountains.

An aerial photographer, who either believed Piper's story or admired his intestinal fortitude, gave Piper photographs of the Needle before and after the cliffs had been defaced by an electrical storm. The western end on which Piper worked rose straight up for about a thousand feet and then indented itself forming a narrow ledge. From this ledge he worked almost daily after pulling himself and his crude implements up the sheer walls by rope. The storm, which washed away the southern ledge on which he had been working, forced him to start a new tunnel on the north side. Except for an occasional visitor he worked unaided.

Maria's men climbed the eastern half and worked down the natural ledges to a crevice which she claimed led the way into the middle of the cave. Before the storm Piper had tunnels to a crevice which he slid down into but was unable to explore because of his size; lack of proper lighting kept him from evaluating the size of the opening. He was afraid to blast for fear of bringing down thousands of pounds of rock. The crudeness of the entire operation made the task almost impossible and any chance of getting to the cave remote.

Piper through the years accumulated a vast variety of friends among Indians, campers, and a few "wanted" men who passed his way. All who knew him liked and respected him; he was perhaps eccentric but by no means insane.

We looked at his mountain and listened intently as he told of his experiences. As we sat by his campfire gazing up at what seemed to us an unscalable giant, our skepticism faded and was replaced by a growing hope that this kind old man who worked so tirelessly would somehow realize his dream.

Oh, yes, we asked the inevitable question, but he just pointed to the top and said, "There she is; I've begun it and if I don't make it, some other fellow will come after me and prove that it is there."

Shortly after our last meeting with him in 1962, he failed to return to camp and a search party was sent out. Piper was found near death on the trail, bleeding internally. He is dead now and the treasure is still there.

Courtesy author
Rufus Wakefield Fletcher

THE "BIG MISSIONARY OF GOD"

By Gladys Fletcher Daniels

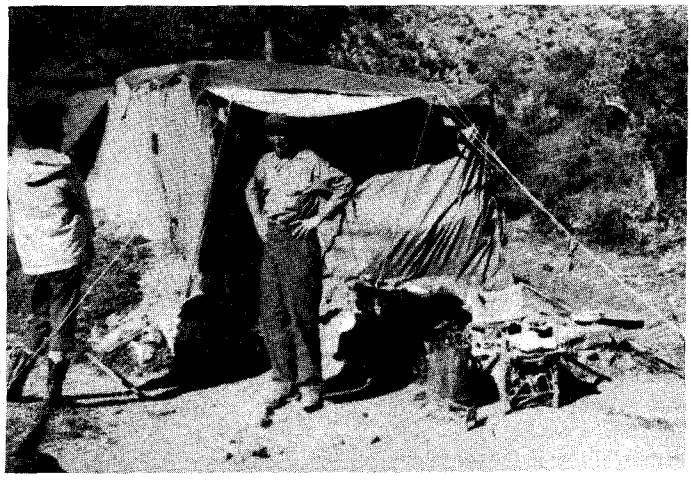
IN 1890, Seattle was still a wilderness town. From Capitol Hill, where I lived, the lights of the city were filtered by the green foliage of fir and hemlock.

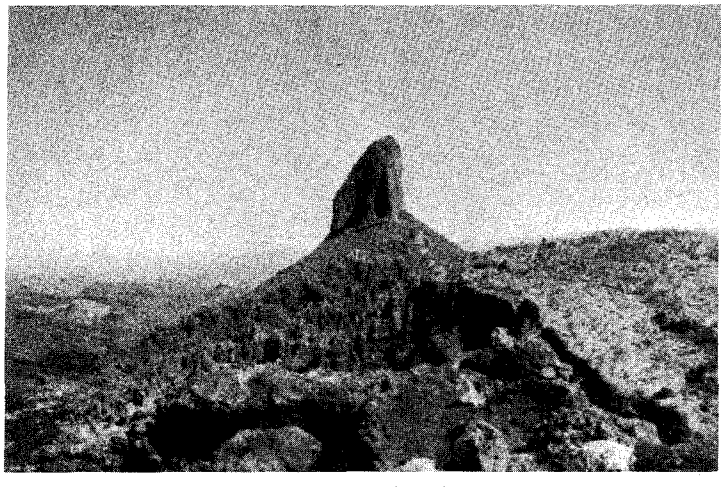
The Pilgrim Congregational Church on East Ward Street was just a chapel then. My father, the Reverend Rufus W. Fletcher, was pastor of that church. It numbered among its members many of the old Seattle families. It was a new and struggling church and there were many worries to plague my father.

Once he said, "The Lord chose an ass on which to ride into Jerusalem and He

(Continued on page 64)

Ed Piper (below left) stands outside his hut at the foot of Weaver's Needle seen at right. Photographs by Robert K. Corbin





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Leesburg had been dying a long time—and one crack of a high-powered rifle ended it once and for all

By LESTER F. BARDIN

Photos By Author—Circa 1947

Leesburg, Idaho . . . as it appeared in 1947

FORGOTTEN CITY of NAPIAS CREEK

JUST west of Salmon City in central Idaho and just across the famous River of No Return, one views an old but plainly visible road making its way almost straight up the mountainside. We are told that freighters of the early days made and used the road to haul supplies and passengers into Leesburg Basin, a mining district which produced six million dollars in placer gold.

Certainly no car can make it over that road, but you can still reach Leesburg by turning west from Highway 93 across the Salmon River bridge, up Williams Creek and over the summit, then turning to the right when you come to Napias Creek. The road ends in the basin. It is thirty-seven miles from Salmon City. I postponed a fishing trip to explore this old bonanza nearly twenty years ago.

Here and there were the faint remains of a miner's cabin. Great rows of neatly piled boulders reminded us that here men had toiled in eager expectancy of finding that fascinating yellow metal—gold!

Following up the basin and crossing worked-out bars, we finally came out onto a rounding point, and there before us stood the tottering remains of Leesburg.

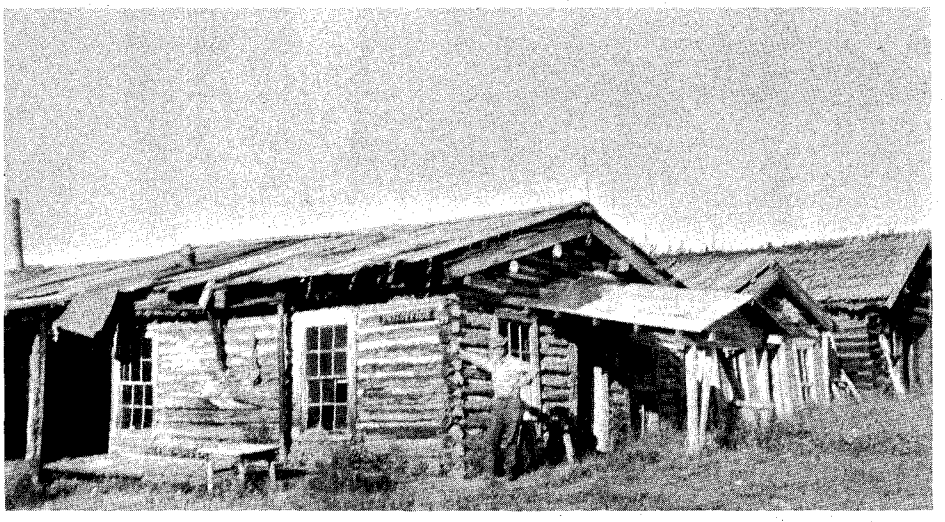
As has happened to everyone who has ever strolled down a grass-covered street, imagination brought voices from the past—laughter from the old saloon, the rattle of shovel and gold pan, the bray of a tethered mule, the lingo of a Chinese cook in a noisy restaurant. Even the cry of a child breaks in, as some were born here (we afterwards talked to one such "baby" seventy-eight years of age).

We studied the lonely graves in the old cemetery. Some were marked by home-made headstones upon which were lovingly scratched (some in misspelled and backward letters) the names of men who made this part of the romantic West. Above all the rest stood the white marble markers of two Civil War veterans—"Dan'l Davis, Co. B. 4, Cal. Inf."; and "Albert Schmidt, Co. H. 9, Ohio Inf."

There too, enclosed by tumbling log and picket fences, lay Frank Limpeck, Mark Guinan, James R. Mahoney, William Wright, A. A. Mayfield and Frank Edwards. The latter was a twin brother of Edwin Edwards of Salmon City who later told us of their birth in a dugout in the Leesburg Basin.

AS we paused to photograph the old log city, a man emerged from one of the better preserved cabins and greeted us cordially. He was the caretaker of some property owned by a Seattle group.

The walls of the postoffice building (below) were papered with layer upon layer of old newspapers. A sample advertisement is shown at left.



CLEARANCE BARGAINS FOR THE MEN FOLKS.

Specials in Men's Suits. Sizes 34 to 44.

Men's heavy Winter Suits, made of good quality union Cassimeres and Tweeds..... $3.98

All wool grey Victory Men's Suits, extra well made. A suit that always sells at $7.50. Special at..... $4.98

All wool 18 oz. black clay worsted, well made and trimmed with heavy Italian cloth lining, a suit for either dress or business wear, double or single breasted..... $8.98

Men's Pants. Sizes 32 to 42.

All wool pants in plain colors and stripes at..... 98c

Heavy weight, extra well made, all wool, a very strong and durable working pants..... $1.29

Blue and black all wool cheviot pants..... $1.48

Heavy weight black thibet pants, well made and trimmed..... $.198

' Norfolk Suits. Sizes 4 to 16.

made of union cassimeres..... $1.48

long pants, sizes from 14 to..... 98c

ee piece short pants suits of medium weight ol tweeds and cassimeres, coat, pants st, sizes 9 to 16 years..... $1.98

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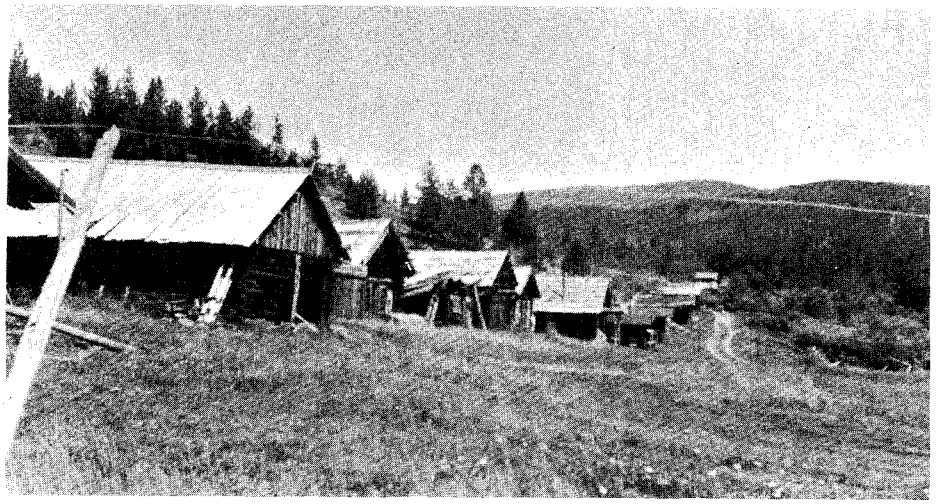


Mr. Scarbrough, while filling us on sourdough hotcakes, very obligingly identified the building with the caved-in roof as an old livery stable and the farthest one on the south side of the street as the post office. Its walls had been papered for succeeding years with newspapers which, to our delight, gave us the morning news of seventy years ago. One layer of interior decoration had been put on in 1872, another in 1897, still another in 1902, and the latest in 1903.

Among the old news articles we saw in the "Leesville Locals" were: "O. E. Kirkpatrick of the Gold Dust Mining Co., was here on business," "George Davis is opening up his North Star mine," and "Daniel Davis (whose gravestone we had just seen) is getting in firewood for next season's use."

Another paper stated that "Mrs. Vilate Young Decker, daughter of Brigham Young and his first wife, died at Lewisville, Idaho, aged seventy-two years." A Cheyenne article proclaimed, "Cattlemen from the Black Mountains fatally shot two sheepherders over in the Big Horn country, and a war is sure to occur between the cattlemen and sheepmen as it is reported that 200 sheepmen are already under arms."

The *Idaho Capital News* of December 11, 1902, reported that on December 5 in Topeka, Kansas, "Carrie Nation last night attemped to whack with a hatchet the expensive fixtures of the barroom at the Copeland Hotel, and was ejected into the street, but persistently raised a disturbance until the patrol was called and she was taken to jail."

Ads in Chicago papers quoted men's heavy wool suits at $3.98, all wool pants at 98¢, three-tined pitchforks (for hay) 27¢, claw hammers at 10¢ each, and women's corsets at 38¢. Childs and Company of New York was selling cherry brandy and rye whiskey, twelve fifths to the case, for $4.00!

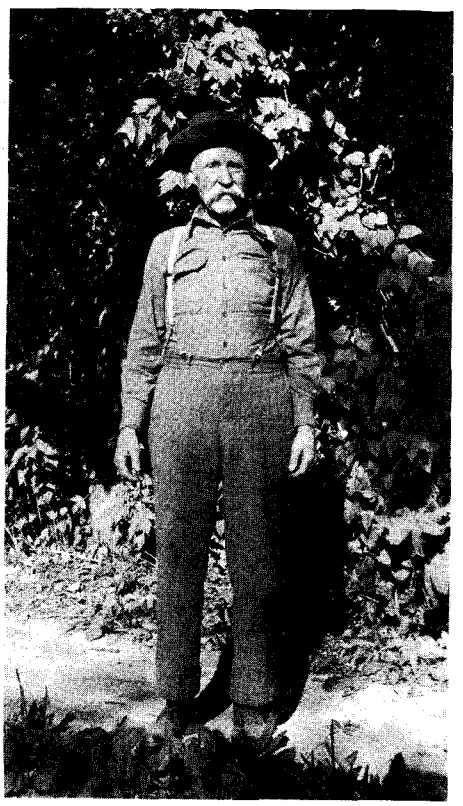
After clipping a few of these old news articles, we made our way directly across the street to where stood, on a crumbling foundation, a patched-up monument honoring the discoverers of the gold-bearing basin.

From there we drove down what appeared to be the only traveled road. It led us around a beautiful green meadow and along the famous Napias Creek for about a quarter of a mile to the only operating placer of the entire area. Here we found and photographed the diggin's of Reed Broadbent and Duncan Berridge, both sons of Mormon pioneers.

Through Mr. Broadbent, we learned of various citizens who could give us the historical background of this old gold strike. Eugene Conlee, a young grocery clerk in Salmon City has compiled data and photographs for the entire history of Lemhi County.

ON June 10, 1866, five young miners walked into the firm of Bense and Steart at Cottonwood (now Deer Lodge City), Montana, and purchased provisions and a complete outfit to carry them on a prospecting trip to the west of the Bitterroot Range.

Billie Figley, an old-time freighter who worked out of Leesburg. He was ninety years of age when this picture was made at Salmon City in 1947. The diggin's of Reed Broadbent (foreground) and Duncan Berridge is shown at right. Theirs was the only mining activity in the basin in 1947.



From Cottonwood they traveled along the southeastern side of the Continental Divide past what is now Anaconda, and up the Big Hole River country to French Gulch. From the Big Hole they crossed the divide striking the North Fork of the Salmon River somewhere near present-day Gibbonsville. They followed down this stream, prospecting with no success.

The miners continued their quest up the main body of the Salmon River for several miles. It is thought that here they first heard, from the Indians along the river, of Napias Creek (Napias, in the Shoshoni language, means money or gold) which lay westward just over the mountain.

At any rate, in July, 1866, F. B. Sharkey, Elijah Mulkey, William Smith, Joseph Rapp and Ward Girton successfully panned gold on Napias Creek. Sharkey later stated that after sinking a shaft to the rich gravel which lay on the bedrock below, they obtained pay dirt running as high as $1.25, and occasionally $5.00, to the pan.

These five men formed what was known as the Discovery Company and went into big-scale operations. It is known that from the clean up of their sluice boxes the first two seasons, $30,000 in gold was taken out weekly.

In the meantime, the rush was on. The Civil War was over and many of the camp's miners were veterans of both sides of the national conflict. The men from the South banded together in the west end of the settlement, and those from the North in the eastern end. The "War" was not fought over again, but a so-called

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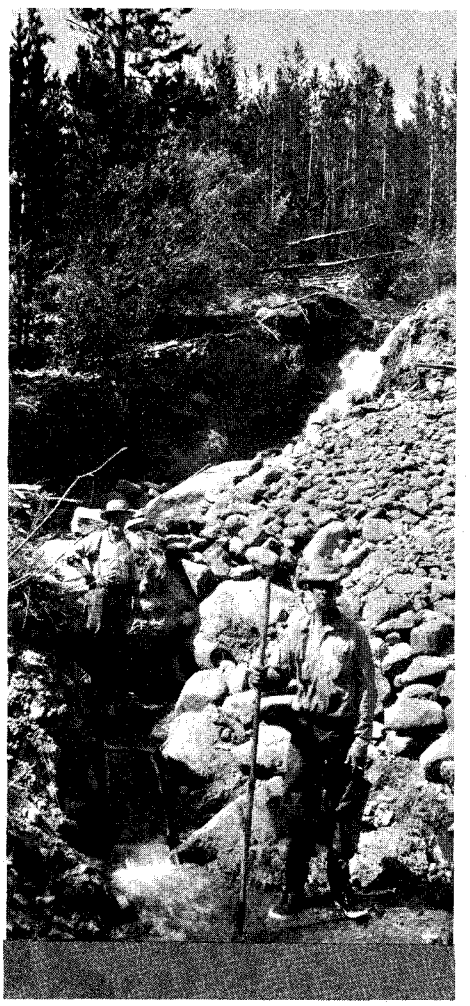

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55 Years A Rodeo Tramp

(Continued from page 13)

the pickup man couldn't lift her off because she had her stirrups hobbled.

I wedged my horse in to grab old Accident's rein, but he characteristically ducked and dodged and I couldn't land him. Faye's beautiful long black hair was tied with red ribbons. That chain of ribbons was bobbing and snapping like a kite's tail in a whirlwind. Two cops maneuvered to shoot the horse but were afraid to fire for fear of hitting the girl. The poor lass was all in when I finally managed to rope Accident and pull him down enough for the pickup man to loosen her stirrups and lift her off.

The horse countered by sinking his teeth in my leg. Thank God he chose my wooden leg. That thing had finally operated in my favor.

After the fair I contracted with the Thomas Littlejohn Carnival interests for a string of night appearances in Alabama. It was fall and the country people had their harvest money. We showed to big crowds of which a high percentage were Negroes. The Negroes got a special kick out of one of our bucking horses called Tooter the Terrible from his ferocious pitching and the fact that he always broke wind all the way around the arena.

As Tooter rocketed from the chute, the Negro spectators would rise en masse and shout, "Heah come ol' Tooter! Man, listen to 'm rodeo!"

Those Alabama lads proved to be wonderful judges of good whiskey and winning poker hands. I had to ship my stuff home—to Haskell, Texas, C.O.D. I managed to borrow enough money from my old rancher friend Tom Ballard of Haskell to recover my stock and gear from the railroad. I put the stock out to pasture in Stonewall County, put our kids in school in Lubbock, and retired forever from the rodeo game, spending the winter buying and selling furs and trapping some myself.

COME SPRING the old call was irresistible. I refitted and showed throughout West Texas and the South Plains. We wintered in Plainview where I cowboyed for Emmett Lefors who was running large herds on wheat. Fierce blizzards periodically raged over that country. At such times I had to drift his cattle through cut fences—one helluva tough way to earn a living.

My first badly needed pay was by check. No bank in the area would cash it. This nearly stampeded me until a merchant—who did cash it—explained that the situation was a matter of pique. Lefors arranged his financing through Chicago banks. In the long run he made it big in the cattle business.

I retraced pretty much the same circuit the following year. That winter I caught on as a special agent with the Santa Fe Railroad building into Borger, Texas. I've been in many a hell-hole, but young Borger must have been the toughest town in the history of America. It took two men to live one day—they would kill one before midnight and another before daylight. Heisters and hijackers didn't bother to wait for the coming of nightfall. The best joint was called the Pink Rat. As the Borger *Herald* chronicled, "The dive is so bloody and dirty the name is an insult to the rat family."

There was oil, oil, oil everywhere and roughnecks are much more ornery than cowboys. There were 35,000 of these highly paid hell-twisters in town before there was a bank. That might have been just as well—three widely wanted bank robbers and killers made the town their headquarters and walked around in broad daylight.

The city fathers were unbelievably corrupt. They had their own whiskey stills—Prohibition still plagued the land—supervised by a chemist who placed an identifying agent known as the "bean" in syndicate whiskey. If sampling revealed a saloon selling whiskey not containing the bean, the proprietor got beat up, thrown into jail, fined down to the gold in his teeth, and his stock and fixtures confiscated.

In my presence one night—I had brought before the judge a fellow caught stealing a wagon load of wire in the Santa Fe marshalling yard—a constable came in with a man being held for investigation.

"Guilty or not guilty?" barked the judge.

"If it please the court, there is no question of a plea involved here," stated the constable. "This prisoner is only being held for investigation."

"Huh? Oh, ahem! Okay, constable, put 'im on the trotline."

The "trotline" was a 100-foot chain running down the middle of a rude shed with prisoners handcuffed to it on either side. The idea was to make things so tough that they would raise bail money one way or another rather than languish on the trotline. At that it seemed to be always well occupied. If a friend came to visit a prisoner, the "jailer" more likely than not would say, "Okay, buddy. If you think so damn much of him, I'll just string you on there with 'im."

I leased some ground on the edge of town and staged a small-scale weekly rodeo on Sunday. The first eight shows netted me about $2,000. A sneak thief stole this kitty right out of the pillow upon which I was sleeping. Attendance dwindled rapidly thereafter. I discontinued the operation six weeks later.

The town's jaded nerves got a stimulant when two men whom I knew well, name of Polkjoy and Parks, fell out. Soon somebody dry-gulched Polkjoy, carried him several miles into the country, piled wooden boxes on him, soaked them with kerosene and set them afire. The heat revived Polkjoy who kicked his way out of the inferno and made his way to the hospital at Phillips Camp (Phillips Petroleum). He recovered after about five months, but kept his lip buttoned up.

Polkjoy knew that Parks stopped daily at Stinnett to pick up his mail. Came the day when he concealed himself at the post office and ambushed Parks. A seemingly understanding jury awarded Polkjoy only five years in the pokey.

One night I was driving along near the old Whittenburg post office and heard heavy gunfire up ahead. When I arrived at the post office, a group of people were circled in front of car lights. Within the circle lay my friend, Marshal Coke Buchanan, and his deputy. They had gotten out, presumably to investigate something suspicious around the post office, and were gunned down by persons unknown.

Concerned citizens elected a clean-up candidate name of Holmes as the new district attorney. The lawless element brazenly murdered him. Texas Governor Dan Moody then declared martial law in Borger and sent in the Rangers to straighten out the cesspool.

AS JULY 4 approached, I arranged with the American Legion to put on a three-day rodeo. By coincidence I set up a similar deal at Guymon, Oklahoma. To get out of Borger was my chief desire, so I sent my stock and equipment on to Guymon. The show there was to be supervised by my wife. I leased everything necessary for the Borger rodeo, then quietly resigned from my job as a railroad dick, bought a new Model-T Ford and packed it with my best gear. I left a lot of things not needed in my hotel room so nobody would know I had checked out.

When the rodeo was over and we divided the take, my share slightly exceeded $2,700. Leaving the impression that I was heading for my hotel, I lit a shuck for Guymon. My new car was missing badly but I knew so little about autos it never occurred to me that the machine had been tampered with.

Crossing the Canadian River, I asked the ferryman, "Ever have any trouble with hijackers around here?"

"Not much. I only been heisted eight times and been here nearly six months."

I took my .45 Colt out of a handbag and stuck it in my right boot. Then I divided my money, placing $2,000 in my left boot, $400 in my right shirt pocket, and returning $300 to my pants. On the long grade north of the Canadian, my Tin Lizzie barely crawled forward. A hijacker stepped out of the night onto my left running board and stuck a pistol in my face. Another, bearing a sawed-off shotgun, jumped me from the right. They ordered me to alight and shook me down for my $700.

"Where's the other two grand?" growled the pistol-packer who obviously had been tipped off.

"Left it with a friend in Borger," I replied.

"You're a damned liar," he rasped as he clouted me over the left ear with his roscoe. Lo, these thirty-seven years since have I been searching for that gravelly voice!

I slumped to the running board. The so-and-sos pulled off my boots, locating my other money and my pistol. They also took my trunk and bags filled with fancy boots, silk shirts and so forth. My wife is still not certain what happened to all that money. But the scar over my left ear helps her to believe my story.

She had cleared about $800 on the Guymon rodeo so we were still alive and kicking. I signed up the celebrated all-around-cowboy Slats Jacob of North Dakota as my top attraction and arranged more bookings in a circle through Oklahoma and Kansas. Season's end found us back in Des Moines, Oklahoma, showing at the week-long county fair.

The day before it ended, my oldest son Charlie, who was only ten, was grazing twelve of our horses on the edge of the fairgrounds. He stayed busy keeping them out of a maize patch. Along came the farmer who owned the maize.

"Let me help you with those horses, son," he said, and proceeded to herd them into a corral. When Charlie objected, he pushed the kid roughly aside. Then he came to our headquarters in my absence and very rudely informed my wife that he had penned our horses under a state law permitting him to capture and hold loose stock for a 50¢-per-head release charge.

I called on the fellow in the early afternoon and tried to reason with him. He stood by his demands. I handed him $6 and started the horses across the road to the fairgrounds. When he stepped into the road to watch, I belted him into dreamland.

I went before the JP to plead guilty to contributing to a disturbance. He was

(Continued on page 42)

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Courtesy Colorado Historical Society
Jordan Bean—1886

A LONELY PLACE TO DIE

When the bullet slammed into his head, Jordan Bean told his companion-in-arms to take his horse and make a run for safety. Then he lay back to die in desolate Castle Valley.

Jordan Bean's story of the Indian fight in Little Castle Valley, with supplemental notes by Edgar C. McMechen.

Explanatory note: This article first appeared in *The Colorado Magazine* XX, January, 1943, and was edited by Edgar C. McMechen. The story was brought to our attention by Mr. and Mrs. Roy C. Bean.

At the time the article was originally printed, Jordan N. Bean was the sole survivor of the Little Castle Valley Indian battle, which took place June 15 and 16, 1881, about twenty miles east of Moab, Utah, between renegade Indians and a detachment of cowboys and miners, most of whom were from southwestern Colorado. Mr. Bean, then eighty-four years old, dictated the following story to his wife, who wrote it down and sent it to the State Historical Society of Colorado.

WE LEFT Texas the twentieth of May, 1872, went to Paul's Valley, Indian Territory (now Oklahoma), stayed there until May 20, 1875; left for Colorado, landed in Del Norte about the tenth of August, 1875. Had moved overland with a wagontrain.

In the spring of 1876, we moved to Los Pinos River by way of Pagosa Springs. My father took up a ranch between where Bayfield now stands and the Southern Ute Reservation. I also took up a ranch. I lived there until the fall of 1879. While living on Pine River I ran cattle with Charles Johnson, the race horse man. Summer of 1878 I worked for George W. Morrison, who died just a few years ago at Dove Creek, Colorado. Al Nunn, who died at Cortez two years ago, left the Indian Territory with us and he and I rode the range together until I left there (Montezuma Valley) in 1884.

Tom Click and I drove a herd of cattle from San Luis Valley to Pine River in 1876. We were friends until he was killed in the Little Castle Creek Valley fight in 1881.

While living on Pine River, my brother and I were looking for cattle on the Ute Reservation. We saw some Indians coming and they had a dead Indian lying across a pony, tied on. Our curiosity was aroused, of course, and we started to follow, but didn't get a good start until a big Indian rode out of the crowd and yelled at us and motioned for us to go back, and we did, without ever hesitating. A few days after, I was at the Agency and was told it was Chief Ouray, who had died there while on a visit.

Frank P. King, assistant civil engineer for the Denver & Rio Grande Railroad, also had cattle on the Los Pinos. His brother Charley lived on Pine River and ran his brother's cattle. I knew them well.

In the fall of 1879 I left Pine River and went to the Dolores River. My father took up a ranch one-half mile above where the town of Dolores stands, but our cattle were in the Montezuma Valley along with those of I. W. Lacey (Henry Goodman, foreman), the Johnsons, and Spud Hudson of Pueblo (Green Robison, foreman).

The Indians were bad all the time. At night we never exactly knew where we were going to wake up, **above** or **below**. The first post office was started in 1879. Mrs. Crumley named it Dolores and it was located about four miles up the river from the present town.

We had good times, too. Charles Johnson went to Kentucky and brought back some race horses and three Negroes, all banjo pickers and "fiddlers."

When we were moving from Pine River to Dolores River we camped at Mancos and went to the blacksmith shop to get some work done. The blacksmith and my father were visiting and I found they had been Texas Rangers together under "Big Foot" Wallace. The blacksmith was J. M. Rush, father of J. M. Rush, Jr., now living at Dolores, Colorado. No man ever had truer or better friends than the Rush family, Mrs. Rush included. The Rush family and their son-in-law, Jack Wade, were the whole town of Mancos at that time (1879).

Soon after, George Bauer come and started a little store and gin mill (if you know what that means). Manse Reed [Reid] got married on the Mancos. The roundup come in for the dance. George Bauer was shy any liquor in the morning but that eve we had a whole barrel of what he called gin, but it tasted like hell. Still it made the boys all feel good and we all wanted to kiss the bride (but, nix). Manse Reed's wife was Minnie Weston, a sister of Dave Willis' wife.

THE INDIANS got worse and worse. They would round up our cattle, cut their tongues out, shoot at us and didn't care if they hit; stole our horses.

John Thurman was running J. B. Alderson horses at Burnt Cabin Springs. Alderson lived in Nevada. R. W. May and a man by the name of [Frank] Smith went to Thurman's camp the evening of April 30, 1881, to stay all night. That winter about fifteen cowboys had wintered at Thurman's camp. On the last day of April they packed up and moved up to Piute Springs.

The next morning some of their horses were gone. Mike O'Donnell and Jess Seeley tracked them to where Thurman's cabin had been. They rode up on a rise and looked for the cabin but couldn't understand the situation, so they rode down to where the cabin had stood and found it burned to the ground. Dick May was in the cabin, John Thurman about one-fourth of a mile from it, dead, with his bridle on his arm—evidently looking for his horse. Smith had gone about halfway with Thurman and had turned to the right. His body was never found, so much high sagebrush. Then, of course, all the settlers were mad. They buried Thurman where he fell and brought May's body back to the Dolores and buried him on his own place.

As soon as the boys were buried, the roundup started at Blue Mountain. Mike and Pat O'Donnell, Spud Hudson, the Johnsons, Lou Paquin [Louis Pequan], Al Nunn, George West and Dave Willis.

(An article in *The Overland Monthly*, December, 1893, gives Smith's first name as Byron, and adds two curious facts not found elsewhere namely: that Smith escaped and was found years later living in Santa Fe under an assumed name, and that Thurman and May had $1,000 at the ranch when the murders took place. The story ascribed to Smith was that he had been chased out of the country by the Indians and then, fearing that he might be suspected of complicity with them, left the country entirely. However, we have been unable to find any confirmation of

(Continued on page 52)

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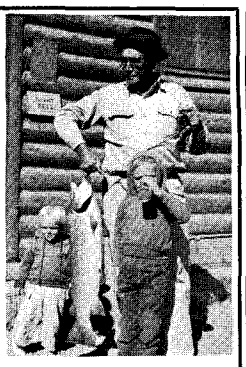

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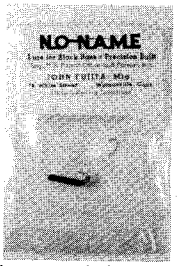

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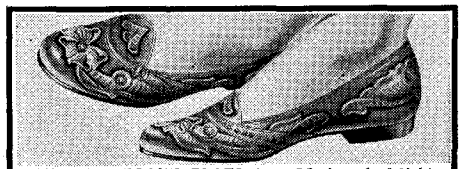

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55 Years A Rodeo Tramp

(Continued from page 40)

preparing to fine me $20 when in rushed the farmer and the fat young county attorney.

"Don't settle with that guy now, Judge," bellowed the fat one. "He's a badly wanted toughie from Elkhart, Kansas."

I had never been in any such town, but they locked me up anyway. The farmer went about busily stirring up a lot of feeling against me. The fat one came by to taunt me that I could anticipate a minimum of sixty days in jail along with a $200 fine. It was morning before my wife learned my whereabouts.

She went to see the JP. They discovered that both were McKinneys from McKinney, Texas. But he told Reva that he must fine me at least $50 for appearances' sake; and that I must get out of town immediately.

First I had to go by and collect my money from the fair association and pay off my cowboys. "Where do you go from here, Hackberry?" asked Slats Jacob.

"Back to Texas where it costs only $11.70 to whip a no-account s-o-b."

THAT WINTER a gypsy promoter left a buffalo bull called Chihuahua with me as security for a loan. He never reclaimed the animal. On our circuit the following year through Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska, the "buffler" proved to be worth his weight in gold. We built a specialty act around him. It climaxed with what really amounted to our putting up $50 against the crowd's $50 that no one of their choice could ride Chihuahua. No one ever did.

We again ended the season in Oklahoma; this time at Cleveland in the country of the once dreaded Dalton gang. I had an odd but lucrative three-engagement deal in which we staged the rodeo in the afternoon and a big dance in an adjacent hall at night. The last evening, which was a Saturday, I had a wonderful supper with a lovely family in the neighborhood name of Wentworth. As I left, they put a case of homebrew in my car. This fitted my plans well as I had arranged to talk horse-trades with some ranchers after the dance.

As this conference began, I went to fetch the homebrew. But a fancy-Dan trick roper name of Smiley Burrell from Kansas—who I should have run off long before—had taken it and was throwing a party out under the trees in the moonlight. When I intervened, he drunkenly told me where I could go; so I belted him out. A special constable I had engaged to keep order at the dances arrested Burrell and *me.* Just goes to show you can never tell what a John Law will do.

The whole thing should have been a case of a simple fine. But just as I was about to pay off the JP, in came that farmer and his gang from Des Moines. They repeated their routine about my being a Kansas outlaw. The judge ordered Burrell and me locked up. I offered the jailer a $10 bill to put us in the same cell. But he wouldn't do it.

Come Monday morning, it cost the services of an expensive legal eagle to spring me. "Where did you spent the weekend, Hackberry?" asked one of my cowboys.

"Oh, in the Crossbar Hotel," I answered in a lame attempt at a little humor. But I wasn't feeling very funny. In fact I was so disgusted with the rodeo game that when showman J. H. McClain of Sun City, Kansas, dropped out of the blue and offered me $8,000 for my whole ball of wax, I took him up without even haggling.

I started for home in West Texas. The farther I went the more I felt that I had made a mistake in selling out. I was sure of it after losing over half of my kitty on four queens in Fort Worth.

But then the Great Depression struck with the suddenness of lightning. The bottom fell out of rodeo. So who knows?

I lone-wolfed the rodeo circuit for the next five years. Competition was ferocious, purses were small. Often a man had to live by his wits. One night I was sitting in a bootlegging joint in Bisbee, Arizona. A burly drunken miner from the Phelps-Dodge outfit informed one and all that he was so tough he would bet anybody $50 he could hold a foot longer in a tub of ice than his competitor. Naturally I took him up and won hands down (my artificial foot). But he *was* so tough and endured the torture so long that the medicos came within an ace of amputating his foot. Poor devil!

Came the night I was lounging half-drunk in a blind tiger outside Protection, Kansas. The Briggs Brothers Annual Rodeo was scheduled for the following day. But I couldn't meet any of the entry fees. I was idly jabbing a small penknife into my leg—the wooden one, of course.

A kindly, reforming soul with a white spade beard looking like a picture of an ancient prophet sauntered through the door.

"Yours is a God-given body," he said to me with a strange light in his eyes. "You must not injure yourself like that. Why are you doing it?"

"My gal ran off with the preacher who already has a wife and eight kids," I answered. "Seems like I just don't care what happens to me anymore."

"There are lots more nice girls in the world," he said soothingly. "Take this and pull yourself together."

"Spade-Beard" laid a $20 bill in front of me—the entry fee for the saddle bronc-riding on the morrow! I entered the contest and won. Man, that $250 prize money was badly needed back home!

I moseyed on down to Craterville Park, Oklahoma—one-time home of the great Comanche, Quanah Parker. Old man Frank Rush operated a big trading post next to the Indian reservation and staged an annual rodeo. I arrived too late to enter any of the contests but approached the grand old trader.

"Sho' need beans, Uncle Frank," I said. "Could you use a specialty act?"

"What you got in mind, son?"

"Well, for ten bucks I'll don a yellow slicker and come out in a saddle on a Brahma and make like I'm herding hogs on a rainy day."

Presently the announcer bellowed, "And now out of Chute Number One, introducing Hackberry Slim Johnson presenting hog herding in Louisiana from the back of Hell Fire, the meanest Brahma in the Southwest."

When I finished the ride, a messenger handed me a note from Tom Burnett, the cattle king and oil baron of North Texas, asking me to come to his car. "That was a great ride, cowboy," he said as he handed me a $50 bill. "I want you to repeat it at my show at Iowa Park."

I drifted to the ancestral stomping grounds in Coke County for a brief visit. Along the sandy road two dismounted cowboys were trying to find something with which to kill a sizeable rattlesnake.

"I'll stomp 'im to death for you for five bucks," I said. They only had fifty-five

(Continued on page 44)

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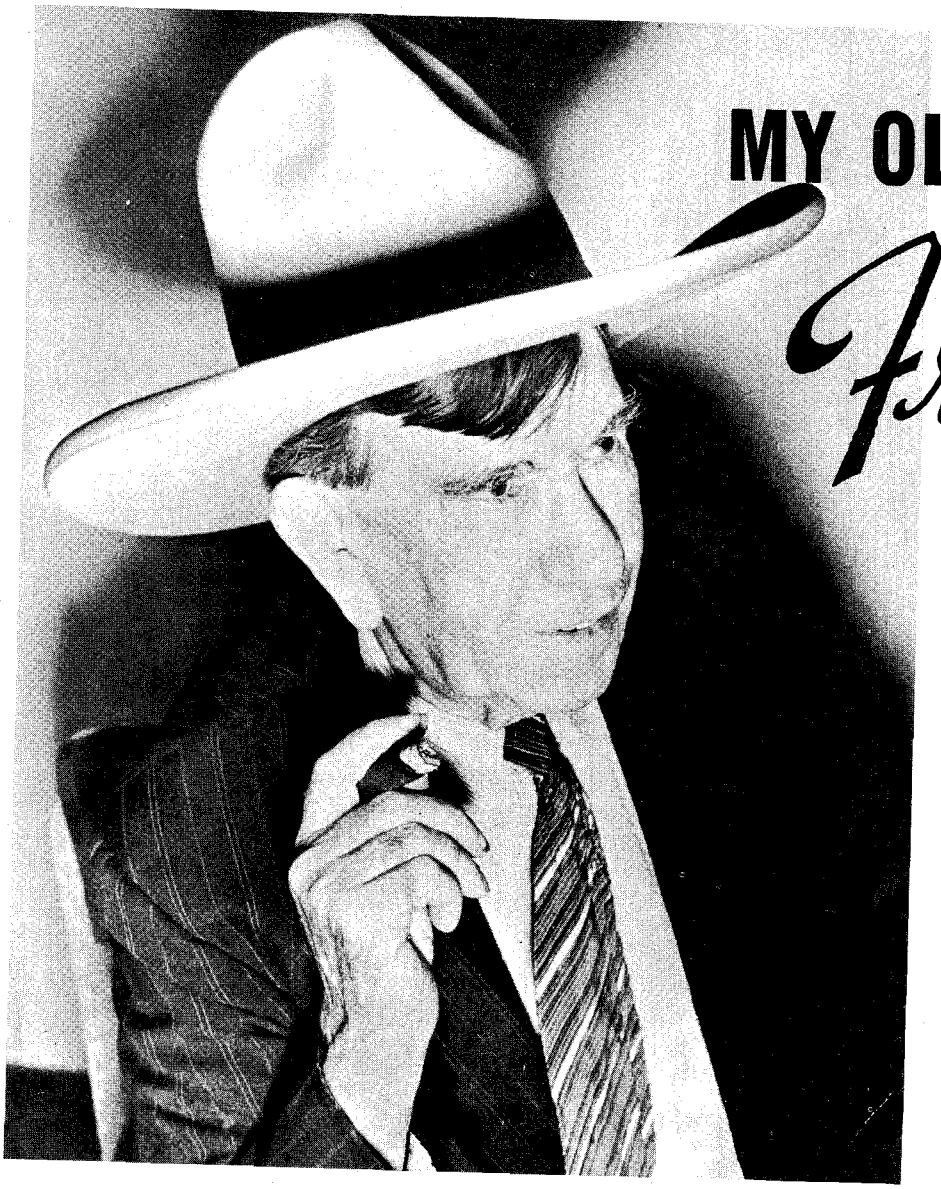
MY OLD COMPADRE

Frank King

By FRED LAMBERT

A salute to an old-time Western author who couldn't read or write until he was eighteen and didn't turn out his first story until he was seventy!

Photo Courtesy Author



Frank King

MY OLD COMPADRE was born in El Monte, California, February 26, 1863, and was named for his uncle, Francis King, who was killed in one of Los Angeles' most famous gun battles, the King-Carlisle fight at the old Bella Union Hotel in July, 1865.

Frank's blood lines probably aided in his being one of the "He Men" of the early West, for his mother had Cherokee blood. She was a niece of Jesse Chisholm, the trail finder.

Frank loved the open range country and his early life was that of cattle and horses. He had the range wisdom that comes from contact with life stripped of all its unrealities, and the desert dry humor which is the mark of courage. Men in those days who couldn't see the funny side to the hard life they lived simply cracked up.

"Cattlemen," said Frank King, "have always been the forerunners of civilization. They have been the brave spirits pushing the frontiers back. It was hardy pioneer cattlemen who blazed the way for the present highly cultured West. Not only was herding one of the early pursuits of mankind, but there has ever clustered about it something of the glamour of romance, of daring deeds and high adventure.

"These men were as wild and reckless as the cattle and horses they handled, and had it not been for the refining and gentle influence of the wonderful frontier women, many of these 'he men' would have passed on long years before."

One time I asked my Old Compadre to tell me the story about the big gunfight on the old Spanish grant up in the Estancia country in New Mexico. It happened in 1883, the time Joel P. Whitney took possession of the grant. Here is Frank's story:

"I do not know how Whitney acquired the property from J. M. Otero and his family, but Whitney had taken possession and was preparing to stock the grant with cattle, which he did soon afterwards, by bringing several thousand head of Texas cows from a ranch up in Colorado.

"It seems Otero was not on the property in person when Whitney and his cowboys took charge. The day of the fight Whitney and three of his men were in the chuckhouse eating, when Otero and a number of his *vaqueros* arrived. They tied their horses at the hitch-rack and Otero stepped up and pushed open the door and asked Whitney by what authority he was there. Whitney had a six-gun on the table beside his hand. He picked it up, threw back the hammer and said, 'By this authority.'

"Up came Otero's smoking gun, the *vaqueros* rushed in and the battle was on. Otero was killed and Whitney had his right jaw shot away, a .45 slug striking him near the chin and shattering the whole jaw. A couple of more slugs lodged in his body. Some of the other men were killed or badly wounded.

"I had been over near Torreon, a small Mexican village, looking for some strayed or stolen stock from our ranch which was located north of Estancia and about eight miles east of Chilili. I was on my way back to the ranch and rode up to the Estancia ranch house at about the time the shooting stopped. It sure was a bloody looking place.

"I hooked up an old team to a lumber wagon and took Whitney over to Chilili, where I got a good span of horses and a buckboard and, after a hard drive, arrived in Albuquerque. A doctor there dressed Whitney's wounds, then placed him aboard a train for his home in San Francisco, where he finally recovered.

"Whitney never did return to the ranch, which he had left in charge of his foreman, Jim Stimson.

"Stimson's cowpunchers were from Texas and sorta wild. They got into several mix-ups at the Mexican dances in Chilili. Once they roped and pulled out the supports from under the bell on the little Catholic church. Afterwards Stimson paid for a better cupola for the old bell.

"One thing I remember about the fight at Estancia ranch house: an ex-soldier was there and when the shooting began, he mounted his horse and lit out, getting some real speed outa that old cow-pony

(Continued on page 45)

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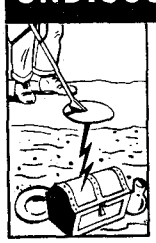

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55 Years A Rodeo Tramp

(Continued from page 42)

cents between them. "Okay, for fifty-five cents, then."

I stuck my right leg at the rattler and he popped me about midway between ankle and knee. Got the headache of his life, no doubt, as he lost his fangs in the wood and could barely withdraw his dizzied head instead of snapping back quicker'n light for another strike the way they usually do. I easily stomped the life out of him.

"Let's swing up and get out of here," whispered one of the waddies. "I've seen many a locoed puncher in my time, but this one is the nuttiest yet."

Uncle John Moore (I had worked for him on the Triangle L in Mexico) was living in our old diggings. He was an old man but he must have possessed immeasurable vitality considering how much "dressed beef" he was sending to market from that little dry ranch.

He had a tiny homemade smelter for smelting down silver, and had collected a sizeable ingot of that metal. This puzzled me no end until I learned that the local cattlemen's association were planting long-yearling mavericks around and about with recorded silver quarters placed under their hides in an effort to apprehend rustlers!

In 1933 I won the cowboy grand championship at the Harlingen Fair in the Rio Grande Valley of Texas. The most valuable single prize in any of the events was a twenty-pound bucket of coffee.

The following year I repeated this score at Arlington, Texas, as previously mentioned. The prize money was not calculated to cause any income tax problems. I drifted to a rodeo at Brownwood, Texas. The purses were so small that I arranged a bet of $100 that I could ride backward a very bad mule called Bone Buster.

"Why you gonna ride 'im backward, Hackberry?" somebody bellowed from the stands.

"So's I can see how far he jumps," I yelled back.

Well, he jumped too far and landed me on my head. Two hours later I regained consciousness. I thought the drouth was broken as moisture was falling in my face. Proved to be my friend One Eye Slocum from Muleshoe spilling water on me.

"Get up from there, Hackberry," he said gruffly. "You ain't hurt."

It took me three years to recover from the neck and back injuries I had incurred —never could rodeo much anymore.

AT that time the Lord and Governor James Allred came to my rescue, for I got a job as state cattle inspector. There were twenty-nine of us under Supervisor T. J. Rodgers, a very fine man. His son Robert is today a much respected veterinarian in Austin, Texas.

My group was assigned to the Piney Woods of deep East Texas, headquartered in Shelby County. Wonderful people there, but they were dead set against dipping their cattle to control tick fever which was my job. The first time we circulated instructions for the stockmen of the area to show up at the official dipping vats with their cattle, they came with jugs of redeye and a grand assortment of dogs, cats and a few roosters. These creatures they dipped amidst great hilarity.

Sheriff Jess Samples had been elected on an anti-dip ticket and would serve no warrants on the citizens. He always said, "I will when I have time."

We dug up a constable named Shoat and made a "big hog" out of him by giving him all the warrant-serving business. He got $2 a crack. Meanwhile, Rodgers instructed me to "missionary" among the regional cattlemen. My being just a plain old cowboy, we spoke the same language. I explained the dipping program to them in private conversations. At the next dipping date, our 136 vats did a land-office business.

After that we had only an occasional run-in with some diehard. For example, there was old man Mills who was holding a herd of undipped cattle down in the woods. He sent word that he would shoot anybody trying to serve him with a summons. This was a case a little out of Shoat's line. But everybody was watching developments and we had to act.

I called in another inspector name of Bryan McCollum to help me. Bryan was famed as a marksman and known to be tough. We halted about fifty yards from the Mills cabin—amidships of it from where Bryan with rifle at the ready could command both front and rear exits. I knocked on the front door. Mills opened it meekly enough and accepted the summons. Later the fine old man tried to circulate a petition to get my name on the ballot for sheriff.

This dipping business passed to federal supervision under the Bureau of Animal Husbandry. My connection with the program lasted about three years. During this time I scouted for rodeo stock and traded in these animals whenever possible. After the job played out, I turned full-time trader.

Meanwhile rodeo had gone big-time. The associations staging annual shows had become strictly locally staffed and financed. Madison Square Garden Corporation had lined up the super-extravaganzas in New York and Boston. The day of the litle showman like me was about over.

In 1943 I was invited to put on a rodeo for the GI's in the VA Hospital in Temple, Texas. Many of these lads were amputees just flown in from the bloody battlefields of Europe. When hospital authorities discovered I was planning to include the "lost-leg" caper in my show, they sent me before a couple of young men called, respectively, a psychiatrist and a psychologist. Don't know what those words mean, but these docs pointed out that in view of the recent loss of arms and legs by the patients, they deemed it wise for me to exclude the lost-leg business from my show.

Now, I had three sons in that little old war myself and could not believe they would want to be babied in any such manner. Further, when I lost my leg back in 1906, the one thing I needed and wanted most was a laugh.

So in the show I bulldogged a steer—picked a rather big one—and contrived to have my wooden leg jerked off. By pre-arrangement one of my clowns name of Booger Bishop of San Antonio, Texas, quickly dug a hole in center field and buried the thing. Those wounded soldier kids nearly shook down the ball park laughing.

While continuing my trading in rodeo stock, I still put on an occasional show for a benevolent society, a church group or a school organization. Of late years, I have concentrated more on the development of specialty acts which I lease to big shows.

For example, in 1964 I had a "mother-in-law ride" in which the cart was wildly drawn by an unruly buffalo, and a Barbados sheep stampede which frac-

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tured the kids. These acts were featured at the Texas Cowboy Reunion and Rodeo in Stamford and at the great Indian Ceremonial and Rodeo at Gallup, New Mexico.

I have often been asked, "What is your hobby?" I suppose it is putting on smiles where there are frowns. And at seventy-seven, I still believe a bed is made to sleep in rather than die in.—Hackberry Johnson, 2002 Wilson Street, Austin, Texas.

My Old Compadre

(Continued from page 43)

with the help of his spurs and quirt. When he drew up in front of Dow's store some seven miles away and fell to the ground dead, we never knew if it was from fright or heart failure."

Frank used to tell me that most of the menfolks in his family were killed in gunfights, and that on many occasions he had been shot at, but his name just wasn't on the lead.

"Fred, did I ever tell you about my brother, Sam? Well, Sam would fight with a fellow until hell froze over and then go skating with him on the ice.

"William C. Green developed an empire in southern Arizona and northern Old Mexico. When it became known that the Cananea Mines were so rich, a fight for their possession started between Bill Green and the Costello interests. Green and his friends had worked this property, and when they were so hard up they could not pay the miners, or even buy grub for them, a number of the miners who had a little money saved up went out and bought groceries and kept on working for Green.

"All of a sudden pay ore was reached and soon it was a very valuable mine. Bill left for New York to finance the property. George Mitchell was left in charge and when he learned that the Mexican soldiers were coming to take possession of the mine, he sent word to my brother, Sam, to bring his old six-guns and come-a-runnin'.

"After Sam arrived, they built up a log fortification in front of the mine and, with seven picked men, Sam stood ready for the fireworks to open. Soon there appeared on the horizon a Mexican officer with about eighty men. The officer was carrying a white flag and left his troops behind as he rode slowly down the hill. Sam went out to meet him.

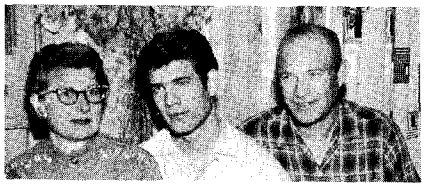
"The Mexican officer told my brother what he wanted him to do, and Sam answered by pointing to the log fortification saying he had many, many men behind said logs and that it would be best if the Mexican officer returned and told Governor Ramon Corral that his friend, Bill Green, was not at the mine but would be returning soon and would be in to see him.

"The Governor had no inkling of what had been happening. He fired the judge who had given the order for the troops to proceed to the mine and things were quickly settled between Green and the Governor."

FRANK started in the saddle when he was eleven years old, after his father had moved the family across the southwestern desert into Texas.

Frank "ran wild" until he was nearly grown. He could neither read nor write and followed the trade of horse wrangler for some of the big cow outfits. He was a very close friend to the Indians.

At Phoenix, Arizona, with the aid of a fighting newspaper editor name of Webb, copies of the works of Shakespeare, the



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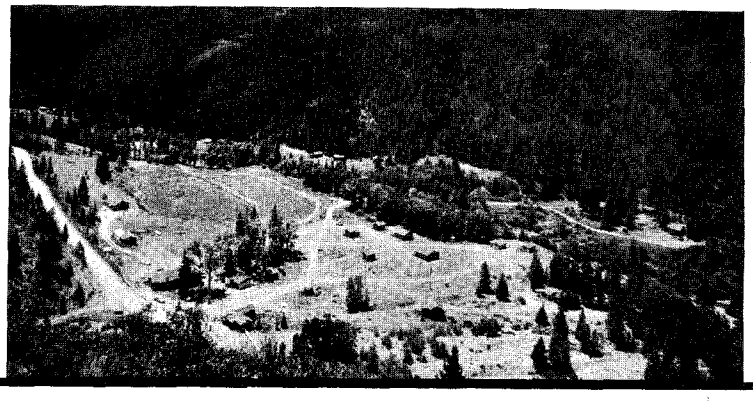

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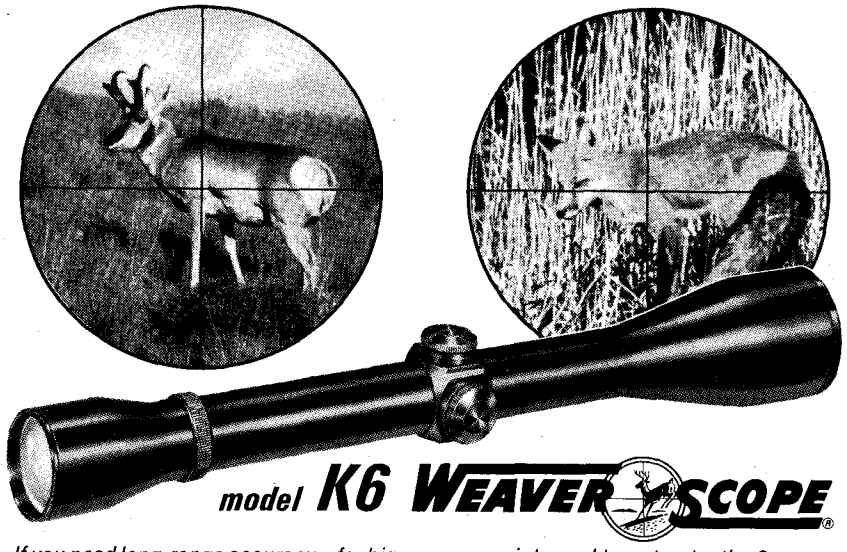

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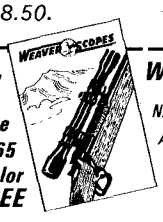

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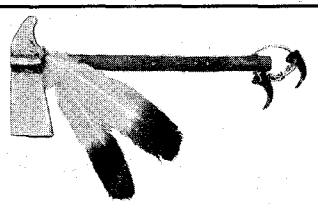

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Bible and Webster's Dictionary, Frank got his education.

King was almost seventy years old when he got down to serious writing. Over the years he had acquired a reputation as a cattleman, customs agent and prison guard. One day he was called over to a large publishing concern and asked if he would write a number of stories with a lot of actual happenings and plenty of gunsmoke in them.

Frank wrote a number of good western books and in one, *Pioneer Western Empire Builders* he told many true stories of old-timers that he and I have known in times past. I still have a letter in which he spoke of his writing and how he felt about it.

"Dear Fred and Katie:

We were pleased to get your letter, which brought back memories of my old carefree days, when I had no idea I would be called an author, for up to age 18 I could neither read nor write. You know how it was on the ranges of Indian Territory and the North Plains of Texas. There were no schools and anyone who could count a hundred was eligible to teach school. But I could ride them pitchin' ponies better than I could count. Anyhow, that is in the past, and now they call me an author, without rhyme or reason. Anyhow I went wrong and went to writing books so I could make a living settin' in a chair instead of a saddle.

I was ordered to lay off of writing books by our doctor on account I had done too much writing and research work in order to check up on details, data, etc., so my books will be authentic Old West history instead of the garbled stuff that a heap of college fellers are landing onto an unsuspecting public as real western history.

The doc ordered me to lay off book writing for several months and just rest and sleep, no medicine. I had been traveling long trips, with loss of sleep for so long that I would have to stay home and just rest and sleep, which is one hell of a hard job for a feller who has had no experience in that line. I will, in two days more, be seven months at home. I should have been unhobbled two months ago.

Soon I hope to hightail it to the fresh country and run wild for a few weeks, if old Father Time don't head me off, for I will be eighty-seven on February 26, just two days from now. I don't know how old a feller ought to feel at eighty-seven, on account I ain't ever been that old before.

I come from a long-lifed family on both sides, at least the women lived up into the nineties, but I don't know many of the men who lived so long on account they were mostly killed in gunfights. My friends who have known of my activities for years tell me they can't understand how come me to be alive, as many times as I've been shot at. I tell 'em none of them fellers had any bullets with my name on them, except one feller shot me in my right leg, only a very light flesh wound.

Yes, I read about young (name deleted) being charged with killing his wife but I haven't seen any more in the papers about the affair. I knew his father quite well, and was very surprised when I read about young Tom, for his father was such a fine man, but like you say, it may have been booze. His father never permitted booze to get the best of him. In fact I never saw him take a drink of hard liquor.

I'd like to close this letter from one old ex-cowpoke to another with all sorts of good wishes for health, wealth and happiness for you and your good wife Katie, from me and my little Sophie. I sometimes wonder how we old-time cowhands come to get such lovely girls to tie up with us and stick.

Like always, your old outlaw friend, Frank M. King."

Three years later, at age ninety, my Old Compadre was dead.

Lost Mine Of Sycamore

(Continued from page 27)

leaving hardly more than their form.

He thought of resting here, but on glancing at the east canyon rim where a stray spot of sun still shone, he discovered the painted faces of several Indians staring down at him. The chase went on, although he saw nothing more of pursuing redskins. He reached the Verde River before another dawn and three weeks later arrived in the old pueblo of Tucson.

Haines related his discovery of the ghost village as a mere topic of conversation. Then months later, he ran across an aged man in Sonora while prospecting with a party of Americans.

The Sonoran said his grandfather had been an Opata Indian who had gone north with others to that remote canyon with the Spaniards to mine gold. He stated that some of it had been melted into bars. Much of it, also, had been brought unrefined south into Mexico by pack trains.

On returning to Tucson, Haines tried to interest others in outfitting an expedition to enter Sycamore Canyon. Their voices lifted in holy horror. While not afraid to prospect the wide open desert and barren mountains of southern Arizona, despite roving bands of murderous Apaches, they wanted no part of the north country.

It was then, as today, an almost impenetrable area, especially from the west. A few forest trails and fire guard roads now penetrate the edges. For the most part, however, it remains a primeval wilderness of fantastic, rugged beauty. Wild animals, including carnivore, rove it everywhere. Canyons and defiles are like great stretches of the timber, impossible to ride through on a horse, let alone using a jeep or land rover. The imagined location of the lost mine can be entered only by foot.

Jack and Bill assert that during their searches there were occasions when they had to crawl on the ground to get inside brush-choked patches of timber. Almost invariably in their night camps, wherever they rolled into a single blanket, bear and cougar approached. It is an extremely forbidding place during the summer heat, and of extremely low temperatures in winter. Snow often piles up to a depth of six feet.

In 1878, John Thomas Squires led a party of hardy prospectors into Sycamore from distant Santa Fe. He came with a carefully drawn map, said to have been made under Haines' direction. More likely he stole it from ancient records stored in San Miguel Church completed by Juan de Onate in 1608. Present-day lost mine hunters use copies of this map.

The Squires party went directly to the ruined village, settled down in two repaired cabins and reopened the mine tunnel. They found a cave containing a few items of rusted Spanish arms, two small oblong cowhide boxes or trunks, several filled leather ore sacks and a number of hidebound books printed in Spanish.

When they had mined a large quantity

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"Think! Where were you when it drowned out your conversation?"

of gold, Squires and one member of the party went to Santa Fe. There they bought supplies and engaged men to return with them.

Not long afterward, the miners were surrounded by Indians on the warpath. The Mojaves lurked west, Hualapais north, and the dreaded Apaches east and south. A huge party of them, their identity never ascertained, struck one cold morning as the whites straggled from the cabins to work. Half were slain from ambush by lead and arrows before they could fire a shot in return. Survivors managed to grab a few horses not seized by the redskins, load the gold, and head out in a hard run.

Squires happened to be away from camp at the time, prospecting along the rim where he believed the main lead might apex. He had started across a log bridge over a deep wash they had built for direct access into the canyon when the fleeing miners appeared. Indians in hot pursuit killed two within sight of the bridge. There Squires managed to rally them into making a stand in order to gain breathing time.

Then they fled north by what became Casner Mountain onto Coconino Plateau and made their way back to New Mexico. The few survivors spent their share of the gold and dispersed. Squires was shortly killed in a duel, so it has been reported.

OVER twenty years passed before the next white man saw the village. He was W. O. Howard, better known to settlers in the Verde Valley and Oak Creek as "Bearhunter" Howard. He gained the name as a meat hunter for construction crews when the railroad crossed Northern Arizona in 1881-83.

Howard was hunting bears in the Sycamore forests one day in the early fall of 1896 when he stumbled onto the lost mine by sheer accident. After investigating the place, he brought to Flagstaff two of the better preserved hidebound books from the cave. Relating the story that winter to prospector friends, they told him he must have run across the storied Lost Padre Mine.

The following summer he entered Sycamore Canyon from the south, considering that the easiest way to reach the ghost village. Maybe so—but he ran out of supplies and had to depart without finding anything.

One of his trusted friends, Alf Dickinson, a Flagstaff hotel owner, told me how Howard spent the next several years in feverish searching. At times he wondered if he might be losing his mind, being unable to go back over his own tracks. Finally he teamed with another long-time friend, Milt Ferrell. Between them they walked out the area quartering it. Yet this systematic exploration availed them nothing. Ferrell returned to ranching, as he had a growing family to support.

Howard continued hunting as though driven by some powerful urge he could not deny. Then one day he rushed to Dickinson in great excitement. He brought some ore which Dickinson displayed in his hotel street window for years. Howard said he had found the tunnel at long last, reaching it through a narrow defile away from the main canyon. He returned, but if he ever brought out any more gold before his death, no one heard about it.

Ferrell tried locating it during the 1920s as did dozens of other prospectors dreaming of sudden riches. This aggravating thing was almost in their hands! Most of them stayed no longer than one season, unable to stand the bitter rigors of Sycamore.

During that decade, a Flagstaff photographer, Carl Mayhew, sold his shop and built Oak Creek Lodge near the head of Oak Creek Canyon. In 1929 an eastern dude, a lodge guest, hiked all over the country for pleasure. Pulling on an extra heavy pack of provisions one day and taking a small roll film camera, he ascended a wall trail west out of the canyon. Three weeks later he appeared at Perkinsville south of Sycamore and hopped a ride for Sedona and back to the lodge. In a hurry to return, he left several rolls of film with Mayhew to be finished.

One roll consisted of beautiful canyon scenes. Smack in the middle of them appeared ruined stone cabins, huts and obviously an arrastre. Mayhew ran off extra prints of the negatives, the best view of the ruins was shown old Tom Wagoner, a pioneer cattleman who once ran a herd in upper Sycamore Canyon. The giant man almost swallowed his hat.

"Years ago I was there," he said. "Long time after that, when I heard Bearhunter's story of the Spanish mine, I tried to go back. But I'd forgotten exactly what turns to make getting into that pesky canyon. That's sure the right place!"

The dude was written to and replied with a description of how to reach the ghost village as best he could recall. Of the dozen who tried to follow his direction, none was successful.

In 1939, a high school boy, Melvin C. Halliday, fooling around in an old Flagstaff barn loft, found a thick cowhide-bound volume printed in Spanish, dated 1730. Desiring it as a curio, he consulted the property owner. The man informed him it was one of two brought out of Sycamore Canyon by Bearhunter Howard, and related the story as he knew it.

Melvin's father, C. J. Halliday, happened to be a deputy county sheriff. He started interviewing old-timers seeking what they knew about the lost mine. They gave him mostly scraps of legends concerning the Lost Padre mine loosely connected with the Luis Maria Baca Land Grant in Yavapai County. However, he did cull a few pertinent facts over a period of three years that greatly interested him. The Hallidays eagerly planned to take time out to search, but World War II intervened and Melvin soon found himself in the South Pacific.

ONLY one—of the more than a score whom I knew while they hunted for

(Continued on page 50)

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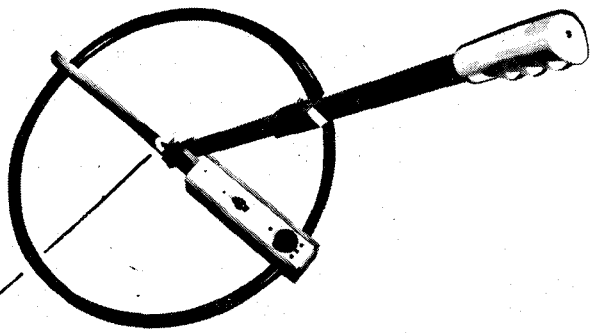

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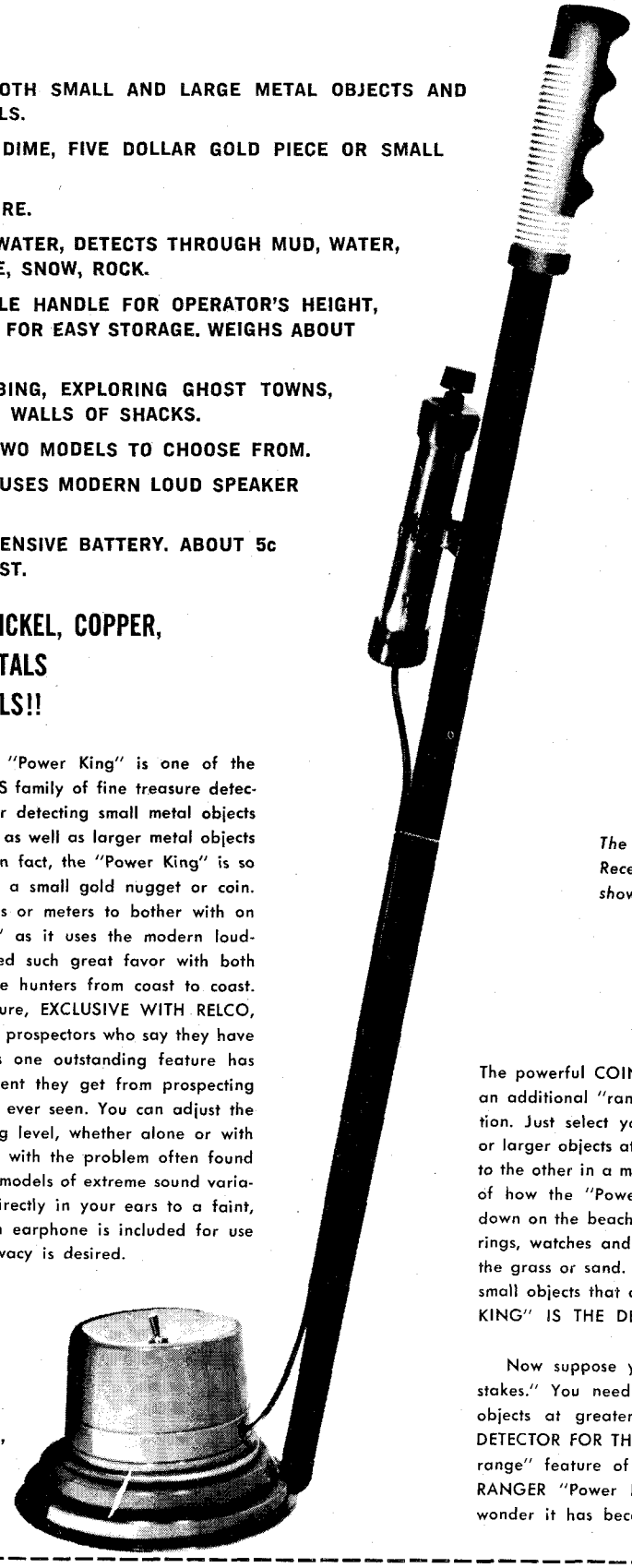

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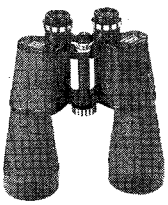

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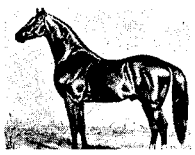

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the lost mine—found any appreciable gold in Sycamore. A very old man, Cliff Nelson, had wasted over twenty years seeking it when I first met him. On a few occasions I partly grubstaked him just for the heck of it. During the last years of his life, most of his steady support came from an Italian saloon man in Prescott.

Nelson always entered Sycamore behind melting snow to spend the summer there. He was unable to stand the bitter cold winters. His two burros were left with some rancher friend in the Verde Valley or at Perkinsville. He then proceeded to Prescott, where his small monthly pension had accumulated. The checks were received and held by his friend and he got no other mail. After visiting a week or so. Nelson would leave the slightly milder climate to winter in snowy Flagstaff.

When meeting downtown after Prohibition ended, we would always have a few glasses of beer while shooting the breeze. A taciturn man in most respects, he would impart a little information to friends. But he was also inclined to begin a statement, and then shift suddenly to something else on his mind. Yet over the years he revealed considerable information to me about his long searching, especially concerning the ruined village.

In 1941 he came out of Sycamore early. While he gave no excuse for doing so, obviously his physical strength had declined. Past eighty then, he was a wiry, light little man always wearing a crop of dirty, tobacco-stained whiskers hanging to his chest. Sitting in Black's Bar, he started describing the village site again. This time I gathered that it lay some three or four miles from where he usually left his grub supplies and pack burros at Tom Wagoner's old cabin.

Nelson said the stones once forming the walls were scattered on the ground everywhere, and partly covered by blowing sand and clay. While some foundations could be made out, they were overgrown with trees and brush. No wood remained in the village, having been burned many years before. When he told how only the top layer of the stones forming the arrastre could be seen above the sand, I stared at him in some surprise.

An idea occurred to me and I wondered if it were possible he had not thought of it all the years he plodded wearily through the Sycamore country. I asked him if he had ever shoveled the sand from the arrastre and panned gleanings from cracks between the stones. The Spanish arrastre had a center from which a long pole extended beyond the rim. Pulled either by human hands, or burros and mules, it dragged heavy stones on thongs that slowly but surely broke down the ore. Some of the pieces were always pounded into the cracks between floor stones and those forming the outer rim. Nelson gaped at me momentarily. Finally his eyes began to shine. It beat me that he had not already gone over the arrastre.

"Might try it next summer," he allowed, dropping the subject.

Nearly a month later the saloon owner, Claude Black, telephoned that Nelson was in town and wanted to see me. When I joined him he had the bottoms of two Bemis bags filled with gold and quartz. Boxing the stuff, I shipped it to the Denver mint for him. After all those years he finally had got around to cleaning out the arrastre.

Not long after Pearl Harbor he received a treasury check in care of me for better than $1,900.

The war caught up with me, too, and I had no chance to think about Nelson until 1946. The old man had completely disappeared. Looking for information about what might have happened to him, I went to Prescott, Perkinsville and the upper Verde Valley. No one, not even his saloon-owning friend and the ranchers, had the slightest idea where he could be. They last saw him the spring of 1942. I got them to help pass word along to range riders, forest service rangers and others to watch for his burros, his bones or even an old campsite. Nothing whatever came from this. It is my belief the old man returned to Sycamore and died in some remote hole known only to himself.

MELVIN HALLIDAY, after the war, got a friend, Bob Cahill, to go with him into Sycamore. They had only a limited amount of time and found nothing whatever. The following summer he operated a bulldozer during a bad forest fire on the east side of Sycamore. Near the end of the day, with the fire being brought under control, he pushed a stand of timber from the course, and broke right onto remnants of the bridge built by the Squires party. Rotted away, the logs lay in pieces slanted into the wash from the sides. He has never found more than that.

My writing a rather long story on the lost mine proved in the nature of a mistake when published. Mysterious individuals journeying from afar appeared frequently at my door. Some were extremely obnoxious and hard to get rid of; most were firmly convinced I knew the real secret of finding this gold-filled mine, but being of a perverse nature I refused to reveal the few facts that—with what they knew—would make them immensely wealthy. *Of course, they never spilled what they knew!* You never have seen people as goofy as some lost mine and treasure hunters.

I also received more than one hundred letters via the magazine's editor. At least half of them claimed they had been to the village, insisting it remained intact. They described the red sandstone buildings, and were naive enough to include iron wagon-wheel rims. If they actually found such a place as described, it had to be the polygamous Mormon village built during the 1870s in Secret Canyon below Buck Ridge. It lies east of Sycamore and that is exactly how it came to be named.

Among those who *knew* the location of the lost mine (not that he had been all the way to it), one letter writer told the truth. He was the late Leonard Conner, who wrote me from San Pedro, California. He retired after working most of his life as an electrician for United Verde Mining Company and its successor, Phelps Dodge. All his spare time at Jerome—weekends, holidays and vacations—had been spent for twenty-five years hunting the lost mine. His knowledge of it proved extensive, especially of the Spanish period. The man must have devoted years in research to collect what he knew.

In one of his letters he wrote, "The block of the meteorite at the mouth of the hidden canyon is polished a smooth rusty brown, and iron crystals in sandstone near it are just a coincidence. The meteor, I would say, weighs five tons and stands three and one-half feet high. What struck me about it was the way my prospector's pick bounced when I hit it. I tried to knock off a piece, but no chance."

He knew the country thereabouts very thoroughly, going into detail about how we might get the meteor out, thinking it valuable. The trouble was, he didn't explain how we could possibly hoist it out

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of the deep canyon to a truck, after cutting a road through several thousand acres of timber! It couldn't possibly be reached from inside the canyon.

That rounded chunk of iron, and maybe a visitor from the sky at that, is the one clue Jack and Bill need to find to be in the real money—or so they believe. That one unknown item always told me whether or not those claiming to have been there actually had been, or were just windjamming. It and the iron crystals, the latter being of no moment, were described by Haines, Squires, Howard and Nelson. Strangely, there is no mention of either in Agapito Rey's translation of the Espejo account.

AFTER talking to Halliday again, Jack and Bill, following the old burn, went directly to the site of the Squires bridge. Their subsequent find was evidence of an old trail leading into the area on the west side of Sycamore. Brush and timber grew over most of it, hiding traces. The oldest trees were less than a century in age, but they worked it out, thinking perhaps it might be over part of the Spanish route. In time they learned it happened to be the long-forgotten James Mooney trail cut north from the Verde Valley during early 1870s. Over it into northern Arizona came many pioneers by pack outfit from the Salt River Valley and reaches of the Lower Colorado River from California. Near Casner Mountain and Buck Ridge it swung eastward to Mooney Mountain. Mooney died from falling off a high cliff in Havasupai Canyon, near Grand Canyon, while with a mining party in 1880.

The brothers' next discovery was rotted stumps of alligator juniper in Sycamore's surrounding forest. This wood can be cut and shaped quite easily while green, but becomes like iron when dry. The specimens brought out by them were so old they were rotten. They were sent to an expert for tree-ring dating. While not absolutely accurate due to the fragile condition of the fragmentary material, the years are close enough to prove the timbers were cut during the Spanish occupation period.

Jack made one important discovery while exploring alone. He carried a small camera along, and when he came onto drill holes in large stones, he photographed them. The prints are two by two inches and show the deep holes after the stones split apart. Then the boys found the water cistern, unable to imagine why it should have been chiseled into solid rock where it is. The covering logs have long ago rotted away to debris in the bottom. If this cistern had been made within pioneer times some of the wood would still remain in the hole.

Finally, on a red letter day, coming out of the canyon, they located small sections of the old Spanish trail—notches and long grooves cut into solid stone to afford footing.

Following this clue they spent six months searching for other traces of the trail's ending and beginning. That still remains the paramount riddle. While searching, they found pieces of ore close enough to signs of the trail that they logically assumed the chunks lay somewhere near the route over which pack animals moved carrying ore. Some of the pieces were partly buried in the ground, covered by grass and weeds. But once they learned exactly what to look for, others came to light that ordinarily would have been passed over because the small exposed portions resembled pebbles.

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lined pits. I asked the metallurgist about it. He explained that such holes remained after iron pyrites in the quartz dissolved, usually through heat and sunlight.

When asked to venture a guess on how many years' exposure would be required, the expert in metals replied, "At least a couple of centuries!"

If your profession or avocation is hunting lost mines, don't come running to this one. Sycamore Canyon begins from a mere wash near Flagstaff, runs southwest before heading south, pitches deeper, and then twists and turns over considerable territory to its final junction with the Verde River. Its course easily covers a hundred miles. It is cut into by numberless side canyons of small and large degree. It is one of the world's worst and easiest places to get lost in.

If you expect to find the lost mine, remember that more than a hundred seasoned prospectors have walked the canyon's entire meanderings foot by foot. Some of those who found it by accident couldn't return. It has been searched so carefully that *if* the lost mine actually is in Sycamore, it would certainly have been found long ago.

I never did believe it was there, despite all the evidence. While undoubtedly in Sycamore county, it has to be somewhere else than in the main channel. Jack and Bill, who have found more clues than anyone else, so far as is known, now believe the same. They are experienced in that area, know the country in their sleep and while this is being written they are searching a spot they finally selected—and a place unknown to me.

Not placing any faith in the existence of lost mines, I still hope they find this one.

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Lonely Place To Die

(Continued from page 41)

this Smith story and it appears to be fiction. In a letter dated September 30, 1942, Bean ridicules this Smith story. He also gives the names of two white men who sold their hats to Indians soon after the Little Castle Valley fight for $20 apiece. These Indians apparently had plenty of money but little idea of its value.)

The first day the Indians attacked them the men killed one Indian. None of the whites were hurt; they got into the timber.

The roundup stopped right there. The men came to the Big Bend of the Dolores and started looking for volunteers to fight Indians. The volunteers came from Mancos, Dolores and Rico; mostly from Rico. Hi Melville **(Contemporary references give this name as Melvin, a San Juan pioneer of 1873. *Denver Tribune,* July 9, 1881, p. 3. A letter from Jordan Bean, dated September 30, 1942, states that Melville was the right name.)**, Tom Click Billie May and myself went from the Big Bend. Dave Willis, Tom Pepper, Jess Seeley and Hi Barber come from the Mancos. Marion Cook, Harg Eskridge, and Ike Stockton come from Durango. The two Tarter boys, the two Taylor boys, Tim Jenkins, Billy Parks, Jimmie Heaton, Charley Reynolds, Jimmie Hall, Jack Galloway (Tar Heel Jack), Bill Dawson, Purdy, Ed Summers, Bill Robbins and Tex La Fone.

We all met at the Big Bend May 31, organized and elected our officers: Bill Dawson, captain; Billy May, first lieutenant; and Tom Pepper, corporal. On the morning of June 1 we started. We picked up their trail at Blue Mountain (Sierra Abajo) at Lacomb Wash, then went down through the head of Indian Coulee. While camped here we realized we were getting short of grub. So the captain sent Green Robison and Pat O'Donnell on the hill to Hudson's cow range to get a beef. They never come back and we didn't get any beef.

(O'Donnell and Robison were cut off by eight Indians and chased into the timber. They then rode to the Big Bend and gave word of the fight. *Denver Tribune,* June 25, 1881.)

Went from there to Hatch Springs. The morning of the fifteenth of June we come onto the Indians about 9 o'clock on what is called Mill Creek, which rises in the La Sal Mountains about twenty miles east of Moab, Utah.

Right there the fun began. The Indians scattered and went across a deep canyon. We shot a few times then Dawson said, "Boys, get over there where they are."

We crossed the canyon but the Indians kept going. Bill Dawson picked Dick Curtis, Harg Eskridge, Ike Stockton, Harg Tarter, Billy Parks and myself to overtake the Indians and make a stand on them, and he would bring the rest as fast as possible. And he did. Then it was each man for himself. Harg Tarter and I rode together. Hadn't gone far when Tarter's horse was killed. There was an old mare with a mule colt close to us. I roped her. Harg rode bareback with my rope for a halter.

We soon found some big rocks, lay down and were shooting at some Indians above us on the mountainside. We were doing fine until one Injun seemed to be a pretty good shot for he got me in the left temple. I had my head thrown back so far—the hill was steep—the bullet didn't go in very far but grazed my skull and knocked me out. I told Harg I was done for, and for him to take my outfit and hunt up some of the men we knew were farther down the mountain. He did and told them I was dead. Soon he was killed.

Right here I want to say Harg Eskridge did not die from the wound he received in the fight. He was shot in the foot. If there was ever a reward for Harg Eskridge "dead or alive" I never heard of it, and I knew him well. He was no quitter. He had his faults, but I never heard of but one perfect person on earth, and He was crucified. When a man like Harg Eskridge and the boys we left on the side of La Sal Mountain offer their lives so men like some of the historical writers of Dolores, Colorado, can stay at home and talk about them—then I want to fight again.

(Mr. Bean here refers to later events when the so-called Eskridge-Stockton gang was active. Ike Stockton was killed by a deputy sheriff near Durango and Eskridge disappeared.—Pam 360, u. 109, State Historical Society. Stockton, a noted gunfighter, later became involved in a Silverton bank robbery, and was killed by a deputy sheriff. Harg Eskridge was in a cattle war between the Stocktons and Farmington cattlemen, but was not mentioned in connection with the Silverton affair.)

I DON'T remember when Harg Tarter left. The last I remember is when I told him not to stay there alone. About four o'clock in the evening I come to and jumped to my feet and looked up the

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mountain. There was a big Indian standing on a rock. He never saw me. I got down as quickly as possible. He got down off the rock and I crawled under some scrub oak. The old mare and colt had never left me. The Indians come after her. They talked about the blood. That was the longest conversation I ever heard in my life. While they were talking, I heard an Indian start for the brush. He made a whistling sound, but I never moved. By that time it was getting late and they had a lot of mutilating to do, so they left.

I lay still until dark, but oh, how I suffered for water. I had my gun and remembered where Harg and me had got a drink that morning. I crawled most of the way to the spring. I drank so much it made me sick. I lay and rested, finally took a regular drink and I could stand up and walk part of the way.

That morning, before the fireworks started, we agreed on a meeting place if any of us were left. We also all agreed if any of us got into a jam we would save one cartridge for ourselves.

Day was breaking when I saw some of the men starting out again. I "hollered" and Ed Summers came to me. They couldn't believe it was me, because they were so sure I was dead. Ed put me on his horse and led the horse to camp. My head by this time was terrible.

I stayed in camp. The second day the boys fought all day. But there would have been no second day if the Mormons who were herding cattle on the mountain hadn't heard the shooting and come to us. There was a big Mormon by the name of Walt Moore who gathered up sixteen men and come to the men.

Some time during the first day there was two of the Wilson boys from Moab come and they were both killed where Hi Melville, Tom Click, Harg Tarter, Jimmie Heaton (just a boy), Jack Galloway and Hiram Tarter were. Taylor's body was never found.

Dave Willis was killed out on a little flat. On the trip I ate and slept with Dave Willis, and no braver man ever gave up his life for his country than Dave Willis.

The evening of the first day, (name deleted) and one of the (name deleted) boys run. Walt Moore shot at them but didn't hit them. They went to Dolores and Rico and a bunch of men at Rico started right now. Led by a man by the name of Worden Grigsby, they didn't wait for anything.

I'm sorry I don't know the names of the men who came to our rescue. I was too sick to pay attention to anyone.

The morning of the third day the boys went out, but the Indians had left in the night and our boys had enough, too. They looked around and found the dead. Walt Moore knew the Wilson boys but didn't know when they come into the fight. This Walt Moore was a big man and had a principle and heart to go with his body. I always wanted to see him again. I don't believe there was a finer bunch of men in one group. Jimmie Heaton was about nineteen years old. I was twenty-three. The rest were all older.

On the way—fifteen days of traveling together—there was never a cross word spoken. The morning we left the Big Bend, Hi Melville told me he would never get back. He said he would rather go to be killed than to be called a coward. He didn't want someone else to fight to protect his property. He and Cal House had a bunch of cattle in partnership.

I went for my father and myself. Lots of the boys didn't own a cow but they

(Continued on next page)

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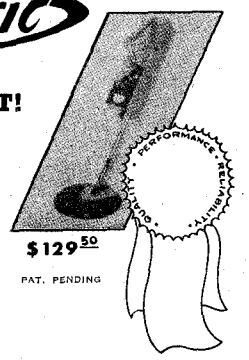

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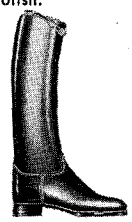

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didn't want any more killed and burned as Dick's was. Harg Tarter was one of them.

THE seventeenth, a man by the name of Frank Beck and his partner came to us with a spring wagon. They put the three wounded in the wagon and we all went to Pack Creek. The wounded ones were taken to a man's house by the name of Peterson. He had three wives. We rested there five days and started back to the Dolores.

In the meantime, the rescue party from Rico, led by Grigsby, went to the battlefield and we passed while they were looking for us. The third day after we made camp on Pack Creek (we had traveled nearly all night), the men went back to bury the dead. They had to bury them chaps and all. Cal House went after Hi Melville's body and buried it by Dick May (I think). Mrs. Willis took Dave's body to Mancos and buried it. The first day back we went to Hatch Springs and were there met by my father and brother, William Denby, Willis Rogers, Charley Foster—I can't remember the rest, but feel grateful to everyone that came.

From Hatch Springs we went to Hudson's camp right where Monticello, Utah, now stands. While we were camped at Hudson's camp, the Grigsby rescue party come to us on their way back. And Major Carroll from Fort Lewis with a company of Negro soldiers met us too. Told us we were every one under arrest for attacking and disturbing the Indians. Bill Dawson drawed his rifle out of the scabbard and told Carroll he just didn't have soldiers enough to arrest his men. Every man pulled their guns. Grigsby and his men, too, never faltered.

Carroll said, "Tut, tut, I don't want to fight."

Dawson said, "We have just come from a fight and can fight some more."

Then Carroll said, "If any of your men will show us the Indian trail, we will overtake them."

Dick Curtis and Gus Hefferman (of Rico) stepped out and said, "We will show you the trail."

They started back the next morning. Carroll had a cannon. Dick and Gus said everything was fine and Carroll wanted to fight until the Indian signs got fresh; then Carroll discovered he was short of rations and turned back.

(Considerable mystery attaches to the action of the troops in this matter. The Indians were never punished. In view of the pending removal of the Utes to Utah after the Meeker massacre, this suggests that pursuit of the Little Castle Valley renegades by the troops might not have been pressed because it might have started a general Ute war again.)

There was no certain tribe among the renegades, but they were led by Posy (Posey); Utes, Navajos, Pah Utes and more, all bent on doing all the damage they could.

(Indian police of the Los Pinos Agency captured two of the renegades and turned them over to "the commanding officer at the cantonment, near the agency." No reference as to their disposition has been found. These prisoners said they belonged to Tah-kun-ni-ca-vatz's band, which had been committing depredations during the previous six or seven years. *Report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs,* 1881, p. 20, by Indian Agent W. H. Berry.)

From Hudson's camp we went to Piute Springs, Cross Canyons, and on to the Big Bend of the Dolores. There we all separated. The men from Mancos went back to Mancos with Dave Willis. The Rico and Durango men went their way, and what was left from the Big Bend went home and glad to be there.

Adam Louie and myself were riding on the Lower Disappointment one day and we came onto a dead Ute Indian. He wasn't cold. I took a handmade silver bracelet and Adam took his blanket. I still have the silver bracelet.

I left Colorado July 21, 1884, with a pack horse (my folks had left in 1883). I came by the Green River Desert, through Fort Bridger, and reached the Rosebud about the twenty-fifth of September.

Took a pre-emption of 160 acres and my father and me took out the first ditch on the Rosebud River—1885-86. In 1888, I went back to Wisconsin and got married while there to a girl by the name of Bean, but no relation of ours.

We come back to the Rosebud River and went to housekeeping in a dirt-covered shack, 16x16, but it was home. Soon built more house. Had horses and cattle. The spring of 1893, we sold out our ranch and cattle and moved to Pryor Mountain, sixty-five miles south of Billings, Montana. Took up a homestead on the ceded strip of the Crow Reservation, which had been thrown open in October, 1892. We had a boy four years old when we left the Rosebud in a covered wagon. We moved by the Crow Agency on the Little Horn River and to Billings, then turned south. We were sixty-five miles from a post office. We got our mail and all supplies from Billings. We crossed the Crow Reservation going and coming. Made friends with the Pryor Creek Indians and still have them. We always attended strictly to our own business and the Indians to theirs, but we could always go to the Reservation to fish and pick plums or camp just as long as we wished.

In 1906, we sold the ranch on Piney (Pryor Mountain) and come to Clark's Fork River. Bridger was started in 1898 and we live one-half mile south of the town. We have seen this country grow and prosper, and feel we had a part in it. When the first mail line was started from Billings, Montana, to the Big Horn Basin in Wyoming, we had one of the stage stations and a post office—Bean. We got rid of that as soon as we could. But there had to be so many offices to get the line established.

We have lived the life of the West and loved it. We have always been lucky to have good neighbors. I don't believe any one family in the West ever had better neighbors than we have. Our youngest son was born in 1898. We sold our place on Pryor Mountain to move where our boys could go to school.

We have met lots of noted people and like them. They are just common, everyday folks same as we. I will mention Buffalo Bill and Calamity Jane. In 1895, Cody came to Wyoming and started the town of Cody. We were living at Pryor Mountain at the time, about sixty-five miles from Cody, but most of the stuff was freighted from Billings and lots of the freighters camped at our place on Piney.

Bridger sprung up in 1898. Coal was discovered. The winter of '98, Calamity did laundry work in Stringtown (Bridger). The land wasn't surveyed, so the town was built in the county road. At that time she was married to one of the Dorsey boys of Livingston, Montana, and he hauled water in barrels for the residents of Bridger.

We were almost "in heaven" when we could come only twenty-five miles for supplies. The railroad was built into

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Columbus, New Mexico, as it looked before the raid.

Bridger the winter of '98-'99. Calamity was the main drawing card for Bridger.

I would like to go back to Moab or La Sal Mountain and see the graves of the boys we left behind. . . . I went there in 1929, but could not get up to where the fight had been. I saw Henry Goodman in Moab and he told me I couldn't possibly make it. When this war is over and we can get tires, I hope to go back.

I have a grandson, Roy Bean, on Corregidor. That is, he has never been on any casualty list and we hope to see him. Our other grandson, Harry Bean, is in Temple, Texas, in the Tank Corps. They each volunteered and got to go where they wanted. So, if they don't come back, we have that for consolation.

If any of the old-timers of Southwestern Colorado, ever come this way I want them to stop. We are on the main highway from Billings to Cody, Wyoming, Yellowstone Park entrance.—Yours truly, Jordan Bean.

I Could Have Saved Columbus!

(Continued from page 25)

from Douglas, Arizona, bound for El Paso, Texas. The chugging of the train had hardly died away, it seemed to me, when there were shots and yells of 'Viva Villa . . . Viva Villa!'

"I later learned that it was more than an hour after the train left when the raid started. All over town came the shots and yells. There was such confusion as you cannot imagine. The *Villistas* broke into stores, shot windows out that showed lights, and emptied their tins of gasoline or coal oil on buildings and set them on fire."

Juan paused, reliving the terrible night of the raid, when flames devastated the town.

"They had brought the cans of kerosene, tied to their saddles. The frame buildings went up in a flash, their flames lighting the murderous scene. Later it was said that *Villistas* had crept upon the American sentries and knifed them.

"VILLA, with his usual cunning, had not come into Columbus from the east—and, therefore, the expected—way. He had circled the town and entered from the northwest. He cut the high fence that divides the two countries. There was a wide, deep ditch that cut the town from east to west and Villa took advantage of this ditch to ride undetected into the sleeping town." Again Juan spit into the sand near his chair, as if he would spit out the bitterness that still rankled in his heart.

"I did not know until later that not only did Colonel Slocum have my warnings, but a newspaper in El Paso, Texas, stated that President Wilson's representative, George C. Carothers, happened to be in El Paso at this time, and he had been informed of Villa's march northward. Carothers sent telegrams to Colonel Slocum, who commanded the 13th Cavalry at Columbus on the 6th and 7th of March, and also on the 8th of March. He called Colonel Slocum by phone about noon of the 8th of March, but the call was not completed until about 6 P.M.

"This I did not know until much later. But it is said that Colonel Slocum assured Mr. Carothers that Villa was seventy miles below the border. That was a lie. I had just told him that morning that Villa was only a few miles from the border with at least 600 men. I had sure knowledge."

"Did you hear nothing as you came toward Columbus?" I asked.

"Not a thing, but two times Petra asked me that same thing. 'Do you not hear something, my Juan?' she asked. Once I stopped the car and listened, but there was not a sound. 'Such a strange feeling I have,' she said and shivered as with cold. 'It's like there are ghosts out there waiting.' "

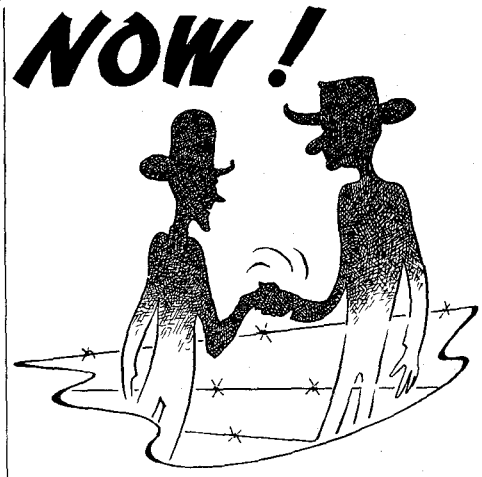
I could understand Juan's frustration, brought on, he thought, by the mistakes of the gringo whom he blamed for the tragedy.

"When Petra awakened, even before I could turn from the window where I was watching the blazing buildings, she crawled under the bed. I followed her. This was the safest place we could get, but thoughts of my mother alone in her adobe house some blocks away wouldn't let me stay for long in my hiding place. We had to go to her. She did not even have a gun to defend herself.

"Petra agreed we must go to *madre mia*. So we dressed in the dark, and opened our back door to see if there was any shooting in the neighborhood of my mother's house. There wasn't, so we ran as fast as we could, staying in the shadows of the underbrush and the few houses we passed.

"My mother was awake and opened the door with a glad cry. I suppose she thought we might be dead. The town was blazing now, and gunshots came from all directions. I felt that I must go and help my townspeople. If my warnings had only been heeded!" His voice became bitter again, and his wrinkled face set in grim lines.

"I found people half-dressed; some of



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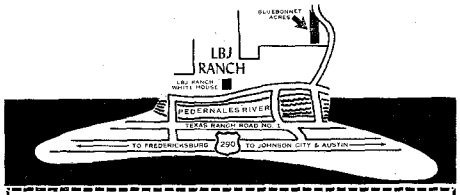

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them did not even have a gun. 'Get back into the houses,' I ordered them. 'Do not light your lamps.' All around me was death, red death, as other buildings were fired. I wondered where the members of the 13th Cavalry were.

"I learned later that the Cavalrymen were breaking into the locked guardhouse to get at their guns and ammunition. Can you imagine, señora, the arms locked up, so that even the soldiers could not get them! I do not understand. Lieutenant Castleman was on duty, and when finally they got the guns and ammunition, the men fought well.

"Mr. Miller, the druggist, died trying to protect his store from the raiders. The Commercial Hotel was in flames, and Mr. Ritchie was killed in the hallway, near the steps. I helped Mrs. Ritchie and her children get away from the hotel and into an old adobe house where they were safe for the time being.

"It seemed to me that the Ravel Brothers' store, the biggest in Columbus, was the center of attack. The front was in flames, but *Villistas* were plundering, and many of Villa's soldiers came out of the store, their arms laden with loot. Some of them were shot down in the streets; some escaped and rode away unmolested. Dean's Grocery was in flames and Mr. Dean made a wild dash toward it—a foolish thing because he was riddled with bullets before he had gone sixty feet.

"It seemed to me that the battle went on for hours, but next day I learned it had really lasted a little over two hours. Young Lieutenant John Lucas, who was commander of the machine-gun troops, gave a good account of himself. His group fired more than two thousand rounds, even though two of his guns jammed after firing a few rounds. The strange thing about the machine guns was that they also had been locked away, thus delaying their entry into the fight. Why? . . . Señora, I ask you why?" (I learned later that this same Lieutenant Lucas led the United States assault on the beach at Anzio, in Italy—never to be forgotten by the American boys who fought there. Lucas was the General who led those boys across the blood-drenched sands.)

"WHEN day came," Juan continued, "the soldiers and the citizens of Columbus rallied strength and were organized into a fairly good fighting band. We were doing all right when Villa's bugler blew retreat, and the *Villistas* fled toward the border. More than sixty of the raiders were killed as they retreated. And killed in the battle in town were 125.

"The people of Columbus were hysterical; the town, a smoldering ruin. We men wanted to follow the raiders into Mexico, but Colonel Slocum had returned to the town and he forbade it. He threatened to put the town under martial law if we did such a thing. Major Frank Tompkins, with about fifty troopers, was the first to come to our aid. He followed the *Villistas* into Mexico for a few miles, then as Villa met them with a rear guard, Tompkins, outnumbered, came back to Columbus and asked Colonel Slocum for more troops, but was refused."

Juan smiled grimly as he continued his story. "That morning Colonel Slocum sent for me and gave me a pass to go any place in the United States. 'Just get out,' he ordered me."

"Did you go?" I asked.

"*Si* . . . yes, I went. For a few days I stayed in Deming, then I came home. A few weeks later Petra's baby was born and died in convulsions, caused, I think, by that hard, rough drive that night.

"Our first baby . . . we were very sad. It should not have happened. Neither should Columbus have been caught unprepared for the Villa attack.

"And now the gringos plan to name this new park 'Pancho Villa Park.' *Que lastima!*"

"They do not do this to honor Villa," I explained, "but to commemorate the day when the United States was invaded by a foreign country."

"A black day it was," Juan muttered. "A very black day."

The town of Columbus is now coming alive again. A large land company has begun an extensive advertising campaign, calling Columbus "the place to retire in." They have plotted the city, and are selling many lots. There are many new homes and businesses. One of these is The Pancho Villa Museum.

The aftermath of the Columbus raid, of course, was that General John J. Pershing, with thousands of cavalrymen, went down into Mexico in pursuit of Pancho Villa. They were close to him many times, and it is the belief of some Southwesterners that Pershing did not want to capture Villa, but was hardening his men for whatever wars might lie ahead, as World War I would need seasoned troops. This is a debatable issue, but whatever else may be said, many boys were turned into soldiers during this Mexico campaign against Villa.

Like Juan Favela, the Southwest's Paul Revere, many people still wonder why the town of Columbus had to be invaded on that memorable 9th of March, 1916. Like Juan, they know it shouldn't have happened. Juan Favela had always been known as a truthful and honest man, and his warning should have been investigated and believed. The town should have been alerted.

Colonel Slocum had three warnings from Carothers, stating the *Villistas* planned an attack. Why was the town not given a chance to defend itself? Neither Juan Favela nor others can honestly give the reasons.

Age has not lessened Juan Favela's bitter memories, nor will he ever forget. Memories, bitter as those of Juan, can only end when life does.

There has always been a controversy whether Villa was the leader of the *Villistas* or whether he directed the raid from Mexican territory. Juan is a firm believer that Villa personally led the raid; and many who were there agree with him. There are others, historians and writers among them, who believe that Villa did not enter the United States that fateful night.

Walt Coburn's Tally Book

(Continued from page 17)

blow in that money. Let 'er buck. And you ride out of town emptying your six-shooter at the big sky and bawling like a hurt steer.

Back at the ranch, after the last shipment of beef. Snowflakes spitting out of a sky that's the color of lead. A wind whips your face. You hump up a little in the saddle and wonder what's become of your summer wages. You gather in the poor stuff that'll need feeding this coming winter. You go into some snowed-in line camp with another cowpuncher. Opening water holes, shoveling hay, fetching in anything that'll need feeding.

By spring you know the price of every article in that big mail-order catalog that's gone to furnish the bulk of your winter's reading. You come out with hair down to your shoulders, whiskers that

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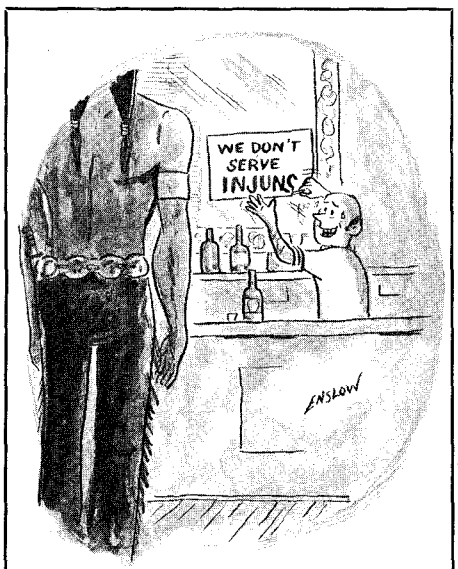

"Who put this ridiculous sign up here?"

would scare your best girl, cheeks and nose and lips black with frostbite. And when you shave off that brush to show the white hide underneath you sure look right comical. And before the calf work starts that spring, you take a few days off to squander that winter's wages as only a cowpuncher knows how.

Well, that's cowpunching, or anyhow some of it. There's the day-herding that makes a man lazy. There's the job of fence-riding they hand a man to keep him busy between roundups. Though the cowboy that ever made anywhere near good at riding fence was a sort of freak. When you couldn't mend that fence without getting out of the saddle, you asked the boss to send out a fence crew of hay-hands.

DRY summers, you rode the bog holes. When you were out of a job, you saddled your private horse and rode the grub line till you struck an outfit that was short-handed. You talked some of joinin' the Wild Bunch and robbing trains. You cussed the grub, the long circles, the outfit. But you'd fight at the drop of the hat if an outsider said anything that was anyways off-color about the spread you worked for.

It takes about a lifetime to make a cowpuncher. And once a cowpuncher, you're always one. You may be a banker, or you may be tending bar. But there, inside you, under your ribs, your heart is the heart of a cowboy, and all hell can't change your style of thinking.

Cowfolks are different from any other kind. They don't get impressed by how much money you've made, or how you made it. To them you're the same fellow they worked with in Montana or Arizona. If you made any bad mistakes along your back trail, they figure that's your business.

There's been a lot written about the chivalry of cowboys, a lot of it pretty mushy stuff. But through all of it there is a strain of truth. Mostly, cowpunchers are a bashful lot, drunk or sober. And while they might get a mite careless about their language, their cussing is clean cussing. They wouldn't tell a suggestive story in the presence of a decent girl for the biggest prize you could name. You could trust your wife or your daughter with a bunch of cowpunchers anywhere. I'm speaking of the real cowpuncher, not the mail-order kind that thinks any man that wears a ten-gallon hat and a pair of boots is a cowboy.

When I quit dreaming of the fun a cowboy has, and remember about the rain and the hard work and the wet blankets and the slim grub and how it griped a man to get up in the middle of a rainy night to sing to a beef herd, well, I know that the Señor Dios sure handed me something purty when he crippled me up and then let me stumble onto this writing game.

See you next month.—Walt

Punch Choisser's Wild Ride

(Continued from page 20)

and his prisoner on Slattery's toll road some twelve miles out of town. He had heard several shots before and after meeting the deputy, and had heard him urging the Indian on by saying that the Rangers were gaining. He had not met the Rangers as they had apparently taken a short cut in order to head off their quarry.

It was one-thirty in the afternoon by the courthouse clock when Choisser and his prisoner began their frantic flight for life. The deputy had already planned his route and he figured on getting fresh horses at Hornitos, providing he could keep his lead on his pursuers. Just beyond Princeton, six miles out of Mariposa, the road divided into what was then a dense thicket of oak. Although it was a more dangerous road, Choisser took the fork that led to the old Hornitos toll road since it was the shorter route. The danger lay in the many treacherous turns and open spaces in which he would make a good target, but he plunged ahead determined in his course of action.

The sky was gloomy and overcast as the two flying figures raced along the twisting road amid the oak and scattered pine trees which were laced with scrubby brush. Several times the road straightened out enough to permit the Kentucky Ranger a clear view, and twice his rifle shots grazed the deputy's horse.

At each shot, Choisser merely looked quickly at the Indian to make sure he was unhurt, and then urged their mounts on to a greater effort. High above a bouldered canyon the three horsemen spurred their animals pitilessly onward, two riding for life and the other with death in his eye.

Finally the tree-shrouded mountains gave way to the rolling foothills and Hornitos came into view. Choisser urged the horses on to a final effort as they galloped past the Chinese section of town and on to a stable. The giant Kentuckian was only minutes behind as the deputy and his prisoner reined up in front of the livery barn.

"Tell Brown to saddle two of his best horses and meet us on top of the hill," yelled the deputy, "and stall this man if you can." He pointed back over his shoulder and then clattered off down the street.

The liveryman saddled two animals and trotted out the back entrance just as the Ranger came galloping up. Brown headed for the hill designated by Choisser and arrived several minutes later. As the switch was made from the heaving, foam-flecked mounts to the fresh animals, the liveryman queried the deputy.

"What's this all about, Punch? I left word to hold up that other feller as long as possible, but he'll get a horse somewhere."

"It's a lynching he has on his mind," replied Choisser, "but I've got other ideas. You'll hear about it later. Right now, get back there and try to stall him as long as possible—and take good care of Black Bess!"

(Continued on next page)

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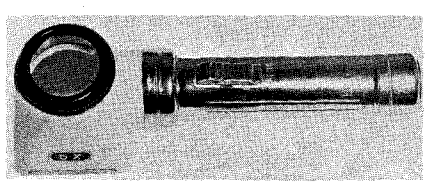

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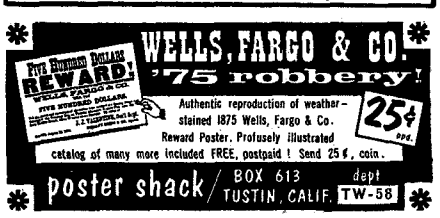

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The deputy had left the Indian untied when they had changed animals and now he instinctively checked the saddle cinches. As he mounted his fresh horse, he pulled an extra pistol from inside his coat.

"You take this, Willie, and ride straight. If he catches us, shoot straight. Don't look back and, remember, that big Ranger is just behind us."

SPURRING their fresh horses, the two men galloped on down the hill and onto the road again. The hoofs of their animals fairly flew as they dashed between and over the now receding hills. In a short time they were out on the plains and the hills and mountains faded behind them. It was just turning to dusk when Choisser glanced over his shoulder and saw the pursuing Ranger again on their heels. On they rode over the alkali flats as the light began to fade.

The Ranger always seemed to be gaining, but Punch couldn't be sure it wasn't just his imagination. Night had fallen when the two riders clattered over the Bear Creek bridge and into the town of Merced. Dashing up to the town jail, Choisser was relieved to see a light showing. He quickly gained entrance and saw his prisoner locked up safely at last. The wild ride was over and the jail door slammed shut practically in the Ranger's face, although actually, it was about fifteen minutes before the disappointed Ranger arrived. Punch flipped out his watch and noted that it was exactly five-thirty.

This then was the wild ride of Punch Choisser—"a ride that for cool bravery, persistent courage and unostentatious daring, has never been surpassed," or so one early chronicler characterized it. Perhaps this early writer was carried away in admiration of the feat, but it was a wonderful and daring ride for which Deputy Choisser deserved great credit. He had risked his life for a prisoner and "who shall say that this ride through sand and snow did not win for him access to a portal brighter than the dull jail door."

The Mariposa *Gazette*, in telling of the events four days later, called attention to one of the more remarkable aspects of the chase. "This is perhaps the best time ever made between this place and Merced (four hours)—a distance of forty-five miles via Hornitos." Actually the editor was making something of an understatement for, considering the weather and mountainous terrain covered, the ride deserved a much more eloquent appraisal. That the editor, a man with the somewhat lyrical name of Angevine Reynolds, was of a conservative nature goes without saying.

It isn't known if the Rangers caused any further trouble, but Deputy Choisser was up early and smuggled his prisoner aboard the six o'clock train for San Francisco. The trip was without further incident and the officer and his charge duly arrived at the Central Police Station to complete the final leg of their journey.

When the formalities were over, the police sergeant asked Choisser for the commitment papers that would officially consign Indian Willie to San Quentin Prison. Punch reached into his inside coat pocket and, finding nothing, stared dumbly at his prisoner. He looked in his outside coat pockets and then, more frantically now, in his trousers. After going through all his pockets a second time the deputy finally gave up. He smiled weakly as he realized that in all the turmoil and rush of his leaving Mariposa, he had forgotten the commitment papers. The sergeant and Indian Willie joined him in a hearty laugh while bystanders looked on in bewilderment.

SOME years later, on November 17, 1884, faithful Black Bess returned home alone to Bear Valley. By this time Choisser had given up his work as a lawman and was superintendent of the Mariposa Commercial and Mining Company. Black Bess led a search party over the mountain to the Merced Canyon where, six miles below Benton Mills, Lafayette Choisser was found lying dead on the riverbank. As his life was something of a mystery, so was his death, although it was probably the result of heart trouble.

Of the seven children of Lafayette Choisser, only Mrs. Daisy Choisser Condrey, of Modesto, California, survives. She was born in Bear Valley in 1882 and the author is indebted to her and to her son, John Condrey, for supplying information relative to this story.

Quiet, heroic Punch Choisser is remembered only for his one great moment, but in that moment he was magnificent. It was a soul-stirring moment in which a legend was born.

Arrowhead Country

(Continued from page 21)

When someone would tell Miz Ella there was going to be a meeting and dinner on the ground she would always reply, "All right, I'll bake a cake."

When the food was on the tables, members of a family would usually stay at their own table and eat the food they had brought with them. Mr. Sam and his family, however, made the rounds of the other tables, helping themselves generously to a little bit of everything. Their own "baked cake" was left on their table for anyone who might care to partake of it. Seldom did anyone sample it.

When dinner was over, Mr. Sam's wife would return the cake to the box it had been brought in, and take it back home. Miz Ella, when learning of meeting and dinner on the ground, was always willing to "bake a cake."

ANOTHER place for hunting treasure was on the farm of Jeb Hite. He often encouraged us to dig in the several ravines on his property. He even went so far as to furnish us with a shovel and a grubbing hoe. He always made it plain, however, that if any treasure was found on his property, he was to receive half.

We usually ended up with perhaps fifty or more arrowheads and, once in a while, a few of the old brown coins that were so common. Jeb would always take his share of the "find" but we never learned what he did with it.

Practically everyone, behind his back, referred to Jeb as the "remedy man." He could make up, on the spur of the moment, a cure or remedy for any illness or ailment that anyone could describe. Strangely, no one ever referred to him as "Doc," it was always "Jeb, the remedy man."

One day Jeb was telling his neighbor about an open sore on the shoulder of his best plow-mule. The neighbor, Walt Pullin, told Jeb to take a quart of warm water, put half a cup of baking soda in the water and dissolve it; put in a tablespoonful of vinegar, mix it all together and stir well. Then gently apply the mixture to the sore twice daily and the sore should heal within a few days.

Jeb snorted scornfully to show his disapproval of the suggested remedy. When he did that, Walt Pullin jerked his hat off his head, threw it on the ground and

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yelled angrily at Jeb, "I, gad, that's the same dang thing you told me last year for one of *my* mules, so dang you, try your own dad-burned remedy!"

Another person worthy of mention was old Mr. Jinch whose wife's name was Nellie. Many was the time he chased us out of his cow pasture where we were looking for likely treasure spots.

From time to time, several men in the neighborhood would get together and go on a fishing trip to the Neches River which was about twelve miles away. When the men were ready to return home, their catch was divided equally. If only one or two men caught fish and the others failed to catch any, it was the rule to share the fish anyway.

One time a group of men, including Mr. Jinch, went on a fishing trip. After three days on the river, no one had caught anything and their food supply had run out. Late in the afternoon of the third day they started taking in their set-hooks to go home.

On the very last pole, one of several that had been set out by Mr. Jinch, was a large catfish that was estimated at about thirty pounds. When they landed the fish, old Mr. Jinch chortled, "Well, doggone, it's so purty I'm gonna take it home alive to Nellie." And he did, too; but he never lived it down nor was he ever invited by any of those men to go fishing with them again.

My father once told a story about some fishermen who, while making the rounds of the set-hooks, came to one pole stuck in the riverbank that was really thrashing up and down. It was plain to see that they had snagged a big one (over twenty-five pounds).

One of the men, Jake Lunn, was trying to land the big catfish but was having quite a bit of trouble getting it out of the water. Joe Brown called to Jake, "Put your thumbs in his gills and lift him out."

Jake immediately let the fish drop back into the water, crawled up the riverbank, and proceeded to clobber the man who had offered him the advice. Joe Brown was new in the group and did not know then, but later learned, that Jake had knocked him down because Jake had been born without a thumb on either hand.

We kids had a way of catching fish without hooks and lines. Black walnut trees grew abundantly on our farm, and in the summer when the walnuts were about full-grown but still green, we would tote several bushels in tow-sacks down to the creek and locate a fairly good-sized hole of water. We would always pick one that had a fairly small outlet from the deeper part. While some of us were shoveling dirt into the narrow outlet so as to form a temporary dam, others would be pounding the walnuts, still in the sacks, with the head of a single-bitted axe.

The next step was to undress and swim around dragging the sacks of walnuts until the water was stained brown with juice. Pretty soon the fish, mostly perch and bass (we called the bass "trout"), would come to the top of the water to gulp air, and we would grab them. Before long we usually had a good mess of fish. We would then take the shovel and remove the dirt from the outlet to permit the water to flow out. Within an hour or two the water would be clear again. None of us ever saw any fish, caught or left in the water, that suffered any serious after-effects. They were probably inconvenienced for an hour or so until the hole filled with clear water but none of them, as far as we ever learned, died as a result of the walnut juice.

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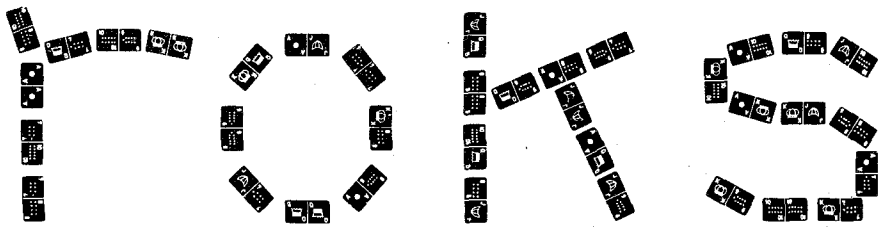

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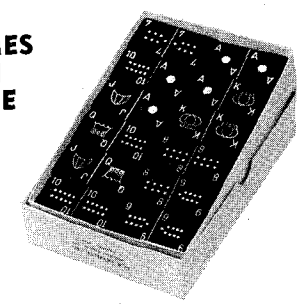

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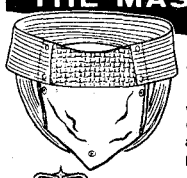

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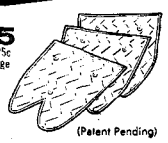

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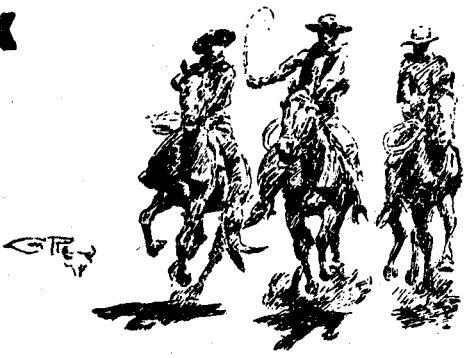

By The Old Bookaroos

THE ARMY IN THE WEST

Old Forts of the Southwest (Superior, $12.50) is by Herbert M. Hart. This big picture book covers the permanent old army posts in Texas, Kansas, Oklahoma, New Mexico, and Arizona very well indeed. The end sheet map showing the military posts, including but not limited to the forts, is a highly significant contribution to the history of the Southwest. The text of this book is brief but extremely useful—while your reviewer recognizes the space limitations of the book, a somewhat more detailed account of the contributions of the forces stationed at some of the various forts would have been in order. The organization is unique—for example, one section has the title "Robert E. Lee Was Here" and covers seven forts in Texas. The section "Mackenzie's Raiders" covers four other Texas forts. In addition to the fine photos, the drawings by Paul J. Hartle show the layout of each fort. A directory and an index enhance the book. Recommended.

Guide to the Military Posts of the United States (State Historical Society of Wisconsin, $7.50) by Francis Paul Prucha should score a bull's eye with those who collect books on U. S. war history. This guide brings together the facts about 475 historic posts which protected eastern colonists and pioneers from the Appalachians to the Pacific Ocean. Some existed only for several months while a few have been active for a century. An extensive introduction describes U. S. frontier military programs and other main features of the book are: an alphabetical catalog of all types of military posts; a series of maps showing the distributions of regular army troops; two-color maps showing the location of military posts; twenty-eight pictures showing military scenes; and a bibliography on military posts. Those who want to know where U. S. soldiers lived and fought, should own a copy of this unusual fact book.

RANGE LIFE

Harry Sinclair Drago's *Great American Cattle Trails* (Dodd, Mead, $5.00) is an entertaining summary of much that has been recorded about the trails over which cattle were driven to market. As in all other writings on the subject, the trails north from Texas dominate the text. Perhaps a mite too much of Harry's great book, *Wild, Woolly and Wicked* (N. Y., 1960), on the Kansas cowtowns was repeated in this volume. After all, the Northern Plains were settled by cowmen. MacKenzie's victory at Palo Duro Canyon and the winter campaign of General Nelson A. Miles following the fiasco on the Little Big Horn cleared the way for such settlement.

The Longhorns from Texas were the cattle used to stock these northern ranges but the English breeds from the Old Northwest Territory were close behind. The trails followed in stocking the northern prairies receive scant attention. Give Harry a big plus for his chapter on the early eastern trails—Bay State Cow Path, Wilderness Road and the Three Mountain Cattle Trail. And unless this reviewer's old Dad was wrong (he lived hard by one or the other of the trails from the time he arrived in Texas in 1872) give the cartographer a minus for the map (pp. 50-51). Notes, a bibliography, an index, some good photos and end sheet illustrations by L. Bjorklund round out the volume. Recommended.

Ranch Wife (Doubleday, $4.95) is the story of the trials and tribulations of Jo Jeffers, a tenderfoot bride on a modern-day ranch in northern Arizona. The story of Jo's wedding to Cooney Jeffers at the Alvarado Hotel in Albuquerque is sure to bring some chuckles. But business really picks up when the newlyweds get back to the ranch. Cooney's help was Navajo and there never seemed to be much of it—particularly when he needed it the most. Jo tells of her experiences in becoming a top hand and much of it is very amusing but there are some quite serious episodes included. Ross Santee, long-time top Arizona writer-artist, did the illustrations for Jo's book. Highly entertaining and strongly recommended.

SOUTHWESTERN ARTIST

The wisdom of the policy of the Board of the Amon Carter Museum of Western Art in publishing a book to commemorate each major exhibition has been applauded in this column before. This reviewer had the privilege of seeing the great Peter Hurd show titled "The Gate and Beyond" at the museum in December, 1964. The follow-up book, *Peter Hurd, A Portrait Sketch from Life* (Amon Carter Museum of Western Art, Ft. Worth, Texas, $7.50) was written by Paul Horgan, Pete's long-time friend. No better choice of an author could have been made—Horgan is one of the great among the writers of the Southwest. He has followed with tremendous personal interest Pete's career from the time they were fifteen-year-old cadets at the New Mexico Military Institute at Roswell. Horgan, the word artist, is also competent with the brush and knows his Southwest. He has written from the heart in this volume but is so truly a historian that the head was always in control. The book is illustrated with six color and sixteen black-and-white plates by Hurd and was expertly printed for the Museum by the University of Texas Press. Strongly recommended.

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SAM'S TEXAS

Sam Houston, one of the immortal Texans, is a fitting subject for an introspective book and the engaging young San Angelo writer, Sue Flanagan, has honored the great man in her *Sam Houston's Texas* (University of Texas Press, $12.50). Texas won Sam's heart as he forded the Red River in 1832 and proclaimed it to be "the finest portion of the Globe that has ever passed my vision." Sue Flanagan covered 7,300 miles back-tracking Sam's Texas trails. She illustrated her book with many of her handsome photographs taken when she visited historic scenes and talked with people who gave new information about Houston. The story about the Texas patriot progresses naturally in Sue's clear crisp prose and the artistry of her rare photography animates the text and gives the reader vicarious enjoyment while viewing scenes that Sam Houston saw with their original endowments. Highly recommended.

BLUE AND GRAY

Civil War buffs interested in little known western phases of our unfortunate national struggle find some interesting new material in *The Civil War in the Southwest* (Big Mountain Press, $5.00) by Arthur A. Wright. Presented in documentary style with abundant notes, the book deals with recruitment, training, and fighting of California volunteers who aided Federal troops in some bloody battles along the Rio Grande in New Mexico. There is considerable information on the military exploits of Major Henry Sibley and General E. R. Canby plus a description of tactical maneuvers of both armies at Glorieta Pass where Major Chivington's luck resulted in a Confederate defeat.

Land Of Triangles, Turtles And Hatchets

(Continued from page 16)

Going east from Lake Altus one soon comes to the main range of the Wichitas, a region that was thoroughly prospected by the Spaniards. Today, "treasure maps" are in circulation which are profusely illustrated with locations and drawings of undiscovered and discovered caches.

Among the many things depicted are treasure chests, pots of gold and silver, gold and silver bars, precious jewels, firearms, swords, Spanish helmets, bridle bits, spurs, saddles, and a smelter in Devil's Canyon for gold and silver. Some of the discovery claims seem to have been pretty well verified; and to paraphrase the saying, "Where there's smoke, there's fire"—where there are so many buried treasure symbols, there *must* be some treasure.

These modern treasure maps not only deal with Spanish treasure but point out caches of men like Jesse and Frank James, the Daltons and others. Somewhere in the wooded hills around Leonard, Oklahoma, the James boys are purported to have hidden away a fortune. After Jesse was supposedly murdered, Frank disappeared for a spell. Later he was acquitted of robbery charges and came back to the Leonard locality where he prowled over the hills for many weeks, searching among the rocks and trees. Finally he left.

Years afterward, a highway was built through that area. Then this road was changed. While construction was going on, rumor says one road crew left and

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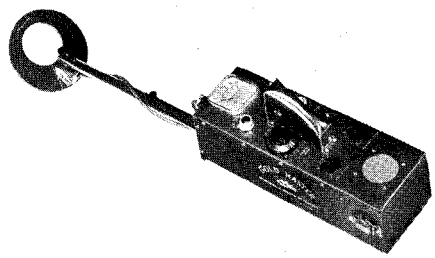

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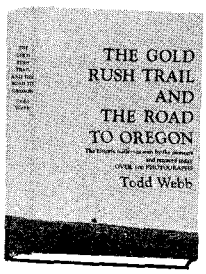

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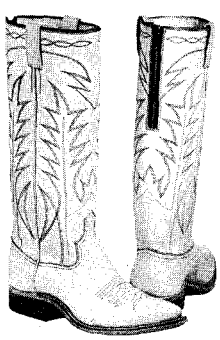

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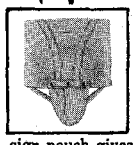

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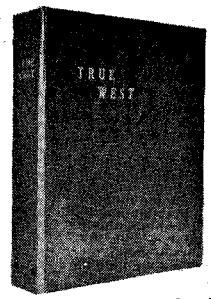

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never came back to the job—so another had to finish it. Did the workmen hit pay dirt? One man in eastern Oklahoma says a prominent citizen in one of the larger cities has some gold which was dug from a cache in that part of the state.

Another tale concerns the Daltons. When they headed for their ill-fated rendezvous in Coffeyville, Kansas, one member of the gang remained behind with the "take" from a recent train robbery—a big haul of $200,000. While the others were busy with the Coffeyville job, this man was to case the bank at Vinita, which was to be the site of the next robbery. When he learned of the disaster which befell his companions, the man is thought to have buried the $200,000. What happened to him is uncertain; but another fellow, "who hung around Vinita and never worked a day in his life," seemed to have a nose like a trail hound for the money which was said to have been hidden near the intersection of two roads near town. It wasn't long before this man moved over into Arkansas and built a fine mansion.

ALONG about 1940 an old man camped for some time by the highway bridge over Euchee Creek between Drumright and Cushing. He claimed that he once had been a member of an outlaw gang and had been involved in a shoot-out in which several were killed when a dispute arose over the split of a robbery take.

During his stay by the bridge, Graybeard became a sort of fixture in the vicinity where he often strolled along the roads, stopping now and then to visit with some farmer. One day he borrowed a shovel from a man, saying he wanted to dig some worms and catch a nice mess of fish. He promised to return the shovel the next day.

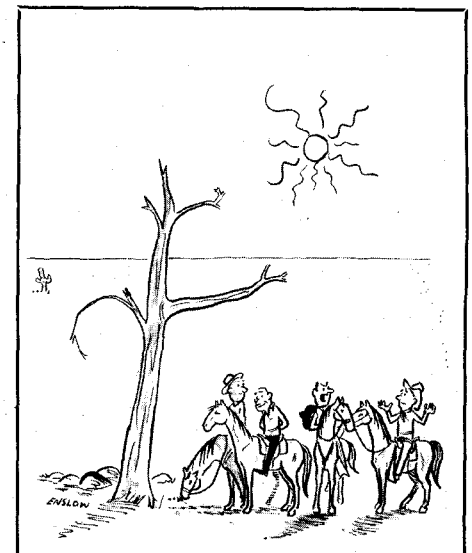
Several days passed and the shovel was not returned. Then a neighbor on his way to Cushing stopped to see this farmer about a matter. Their conversation got around to the old man. The one who had lent him the shovel mentioned it, saying he wondered if the old fellow was still camped by the bridge.

His neighbor replied, "You know that hill back from the road northwest of here where some of us have tried to find that loot the outlaws buried? Well—your sayin' that old man borrowed your shovel makes me think of seein' him a few days ago. I never paid much attention when I met him goin' north up that road. I waved at him as I drove by. His hobo bundle was slung over his shoulder and I figured he was maybe movin' on. But thinkin' back on it I do remember it seemed kinda funny he was carryin' a shovel."

"Th' old goat!" the farmer blurted, "Let's go over there."

Leaving the car by the fence at the foot of the hill, the men walked up to a spring near the top. Here and there were old holes which had been dug from time to time by hopeful treasure hunters. Off to one side—several yards from any other hole, they spotted the shovel sticking upright in a mound of freshly dug earth. The hole there was about three feet deep. Nobody around Euchee Creek ever saw the old man again.

PROSPECTORS hurrying to California for gold found Chouteau's Trading Post the last supply stop before heading into hostile Kiowa-Comanche country. Located near Chouteau Creek, not far from Camp Holmes on the bank of the South Canadian, the post got lots of trade during gold rush days.



"You forgot the rope?"

The exact date is not known, but sometime during the days of the Forty-niners, a party of traders came up from Mexico and, while in the vicinity of Chouteau's Post, were attacked by Indians. Seeing what was in store for them, the traders buried their gold at the base of a big walnut tree. Only one escaped. Later, the survivor returned and buried his companions—one near the walnut tree. He was afraid the heavy gold might hinder his flight from the Indians he felt sure were lurking about, so he drew a map of the cache and slipped out of the country.

Around the turn of the century a Mexican with a map dug holes all around the old trees. He died. Nobody is certain as to what he found—if anything.

Soon after World War I, workmen changed the course of Chouteau Creek so that it emptied into the Canadian about two miles north of Lexington. The new channel washed away some of the land along its banks. In 1920, a hunter found a skeleton which had been unearthed at the edge of the creek. Nearby was the stump of a big walnut tree.

Mystery still surrounds the buried treasure. Near a spring north of Camp Holmes a farmer dug up a large iron pot. Inside it was a small kettle containing traces of gold dust. Some think that Indians found the gold and left the kettle and pot when they moved on.

In 1907, Frank James built a home near the town of Fletcher—not far from where the James gang is said to have buried loot valued at $2,000,000! When not farming, Frank spent much time riding over the country—searching—searching.

At the time the gang was operating, it was a wild, unsettled region. Now it was settled. Evidently Frank's search was futile. The changed appearance of the land must have confused him—as in the case of his trying to locate the cache near Leonard.

West of Tulsa there are caves near old Mannsford where some think the Daltons buried some of their loot. In the Gyp Hills around Watonga there is a cave which folks say holds more of their booty. In the Antelope Hills along the California Trail, shortly before it enters the Texas Panhandle, gold is reportedly buried—hidden at the time of an Indian attack on a wagontrain.

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Between Mount Scott and Mount Sheridan in the Wichitas an arrastre and three old mine shafts have been found, which some attribute to the Spanish. Others who have studied them believe Anglo-American miners dug the shafts. Be that as it may, they offer mute evidence that the Wichitas have been mined, and rumors are rife as to the results. Many, many markings such as turtles, crossed rifles, Spanish helmets, Swallow Forks, crosses and triangles are to be found carved on rocks throughout these mountains.

Adobe ruins of a Spanish village have been found here in Devil's Canyon. The western Dodge City Cattle Trail and Coronado's Route in search of Quivira roughly parallel each other across this part of the state. Hijacked stagecoaches lost strong boxes along the Dodge Trail. The loot has long been sought.

South of the town of Taloga, on the banks of the Canadian, treasure and a cannon are supposed to be buried. On north near Buffalo, an old saddle was found in a cave said to have been a hideout of the Daltons. Some Buffalo citizens claim there is money hidden there. Many have tried to find it.

MOVING into the Panhandle of Oklahoma—once a wild, lawless place called No Man's Land—one hears more of buried treasure and finds signs that seem to substantiate the tales. The most interesting concerns Flag Springs, not far west of the highway leading from Boise City to Lamar, Colorado. The springs are located in the brakes on the south side of the Cimarron. They were a watering place and rest stop for caravans. Many of the wagons were carrying gold bullion along this danger zone "Cutoff" of the Santa Fe Trail between Independence, Missouri, and Santa Fe, New Mexico.

On one of the numerous occasions when wagontrains were attacked by Indians and outlaw gangs, a large shipment of gold bullion was hidden before the attack in a spot near the springs. Legend says most of the wagoners were massacred and the gold is still buried there.

Many years after the attack, one old fellow did a lot of digging around the springs. An early-day rancher, who had a blacksmith shop, sharpened the old man's pick many times. Whether he found the gold or not is still a question. The concensus thereabouts is that the gold still lies buried—somewhere.

Although not in the Oklahoma Panhandle—but just a couple of miles or so over the line in Colorado—this item may well be mentioned here. A few years ago my wife and I, along with four friendly ranchers, visited some "picture-writing caves" in a canyon which fingers off from the Cimarron. One cave had carvings of birds on the walls—graceful, well-designed birds, much resembling the near-extinct whooping cranes. An adjoining cave was decorated with a treasure map, with Spanish words and an arrow pointing to "treasure."

With the recent influx of sightseers and sportsmen to the Eufaula Dam area, which was opened not long ago, there has been a rash of buried treasure tales floating around the Canadian River. This treasure-trove hotbed is smack in the middle of a region dominated by Younger's Bend where Belle Starr was bushwhacked February 3, 1889. Her grave is not far below the dam—just up a slope on the north side of the river.

When you examine one of these "store-bought" treasure maps—even though it may be pretty well doctored up—or when you hear old-timers tell their colorful tales, apparently with the utmost sincerity—some of the skepticism is soon erased unless you are a dyed-in-the-wool doubter.

Of course, there are some who will look at a treasure map with you and show little interest, and others who will give you a look meaning, "Now don't tell me *you're* falling for that tommyrot stuff!" But what they do not know is that they're missing a lot of fun and excitement by not getting into the spirit of treasure hunting, especially here in Oklahoma. Of course, there's always the chance of your getting shot by some landowner who might resent your digging up a pot of gold from his property. But most any red-blooded person will forget the risk when he's bird-dogging for fabulous loot alongside Wildhorse Creek near Haystack Mountain, Arbuckle country; or thirty-five to forty mule-loads of Spanish bullion a few miles west of Oklahoma City along a creek. Some more of the James boys' booty near a clump of marked trees east of Tuttle is also a blood-quickener, as is the silver casket containing gold and jewels buried south of Altus.

There are seemingly endless stories if one will but listen. Admittedly, some do sound a bit wild—others, on the level. The man who saw the guide pick up the piece of silver-like substance that day near the Ancient Oak believes, "Thar's gold in them thar hills!"—and silver! Why? Because, when the piece was given the works in a thorough test by a Tulsa lapidarian, it tested *pure silver!*

Has it lain in the sandy soil along the South Canadian through the years since it was dropped there by a Spaniard? Or, has some "digger" hit pay dirt in one of the numerous holes that pockmark the earth for some distance back from the river bank and, in his haste to get away before being detected, dropped the piece? No wonder treasure hunting has become Oklahomans' favorite outdoor sport!

Forgotten City Of Napias Creek

(Continued from page 39)

Mason-Dixon Line did exist. To the west of this line lived the Democrats, and the new town was called Leesburg in honor of General Robert E. Lee; the Yankee end was named Grantsville, as you would readily suspect, in honor of the victorious northern leader.

Due to the fact that the Southerners were in such a great majority and everyone was so busy, peace rested over the basin and Leesburg became the official name.

In our search for incidents that usually start boothill cemeteries we were unsuccessful. The camp seems to have escaped violence until September, 1941. According to Lemhi County court records a Los Angeles firm was successfully reworking the old Napias channel with a dragline outfit, and their crew made up the bulk of the old mining town's citizenry at that time. As the big dragline ate its way up the canyon it neared a property claimed by Charlie Ernst, a local miner.

It is said that Ernst had openly made threats about what would happen to the dragline crew if and when they crossed his so-called line. Not wanting any of his men endangered, Stanley Wood, a son of the firm's owner, personally began operations in the disputed area. One morning young Wood was ambushed, being shot off his caterpillar by a high-

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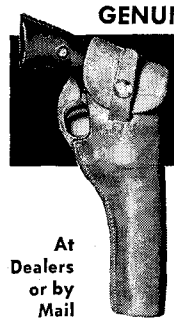

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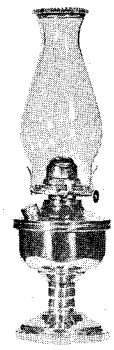

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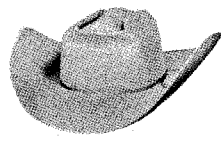

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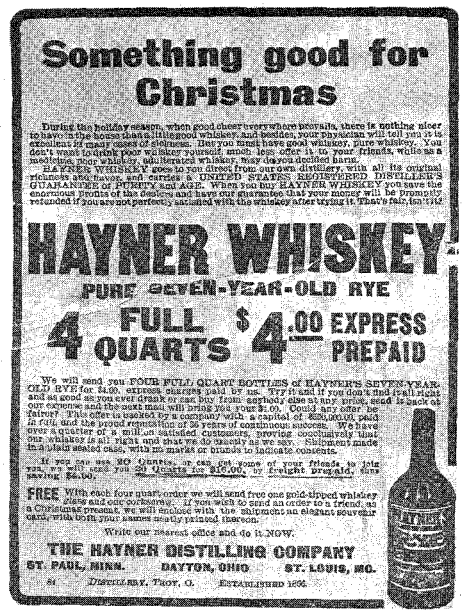
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Another advertisement taken from the newspapered walls of the old post office

powered rifle fired from a nearby grove of pines.

Ernst was tried, and on circumstantial evidence was sentenced to the Idaho State Penitentiary where he served less than two years and was released. Ernst died a few months after his release from prison, but that rifle shot spoke finis to the large operations of Leesburg. Stanley Wood became a cripple for life, and the outfit pulled out lock, stock and barrel.

The post office was abandoned in 1942 and at the time of my visit, only Mr. Scarbrough, Duncan Berridge and Reed Broadbent stood between Leesburg and total abandonment.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 37)

chose another ass when He chose me to make Pilgrim Church a power for His name."

He finally reached a point where something had to be done about his health. Dr. Clarence Smith, one of Seattle's first doctors and a member of my father's congregation said, "In your nervous condition you would be better working in the dirt."

The Olympic Peninsula had just opened for timber claims and homesteads. A family conference was held and it was decided that my father should give up his pastorate and go homesteading. I was then ten months old. The Quillayute Prairie on the Peninsula seemed like a likely spot and so the family began to make plans.

It was a big decision to make as neither my father nor mother had camped a day in their lives. To add to this, my father was one-armed, having lost an arm when he was a youth. And we were going into hostile country. In those days, the few families that homesteaded there feuded with one another. They were united in only one thing, their hatred of newcomers.

As I was told after I became older, we started with little money and few provisions. My father's father had been a doctor and so we had with us a good medicine kit, as it might mean life or death. Little did the family know how hard provisions would be to come by.

There was a small store at Mora but sometimes it was out of supplies for a year. All freight came by ocean to LaPush where it was loaded into Indian canoes. Some years it was so rough the canoes could not get to the boat. I can remember one year when there was no flour. We made potato flour by grating potatoes over a tub of water and letting the starch settle, later to be dried.

We took a boat to Clallam Bay and from there a trail led to Quillayute forty miles away. There was no wagon road. Alston Fairservice at Clallam rented us two horses and we bought a cow. My mother rode and carried me. My brother, who was five, held on behind. My father walked and led the cow and pack horse.

In this fashion, we started on the trail which wound over what was then called Burnt Mountain and on to Beaver Prairie, the half-way place. My father hoped to make Beaver Prairie the first night, but we didn't, so we camped. It was then my parents realized how many things they had forgotten. There was no pail for milking, so my father chopped a hole in a log, made the cow step over the log, and milked into the hole.

Finally, we reached the Quillayute Prairie and there, just as though it were waiting for us, was a small deserted homesteader's cabin. Any roof over our heads was welcome, so here we stayed.

WE were tired through and through, but not too tired to enjoy the beauty and abundance of the prairie spread out before us. The meadows were a carpet of wild flowers: pink erythronium, lavender Jacob's ladder, baby breath and frittilarias. At the edge of the prairie, under the trees, were white oxalis, wild onion and camas. Wild berries grew in profusion.

Roaming our prairie were herds of deer, elk and bear, while flocks of wild geese and ducks settled in its ponds. We had found a home in the wilderness.

As the story has been told to me, we hadn't seen a soul for weeks when one day we heard horse's hoofs. A man came riding up to the cabin to see if my father knew anything about medicine. His son had shot himself. It would take nearly a week to get to a doctor.

So my father took his medicine kit and hurried to the boy. He was shot right through the upper part of his body. Father put a drain in and stayed until the boy was better. The boy lived for many years.

That was the "open sesame." People came from all the nearby homesteads to be doctored. None was refused at any hour, day or night. Of course, there were no financial returns, but from that day forward, our cupboards were never bare.

Gradually, the Indians came to be doctored, too. They were very primitive, and I was afraid of them. But they respected my father and never harmed us. They called him "Ikt Lemah Jesus Boston," which means "One-armed American Man of God" in Chinook, or often "Hias Leplet Saghalie Tyee," meaning "Big Missionary of God."

The Missionary Society of my father's church sent us boxes of clothes. It was "Christmas" for us when the boxes arrived. Everything was useful, even the women's hats which we traded to the Indians for baskets. Indians made beautiful baskets of grass, cedar bark, spruce roots and vine maple.

Once we were sent a retired race horse. The trouble was that no one could ride him, as he tore away at a mad run. But I talked to him and gradually we became friends, that old horse and I. I was six at the time and very shy, and he was my only friend. We brought him back to

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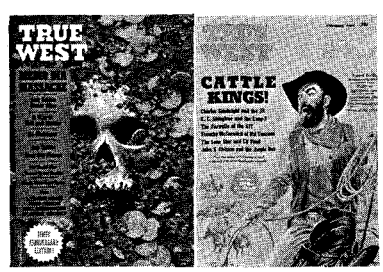

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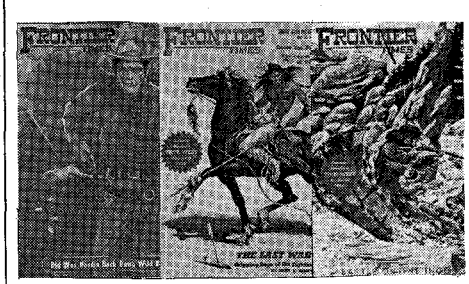

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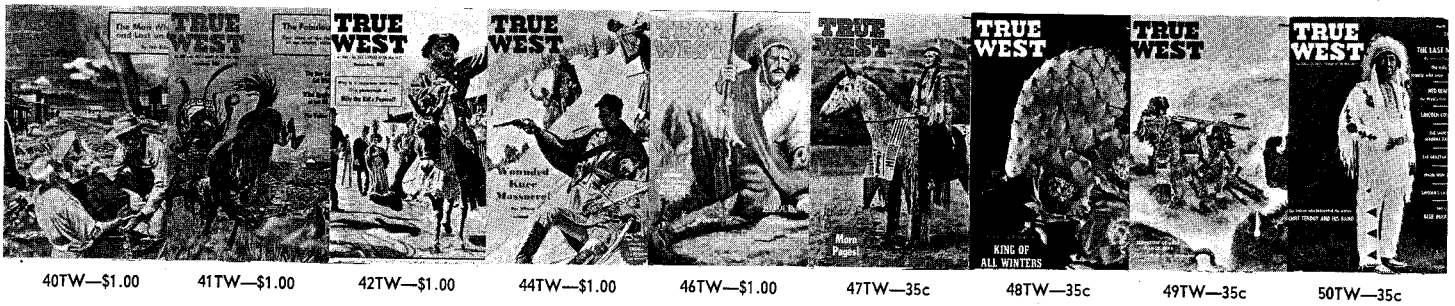

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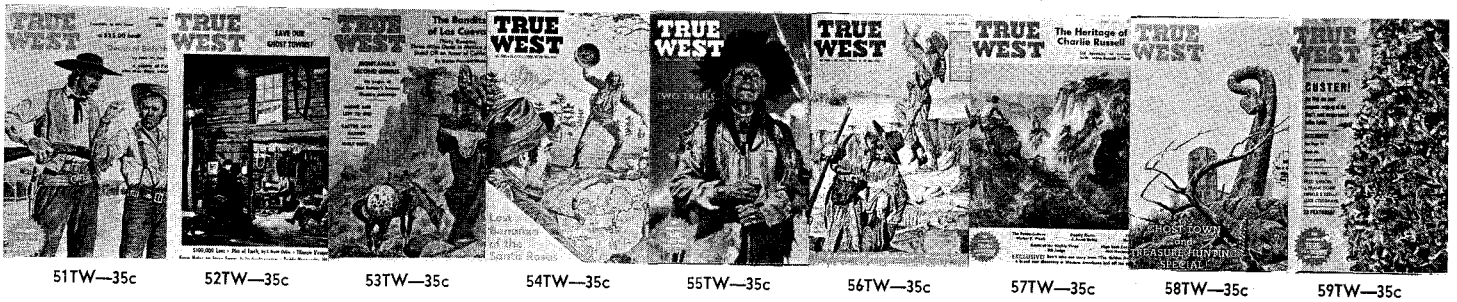

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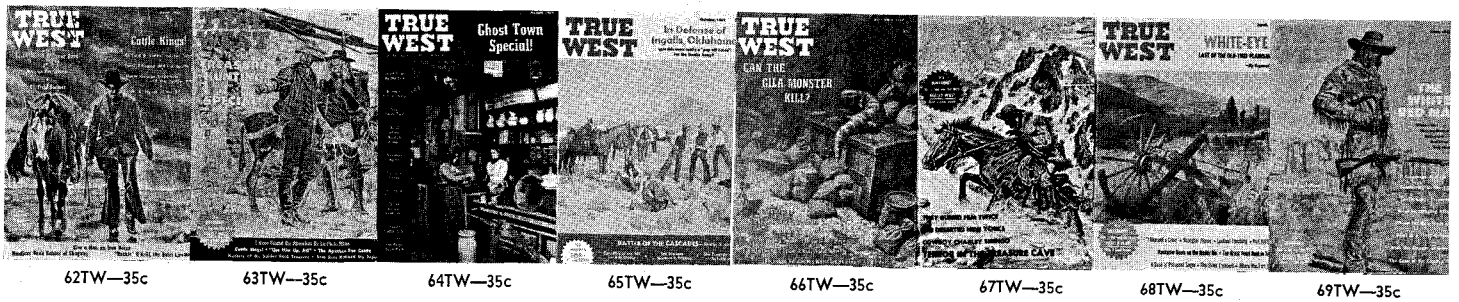

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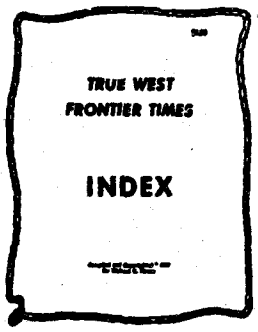

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Seattle when we came out and pastured him at Portage, which is now Montlake.

Of course, there was no church or school. Again the Missionary Society helped out and furnished the materials as my father built two churches, one at Quillayute and one at Forks. He did all of the labor himself. The benches, pulpit and chairs he carved out of alder. The buildings were tiny cathedrals with six little colored panes of glass by the front door.

The churches were organized just as if they were big-city churches. Attendance and collection records were kept. My father would preach in the morning at Quillayute and then take the trail to Forks ten miles away and preach there in the afternoon. He always carried his Prince Albert—a long, black, double-breasted frock coat—along. When he had tied up his horse, he would change into the Prince Albert and then enter the church.

We stayed twelve years in the Quillayute country and then came back to Seattle for my school. My father's memory is alive in that country to this day. The old-timers and Indians still speak his name with love and affection.

As for me, though I have lived in Seattle the rest of my life and traveled around the world twice, I still feel most at home in the wilderness with no roof over my head and only a blanket and a loaf of bread.

THE BEAVERS PREPARED FOR WINTER

By Don Buchan

IN the pioneer days on the vast Iowa prairie, there were no welfare agencies to care for the indigent. Acute distress often resulted from poverty. Occasionally there would be a community project to provide for the poor.

In Palo Alto county, in the year 1894, a box social was held to raise funds for the Beaver family. Those who took part never forgot it as long as they lived.

Cyrus Beaver was a regular caller at our farm. "Beaver the Borrower" folks called him.

"Evenin', Mr. Buchan," he would say, walking across Mother's freshly scrubbed kitchen floor, leaving muddy tracks. "Evenin' to you, Missus," he'd add, tipping his battered hat to Mother.

Any time after high noon was "evenin'" to the Beavers after the custom of their former home in the Southern hills.

"Don't let me discommode you any. Jest dropped in to wish you-all well. More doubtly my Eppie could use a couple cups of flour if you'd oblige us. She's plumb out and I dunno when I'll get cash to do any town trading."

Mother would sigh and scoop flour into a brown paper bag she had saved from the grocer.

"And say, Missus, if you was to spare us a few eggs and a little milk and a pound or two of sugar we'd be obliged."

Mother would fill his requests and then, loaded down with the various packages, Mr. Beaver would invariably stop, scratch, and add a final request. "And say, Mr. Buchan, could you see your way clear to let me have the loan of a team and your oldest boy or the hired man for a day or two? Gotta get the dratted corn planted or we'll go hungry this winter."

It was after a meeting of the Elocution Society in the one-room schoolhouse on Father's farm that it was agreed to "do something about the Beaver family."

"A hard winter ahead," Mr. Balbreath began when the orators had concluded their recitations. "Never saw the muskrat houses so thick. And the caterpillars got real fuzzy coats this fall, too."

"My team is growing a real heavy coat," added another.

"So's our old dog."

"We should all thank the good Lord we had such a bountiful crop this year," Mother suggested.

"Yep," put in Granny White. "Everyone was blessed according to how much he put into his summer's work. Of course, that left the Beavers without much."

"I'd like to see them get a real good start once," Mother said. "I'd like to see them get ahead enough to run them for a while so they wouldn't always pester folks with their infernal borrowing."

"With a hard winter coming, maybe we could get together and have a box social. We could raise enough money to tide the Beavers over until spring," offered Mr. Balbreath.

Mrs. Bozinger had recently moved to Iowa. "What in the world is a box social?" she asked.

"Each of the ladies brings a box lunch," Mother explained. "Then the boxes are auctioned off, one by one. The man who bids the highest on a box gets to pair off and eat lunch with the lady who brought that particular box."

"Nobody is supposed to know which box belongs to who," Granny White expounded. "Every box is all dolled up with ribbons and inside is the fanciest cooking. Pie and preserves and watermelon-rind pickles and all such."

"The Beavers don't mind borrowing—as they call it—all of the time," Father put in. "But even the Beavers might object to outright charity."

"Don't tell them anything about that part of it until it is all over. Be sure they come, and then present the proceeds to the old man and don't say anything about charity," Mr. Balbreath suggested.

"Yep. We don't want to shame any of the kids. 'Specially the two gals that's old enough to go to school," cautioned Granny White.

So it was agreed among the neighbors, and a date was set for the box social. The Bozingers, who lived nearest the Beavers, would make certain the whole family attended.

THE DAY of the big doings was crisp, clear, and cold. The school teacher had beaux from as far away as Depew and Cylinder, and with local interest high in "doing something" about the Beaver family, the little schoolhouse was crowded.

The schoolteacher's beaux forced the bidding high on any box they thought might be hers. Jens, the storekeeper, and others bid on every box to insure enough money to see the Beaver family through the long winter, warm and well fed.

When the last piece of fried chicken had disappeared, pipes were lighted and chaws of tobacco tucked into bulging cheeks. Then the ladies relaxed and began a "good visit" with their neighbors.

Meanwhile, the secretary busily counted the little pile of bills and silver in the cigar box. Then he brought it to Father.

"Here, Dick, you give it to old man Beaver. Make a little talk, though, so's not to hurt the family's feelings."

Father took the box and walked up front near the teacher's desk. "May I have your atention, please?" he asked in a loud voice. "Here are the proceeds. The secretary informs me there is $97.08. The committee has asked me to present it to Cyrus Beaver, a popular fellow, as

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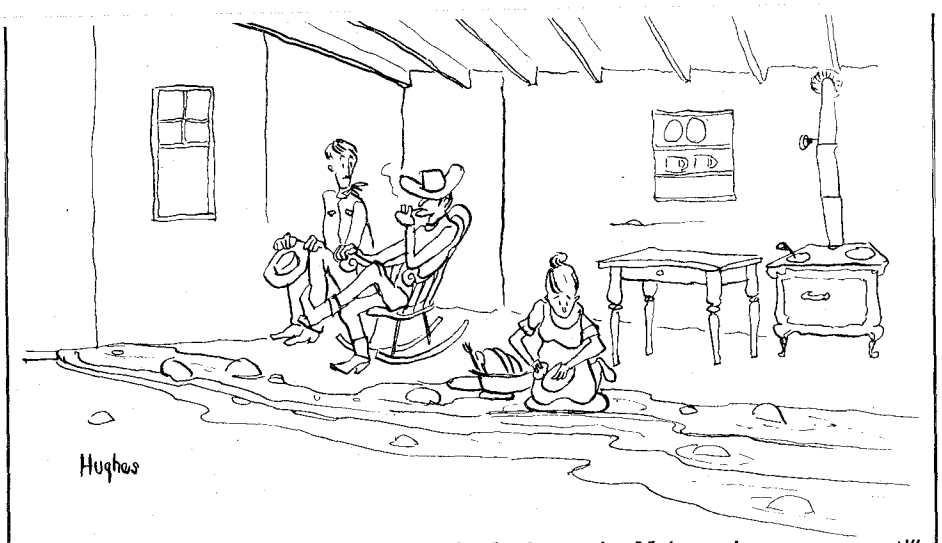

"Pa, now you've done it! Runnin' water in the house for Ma's anniversary present!"

a token of esteem from his friends and neighbors."

Old Cy shuffled up front, wiping the last of the lemon pie out of his moustache with a bandana handkerchief. Father handed him the box, adding, "There's a long, cold winter coming, Cy, so use it wisely."

Old man Beaver nodded sagely. He stood so proud and yet so humble even the kids could sense it. His eyes were misty and his hand, as he took the box, shook. All over the room, handkerchiefs were in evidence. A stranger entering the room would have thought an epidemic of colds had struck the whole gathering.

"Thankee," said old man Beaver. "Thankee kindly. I never suspected nothing like this here. I jest want to say—"

But he couldn't continue, and cheers and hand-clapping drowned out the few words he managed to mumble.

Everyone felt mighty good. As they filed out of the schoolhouse there wasn't the usual horseplay. Even the kids were orderly and quiet. It was like leaving church.

The next morning, Mother spied the whole Beaver family in their one-horse rig out by our strawstack. Eppie was forking straw into the bed of their wagon. Then she drove up near the house and old Cy came up to the door.

"Jest stopped to borrey a few forkfuls of straw to make the kids comfortable. Goin' to Fort Dodge. 'Spect to be gone most a week." And with that he clambered up on the wagon and the loaded vehicle moved slowly out of the lane and onto the road.

It was the following Saturday, when the farmers were in town, that the Beaver family returned. They pulled up in front of the general store and everyone on the street of Emmetsburg began to drift toward their vehicle.

Old man Beaver dismounted stiffly, covered with straw. He hadn't shaved since he'd left. One by one, the family painfully clambered down and stood beside the wagon. It was plain they had slept in the straw, but not one had bothered to brush it out of his hair.

Father took me by the hand and, together with old man Jacobs, we walked toward the gathering crowd. "Like as not they'll have that wagon full of warmer and better clothes than my kids will have this winter," complained Jacobs. "And beans and flour and bacon to last 'till spring."

"I hope you are right," said Father.

One by one the Beavers walked into the store. The crowd followed.

"Jens," old Cy addressed the storekeeper. "We're a-goin' to need a mite more credit on top of what we already owe. We are plumb tuckered out and chilled and wore out with sleeping in that wagon for a week. No hot food, neither. Just a bait of bread and cold meat and cheese I'd buy along the way. Didn't want to spend none of that money foolish."

Jens looked at the old man for a moment in silence. Then he hemmed and hawed and finally came right out and asked it. "What became of that money you got from the box social?"

Old man Beaver smiled in a self-satisfied way. Then he reached into his inside jacket pocket and held something shiny out to the storekeeper.

It was a gold watch. Jens reached out and took it. He opened the hunting case and read the inscription out loud.

"To Cyrus Beaver, as a token of esteem from his friends and neighbors."

What You're Missing!

(Continued from page 3)

nature and stays in this form for a year or so before it really bears down like a fresh-hatched tornado!

I'D BETTER get off "my operation" and get on a subject I've been wanting to bring up for some time—the WHAT YOU'RE MISSING part of this little literary gem. I am so far behind in my correspondence that I may have to answer some of it in the form of editorials. If you have written a letter that needs a specific answer, though, be patient—I'll get to it yet but it may take some time. We have a run of visitors, projects and unusual things happening all around and I get real far behind on my correspondence and about the time it looks like I can fade off for a week or so and get it answered—something like this confounded bursitis hits!

So let me try and answer a whole stack of letters relative to "Why didn't you let me know" about special features in our two other magazines, FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST. Now cousins, by golly, we sure do our durndest. We have a full page in each issue of TRUE WEST telling about the contents of both FRONTIER TIMES and OLD WEST. Maybe we just don't put it over strongly enough. One of our biggest regrets is that so many readers missed *Nine Years Among The Indians* which appeared in the March and May, 1963, issues of FRONTIER TIMES and won us that there national award. I think it's about the best thing of its kind we ever published and I'm going to read it over about every two years for a long time to come.

I wish every lover of Western Ameri-

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BOOKS FOR PROSPECTORS—"How & Where to Pan Gold." *Maps placer areas. Plans sluices, rockers.* Illustrated, $2.00; "You Can Survive in the Outdoors." Manual tells all about survival, foods, travel, etc. *Illustrated.* $2.00; "*Guide for Rockhounds & Prospectors.*" Hints, tips, field tests. Helps identify and find minerals. Huge glossary. Very helpful. $2.00; "Campfires Along the Treasure Trail." Actual searches for lost mines, buried treasures. Many photos actually made in field. $2.50; "Underground Treasures—How and Where to Find Them." Reprint of the prospector's Handbook of 1881. 200 pages. Lots of tests as good today as years ago. Practical information of the old-timers. $2.00. Dept. T, NUGGET PUBLISHING CO., Box 462, Tucson, Arizona.

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cana in the whole world could read *Cow By The Tail!* This ran in the November, 1964, January and March, 1965, issues of FRONTIER TIMES. This is the fantastic life of a cowboy in the days when the Old West was ripe. I seldom use the following phrase but to lovers of authentic Western material, it is something you just "can't afford" to miss. From the old-timers who should know, we have had letters saying that this is one of the best, most accurate and down to earth stories of an old cowboy that was ever written.

Most people who read TRUE WEST now do not miss an issue of FRONTIER TIMES since it is the running mate that enables us to put out a monthly publication between the two—TRUE WEST one month, FRONTIER TIMES the next. Take my word for it—every time you miss a copy of FRONTIER TIMES, it's like missing one of TRUE WEST since they are both put out by the same crew and the very same type material goes into both—we have a number of people writing in now saying FRONTIER TIMES is better! I believe that is mostly feelings of the individual since there is supposed to be no difference whatsoever in the quality of either magazine.

NOW FOR A few words on our newcomer. If you can't find OLD WEST on the stands, yell! We have readers who say that when they ask news dealers why they don't have OLD WEST, they say they are sold out, that the publisher will not print enough copies to take care of the demand. This comes on all three magazines, believe it or not! By golly, that doesn't make sense. We are printing these three magazines to *sell*—and we'll print 5,000,000 of each title if dealers, wholesalers and our national distributor will let us know where more are needed.

We started OLD WEST to take care of increasing requests of readers for some sort of reprint of articles in the old and mostly unavailable issues of TRUE WEST. Including covers, it is a 100-page magazine without a single inch of advertising. Folks, that's a lot of reading! We found, for instance, in the Summer issue of OLD WEST that we were able to reprint an issue of TRUE WEST and still have *81 pages* of space left for new material! Why? Because, naturally, we do not reprint the old advertising in TRUE WEST, and we leave out certain features that are obsolete (like future plans etc.)

What do we fill these extra pages with? In the Summer issue, for instance, we reprinted *Jack Hays, the Intrepid Texas Ranger* which is a book selling for $15 at the latest quoted price. Another volume, *Battle of the Butte,* is reprinted in full in that issue. Then there are long, short and middle-sized new articles by your old favorites. It is a dickens of a buy at 50c because the book alone is generally worth 10 to 100 times the price you pay for the magazine. We have printed an old book in each issue and we can't think of an easier or cheaper way to acquire a western library, and have a full-size magazine besides.

In Fall OLD WEST we are reprinting a $30 volume. Published in 1883, it is the first book ever written by an American Indian. The author was Sarah Winnemucca, granddaughter of old Chief Truckee, the Piute who befriended Fremont.

This book is not without bitterness and sarcasm, since, in effect, the pen was a weapon that Sarah turned to as a last resort—a very unfamiliar weapon. She had wasted her youth and her health as interpreter and scout for the Army, trying to prevent a Piute uprising. Her role as peacemaker made the number of her enemies manifold, both white and red. No one trusted Sarah Winnemucca except the white officers who repeatedly called on her to make trips so dangerous that neither Indian nor well paid citizen scouts would undertake them.

This is getting too long as usual. See you later if I don't catch another bug of some sort!—*Joe.*

Fort Selkirk

(Continued from page 35)

from stubby little freight haulers to passenger vessels that resembled floating palaces.

But as the years passed, the importance of the Yukon as a transportation artery declined. Small crews on company-owned gold dredges worked gulches where formerly hundreds of miners had washed gravel. Fewer and fewer steamboats were needed to supply the shrinking river towns. Completion of the Alaska Highway, which runs over 100 miles to the south of the fort, doomed the few vessels which yet stopped at the settlement.

Fort Selkirk's importance had faded with that of the river. The last steamboat run was made in 1956. When the paddlewheeler had puffed past Selkirk, headed for slow rot on the skids at Whitehorse, it left behind only an abandoned shell of the town that had once been the pride of Hudson's Bay Company.

The Featherbedders

(Continued from page 33)

never served than what we ate on that bitter cold evening. Still fifty degrees below zero, it was taking quite a few bags of coal to keep those two stoves going, and Bill Morase and I did all the packing of it.

ABOUT noon on February 20, a Diamond A cowpuncher, from their base about five miles up, came riding into our little camp on a horse white with frost. The cowboy had icicles around his eyes, and whiskers like Santa Claus, but he had known that we were marooned, and had brought a gunnysack of grub for us. On this date twenty-eight years later, I can name every article of food in that bag.

There was coffee, two pounds, some bacon, beans, canned beef, frozen eggs, corn, milk, bread, crackers, onions, cheese and hotcake flour—and us with no pan for frying them in. There was sugar and some salt.

We learned to fry eggs in the scoop, and to make coffee in a can. We learned to make wooden forks and spoons, also how to use our jackknives. And did we have a banquet? You bet!

On Friday morning at about 5 A.M. a double-header snow-plowing outfit came out to us and got hold of old 1027 and the rest of the equipment, and dragged them onto a siding at Mossman, North Dakota.

They took us along west with them and we ate to our hearts' content. We got a big sleep in bed on Friday, the 21st. Then on Saturday we got to our homes in Mobridge. It had been quite a week. And by now it had warmed up to thirty-five or forty degrees below zero.

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The chief dispatcher called Ogden and me up on the carpet on Monday morning. He threatened to fire me for having gone out in such a storm, and getting into such a mess.

The officials even cut our time slips down from time-and-one-half to just straight time. This was on the grounds that we had a first-class coach to live in and had been properly housed and sheltered.

Living in a first-class coach might sound like good luck—pure "featherbedding"—but Bill Morase died of pneumonia in a few days. I never suspected that featherbedding was the cause of his untimely end. Cold and exposure, more likely. I'm the only member of that hard-luck crew still living. Even the dispatcher and the train master are gone.

And they still have hard winters in Dakota.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 4)

article, the old stuff is fast disappearing. At the present moment, new fence is being built along Interstate 70 the length of Kansas. The workmen have rolled up miles of old barb that has been along there since the stuff was invented and these will likely be hauled to the dump. It makes me cringe to think how many feet of Champion etc. may be in there. I wanted to stop for a look yesterday, but the traffic was terrific. If you stop on that highway, the man behind will drive up your tail pipe.

The next place I am going to search is the Barber County Hills.—Bill Bork, Kansas Cooperative Council, 700 Kansas Avenue, Topeka, Kansas.

Dear Sirs:

I can hardly wait until your TW and FT magazines hit the newsstands. I have a summer cabin just north of Pollock Pines, only a short distance from the place a stage was held up in 1863. Supposedly a fortune in gold was taken by the bandits. A historical marker was placed at the spot but when the road was changed, the marker and the incident were forgotten.

Not long ago I was raking leaves near the old marker and my rake uncovered a rusty metal object. It was an old .36 caliber cap and ball Colt revolver. Lead slugs which someone had carefully loaded a century ago were still in the cylinder. The grips had long ago rotted away, but the serial number was still legible. The steel octagon barrel and other steel parts are in bad shape, but the trigger guard and frame on which the grips once sat, appear to be silver-plated and are in excellent condition. The Colt Firearms Company informed me that standard revolvers of this model were made around 1860 and had brass trigger guards. Their records were lost in a flood and do not go back that far. This gun was evidently custom built and I am curious as to whether it might have belonged to one of the bandits who was killed or to one of the passengers commanded to throw his gun down. Certainly a gun as valuable as that old Colt would not have been left by the roadside except under odd circumstances.—Lloyd A. Gilbert, 4950 Alcott Drive, Sacramento, California.

Gentlemen:

I enjoy your mining stories very much. I wonder if your readers realize there was once a gold mine in Sandwich Notch, New Hampshire? Fifty years ago the mine shaft, car and narrow gauge rails

Scene near Sandwich Notch Mine

stood idle amid piles of gravel and undergrowth. These diggings were accessible upon turning off the main road through the notch east, and following a gravel road along the mountain shoulder.

We were told that two men found traces of gold there, but in such small quantity that the operation was abandoned. Traces of the working still exist unless someone has done some landscaping. At that, I guess it produced just as much of the yellow stuff as some Western mines did—namely, none!— H. W. Poor, 5 School Street, Georgetown, Massachusetts.

Dear Sir:

I bought all eight copies of the June TRUE WEST on the newsstand—the one with the barbed wire article. I saved one for myself and the rest I passed on to others. The wife and I are on the road the year round doing antique shows and are always looking for something different for our customers. I had been carrying one kind of barbed wire for the past year, then we did the wildcat show at Waco, Texas, about two weeks ago and saw lots of it there and how it was displayed. Also bought an assorted batch of 18", some of which was the rowel wire of which less than a mile was made, according to your story.—Bob McConkey, Box 669, Sioux Falls, South Dakota.

Dear Joe:

Both my father and I have enjoyed your magazine and its offspring, FT, since their inception. Thanks for good material and interesting stories.

In the February issue of TW you have a story by Wayne Winters, ex-editor-owner of the Douglas *Enterprise*, about a cave on the flat lands around the old Pres Miller homestead on upper Deer Creek.

Being born in Glenrock and raised on my uncle's ranch at the mouth of Mormon Canyon, parallel to Indian Creek where the renegades held up the paymaster's wagons, maybe I can help Mr. Winters clarify a few details.

I have walked around the site of the fight many times while on my Uncle Matt Hakalo's ranch, but never had time to do much looking. My uncle still has an iron wagon tire and burnt hub that he and my father found while deer hunting, which we all believe to be from one of the paymaster's wagons.

According to local legend the pay-

Indian Relics

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SURPLUS ARMY CARBINES $17.50. Pistols $12.50. Rifles $10.00. Catalog 25c, Armsco, Box 44-TF, Santa Cruz, California.

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"WYOMING GHOST TOWNS, Forts and stage stations map (Townships-Ranges), $3.00, Oklahoma Treasure map, $2.00, Old Wyoming Fort Plans (list), Antique Bottles (list). Hank Johnson, 1731 West Coffman, Casper, Wyoming.

master buried the payroll of about $30,000-$40,000 at the mouth of Indian Creek, just south of the present UR Ranch's six-mile fence on the old Fuller place. A couple of troopers escaped and made their way to Fetterman where a posse was formed, but the slayers made good their escape.

Indians had little use for gold, and about the same use for white authority. After the massacre, it was thought the Indians returned to Medicine Bow country, and as far as legend goes the case against them was never proven.

The payroll was in gold coin and is probably buried within two or three feet of the surface, but the burned remains that I have looked over cover a lot of area where it could be hidden.

This legend could prove to be false, but I think it is true for a couple of reasons. One is the wagon remains which quite a number of people, from that day to this, have seen; the other is that the old-timers, ranchers and homesteaders from whom my father and I have heard this story do not vary much from this version. Homesteaders and cowhands in those days had enough to keep busy with, let alone looking after a ¾-square-mile area for gold that belonged to the Army. I am sure that it is still buried at the head of Indian Creek close to the site of the wagon remains.

My father has camped beside the cave Mr. Winters describes many, many times while pushing cattle from the UR Ranch. I have peered through its "portals" myself, but never ventured inside.

The mesa where it is located has been called for years "Table Mesa." Cowhands and herders used to call the cave "The Old Ice Cave" on account of the air inside. It's located on the old Pres Miller homestead which is probably the "sheep cabin" in the author's story.

The windlass Mr. Winters describes was hauled in and set up many years ago by Pres Miller, Ross Gardner, Morris Flavin and Mr. Clayton, who were young men then. This was in the early 1920s. Most of them are dead and gone now. I think Mr. Gardner still resides in Glenrock.

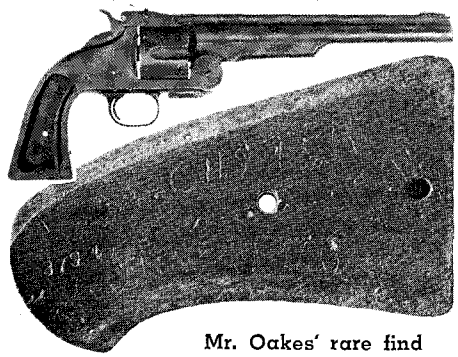
The lantern described is one of four coach lanterns Mr. Gardner had, and what Mr. Winters found. Stewart Anderson was one of the first to descend into the cave of this party of five. As to the skeleton in the cave, I have never heard of it. I think someone alone ventured into the cave at a later date, for God knows what, and trapped himself. Maybe trying to dig out he caused a cave-in. I don't know, I can only guess.

Whether there is anything of value in the cave I doubt very much. There are much closer caves to the battle site, and easier to get into than the Ice Cave. I should think that thieves and troublemakers on the run would not waste the time and effort (as obviously they didn't care for labor), to commit a plan as elaborate.

I believe a grid pattern search of the Indian Creek depression with a metal detector would be both inexpensive and quick—and might yield a profit in the form of the old Fetterman payroll. A week or ten days' stay at the ranch would certainly prove interesting, and quite possibly profitable.—James B. Cresley, 536A Roosevelt, Salinas, California.

Dear Joe:

The photograph I am enclosing is of a Smith & Wesson American .44 caliber model of 1869. I acquired it in a pile of scrap iron during World War II. For



Mr. Oakes' rare find

years it hung on a nail in my shed. One day I decided to clean it up and shoot it.

When I took the walnut grips off, I noticed some faint writing on the right grip. Cleaning revealed the inscription—"G A Custer, June 1, 1876." The carving is very crude.

I have a letter from Smith & Wesson in which they state that General Custer was thought to be carrying a .45 S&W Scofield model and, of course, "my" Custer may be a different man altogether. I would appreciate any information your readers could give me.—Edward J. Oakes, 1202 Short Street, New Orleans, Louisiana 70118.

Gremlins!

Dear Joe:

I hope you can take a little constructive criticism. I have just received my current copy of TW. It was torn, soiled, folded and well-thumbed through.

Your competitors have a good idea in mailing, even if the material is not up to my expectations and I have let the subscriptions run out. If you sent out TW, FT and OW in plastic containers, you would increase your sales, because the postal employees would not be able to read them free.

I have joined in your "out front" movement, and on lots of newsstands have tried to give you a better advantage.—Jim Jones, P. O. Box 338, Yreka, California.

Jim, it would take a Pinkerton detective to find out exactly what happens to the magazines from the time they leave the press until they get to their destination. We've had them returned to us looking like they had spent the winter in a bear trap; then months will go by with no trouble at all. We're working on the problem now and will try to come up with something soon. We have a choice of paper, plastic or reviving the Pony Express.

Land of Shalam

Dear Editor:

I found Marjorie White's story quite interesting (December issue). As a small boy I visited this place, along with my parents, but since that time have seldom heard it mentioned. It was around 1894 that we made our tour under the personal supervision of the "governor." I do not remember his name, but recollect that he was on the arrogant side. He was hardly civil to the workmen there and when some children at play allowed a piece of paper to blow about, he sent them after it with harsh words that had a foreign sound. They retrieved the paper and disappeared like a covey of quail.

The place was a veritable Garden of Eden—or to be prosaic, an exhibit at a county fair. Young as I was, I couldn't help but be impressed by the display of fruit and vegetables. The melons were a

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wonder, and everything was in order and clean as a whistle.

We encountered no women on the tour —but Mother, with her share of female curiosity, peeped through a window and saw three women watching us as we passed by. They stood well back in the room. Mother waved to them, and they waved back and smiled.

All the men wore what looked like loose white cotton drawers and jumpers of the same material. Children made out with a short skirt that didn't reach the knees. Hair was worn long, and the beards on some of the men almost reached their waists. Some wore sandals, but others padded about in their bare feet.

As we left the grounds, Father stopped to talk with a man who looked different because he wore conventional clothing and was clean shaven. He told us he was not a member of the colony, but an engineer hired to keep the machinery running. They had tried it on their own, but had to call in outside help. He was a meat eater and so not allowed to live inside the grounds. That suited him, because he could come and go at will. He said the discipline was hard, but the pay was good and he liked the job.

I've often wondered whatever became of that Land of Shalam. I might have decided it was just a childhood dream if Marjorie White hadn't written it up for TRUE WEST.—Malcolm Webber, 1581 Northwood Road, Apartment 274-B, Seal Beach, California.

The West had a lot of strange characters and places, Malcolm, and we'll try to catch them all before it's over.

Tom Horn

Dear Editor:

I am sending you a picture of Josie Bassett Morris who knew Tom Horn and was a good friend of Joe LeFors. Her brother Sam left Brown's Park in April, 1898, one jump ahead of Tom. He went to Alaska. Josie lived in Baggs, Wyoming, at the time of Horn's trial and conviction.

I have spent a good many days with Josie at her little log cabin home. She is ninety-three years old. About a year ago, her old saddle mare knocked her down and the upper part of her thigh bone was broken. Josie crawled to her house, pulled some bedding off onto the floor and wrapped up in it. Thirty hours later, her son, Crawford MacKnight, found her. She was brought down some very rugged roads to the hospital in Vernal, Utah.

Josie is a very well educated woman and a lover of good books and animals. But she is also rough and rugged. If she thinks someone is the south end of a horse going north, she says so (only she uses different words), and I respect her for it. I have been on deer hunting trips and camp-outs with her and she is truly a pioneer woman.—Mrs. George Engen, Box 97, Jensen, Utah.

We regret that before we could get this letter in print, the indomitable Josie Morris passed away.

Josie Bassett Morris

Gentlemen:

As a boy I knew Tom Horn very well. I lived on a ranch in Albany County, Wyoming, twenty-five miles from town, and Horn was my pal. When I knew him, he was working for a group of ranchers headed up by the late Ora Hailey, John Coble, Ed "Two Bar" Banks and others. Tom posed as a stock detective but I guess he was hired for other purposes as well as hunting rustlers.

Whenever Tom was in the vicinity of my father's ranch, he always made it a point to get there about meal time. He would rest his horse, get some food, and be on his way again. He nearly always would have a trinket of some kind for me—an Indian arrowhead, or beads, a braided leather whip, a red neckerchief, a pocket knife or something.

When he was in jail in Cheyenne waiting to be hanged, he braided a quirt out of colored horsehair and sent it to me. I still have the quirt and prize it very highly as a memento from a friend.

When my father returned to the ranch after witnessing the hanging, he made a box out of pine and put a good padlock on it, telling me to put all of those mementoes away and to put the box out of the way. So I did and hid it under the floor in the barn. When I left the ranch in 1935, I took the box with me.

Since that time, most of the trinkets have disappeared. They have been given away and scattered around, I don't know where. I do have a pair of spurs Tom gave me and he told me they were worn by old man Charlie Hutton who brought the first trail herd from Texas into Wyoming.

Keep putting out a magazine that is worth reading.—John W. Sodergreen, 600 Tremont Street, Port Orchard, Washington.

Correction

Gentlemen:

I enjoyed "Gentle Monsters of the Plains" in the April issue. I worked as water monkey for a Reeves engine that looked identical to the engine on page 37, except the one I worked with was a compound engine. But the caption is wrong on these pictures. The top one is the Reeves and the one in the center is the Avery. I knew a guy who had worked on one of these old Avery engines fired with straw. It seems to me it would be quite a job to fire with straw but he said it's not so bad.

These engines were found in sawmills many years after they were used for anything else. The fuel was free and the extra man came in handy. I owned half interest in a 16-horse Minneapolis engine that we pulled a saw with until 1943.

My grandfather was an early day settler in southeast Kansas and was in on the early cattle drive days, so I like to read about them, too; but these old engines are something I know myself.—Homer Walker, Route 1, Oswego, Kansas.

Homer, several people wrote us about the mistake in labeling the Avery and the Reeves. Joe made us all write "undermount engine" 195 times, and chances are we won't make the same mistake again.

(Continued on next page)

Miscellaneous

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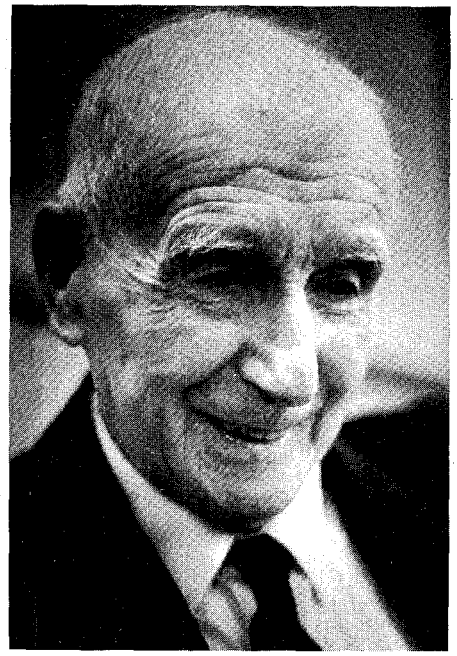

Hugh McGuinness

Taps For An Old Timer

Dear Pat:

Some time ago you ran a story about my old friend, Hugh McGuinness, who was an eye witness to the Wounded Knee Massacre. He passed away on March 22 at Iron Mountain, Michigan. Had he lived until April 11, he would have been ninety-five years old. Many of your readers will remember him.—L. W. McMillion, Veteran Service Officer, Crandon, Wisconsin 54520.

Yes, many of our readers did remember Mr. McGuinness. We received newspaper clippings announcing his death from all over the country. Our thanks to each one who let us know.

The New York Mountains

Gentlemen:

I have just finished reading with great interest my first issue of TRUE WEST, and am really sorry I had never seen it before. I especially enjoyed "The Deserted New Yorks," as part of my family lived and worked there and my mother was born in Manvel. In the 1890s my great-uncles, Joe and Clark Parker, were hauling borax from Death Valley and freighting to different mines in the area. My grandmother and great-grandmother ran a boarding house in Manvel for at least ten years. Cabins were built of one by twelves, lathed on the outside. The station agent had what amounted to a mansion—three railroad cars fixed up very nice. One was a kitchen, one a parlor and the other a bedroom.

They used to have a Fourth of July celebration at Manvel (they always called it Barnwell) and we have a picture of the tables put up outside, trimmed in bunting, and shaded by a frame of mesquite and sagebrush.

My mother can remember how big Dick Diamond looked. He was quite dark, blind in one eye, and wore loose overalls and a big floppy hat. He'd cock his good eye at her, and he laughed a lot. He'd say, "I'm no colored man. I'm an Ethiopian." His wife was a short plump little lady who loved flashy clothes. For years my mother had a fur coat which had belonged to Mrs. Diamond. It was given to my aunt by Dick.—Mrs. Bert Berg, Rt. 4, Box 522A, Chico, California.

More About John Stink

Dear Joe:

I was impressed with the story of John Stink ("They Buried Him Twice") in the February TW. My father, Joe Blackwell, worked around Pawhuska around the time of John's death. John had thirteen dogs at that time. The reason John went into a coma is because one day there was a rodeo at Pawhuska and John got thrown off his horse and hit his head on a rock. You didn't put this in your story, but I thought you would like to know. The story you ran and the way my father told it are just the same.—Jim Blackwell, Route 1, Salisbury, Missouri.

We Don't Run Poems—But—

Gentlemen:

I have been a subscriber for quite a few years and the recent article about old western jails prompted me to send this to you. Last spring my son, aged twelve, submitted this as a school assignment.

"If I were an old western jail
I'd hold men
Until they got out on bail.
I'd hold men that were going to hang.
And sometimes I'd even hold a gang.
Often I'd get stuck with a drunk
Who'd get tossed in for the night
With a thump.
It wasn't all that bad.
It was my job and I guess I was glad.
I was built twice as strong
And could hold anything twice as long
As any other building in town.
Now those days have passed,
And I am the last building around.
Because I was built so strong,
I lasted twice as long
As any other building in town."

We have visited many ghost towns in California, Nevada and Utah. Evidently he was impressed with the longevity of the jails.—Col. W. Geisen, 341 Maineville Road, Route 2, Maineville, Ohio.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ

1. **Potato masher.**
   Harbaugh Museum, Wellington, Kansas
2. **Table reading rack.**
   V. Reynolds Collection
3. **Wooden dasher churn.**
   Harbaugh Museum
4. **Candle mold.**
   Harbaugh Museum
5. **Covered cheese dish.**
   Longstreet Collection, Scottsdale, Arizona
6. **Indoor foot scraper.**
   V. Reynolds Collection
7. **Steak pounder, stove lid and pie tin lifter.**
   Beeson Museum Dodge City, Kansas
8. **Rat trap.**
   Sandhills Museum
9. **Cherry pitter.**
   Harbaugh Museum
10. **Derringer—.41 Remington over-and-under 1866 Model.** Derringers of this type were used in the assassinations of Presidents Garfield and McKinley.
    Sheridan County (Nebraska) Historical Society, Rushville, Nebraska
11. **Rope (making machine). For home manufacture.**
    Sandhills Museum, Valentine, Nebraska
12. **School desks**
    Cowtown, Wichita, Kansas

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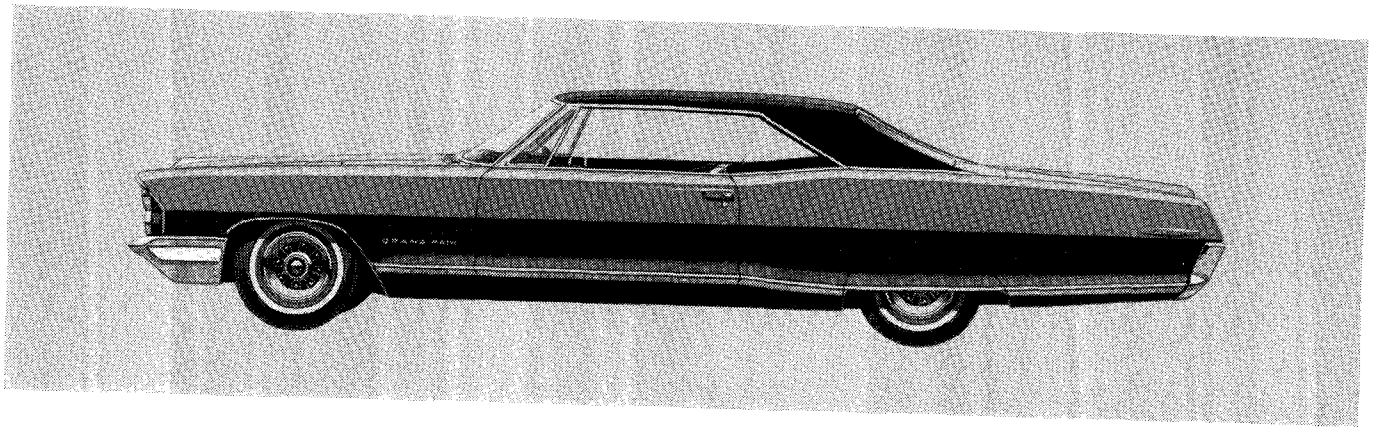

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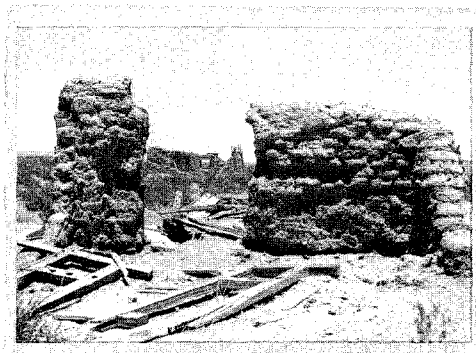

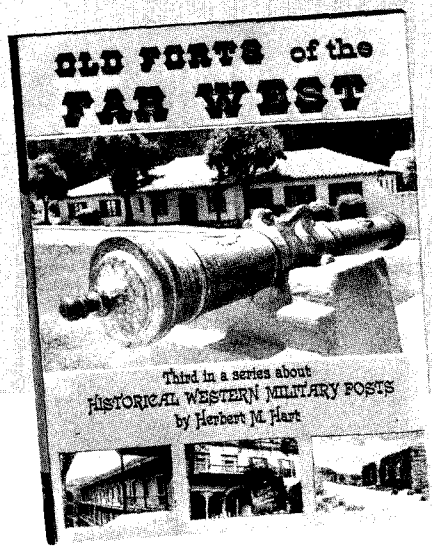

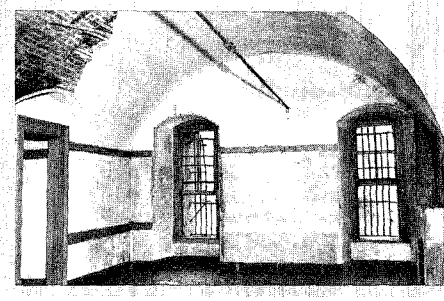

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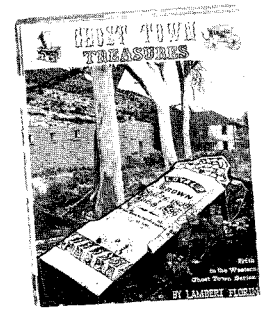

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